

## maybe i wasn't joking

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## maybe i wasn't joking

by [alreadyhateyou](#)

### Summary

Major edits made

-  
Dream didn't mind at all being shipped with his friend. He liked reading the fanfiction and looking through the fanart. He always laughed at all the more mature content, finding himself indulging on this fictional dnf relationship more often than he would ever admit, cough. But, still, that's all it was.

Fiction.

He never *actually* thought of George in that way

At least, he didn't until George came to visit...

or

When the jokes become something all too real for both of them

-  
If you absolutely hate bottom Dream, I have an alternative version of this fic with all of that taken out [here](#)



# Chapter 1

## Chapter Notes

Also, Sapnap doesn't live with them

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream was asleep when the news broke.

He went to bed that night like any other, mundane and routine, expecting the morning to come the same way. Days blurred together most of the time. Not boring, just basically reliving the same day over and over.

Dream groaned when he woke up, not feeling any particular reason to be alive today. It was late, far later than he usually slept in. He lazily picked up his phone, squinting as he tried to comprehend the flood of messages he got while he was out.

Dream raised an eyebrow, curious why he had an absurd amount of messages from George.

He chuckled, sighing fondly to himself. What was this idiot up to now? Though, it wasn't that much more than usual. Dream scrolled up, going past about twenty messages with just the word 'DREAM'. He skimmed, head still a bit foggy from sleep when he saw the words he's been waiting for since last year - 'the travel ban was lifted'

Dream shot up, suddenly wide awake, stumbling to reply when George sent another message.

/Wake upppp/

Dream hurriedly sent a reply.

/what/

/:-D you're alive!!!/

Two seconds later..

/YOU BITCH I WAS WAITING FOREVER/

Dream chuckled.

/Sorry bb. too busy dreaming about you <3/, he sent.

/stfu i hate you. but, i got a voucher, since the last flight was canceled, not really sure how it works though/

/idk. i can't see it dumbass/, Dream replied.

/it's all complicated. there's only certain dates i can fly and it expires :-0/, George responded.

/dudee let me seeeeeee/, Dream huffed impatiently.

Dream's computer sprang to life, full brightness illuminating the dark bedroom. He squinted at the light, dragging his body towards the screen. Dream pulled on his headset and accepted the call from George.

George's beaming face filled the monitor, "Took you long enough, and, oh my god, you're a mess!" he giggled. Dream brushed down his bedhead, slightly flustered.

Sometime, in the endless quarantine boredom, George had convinced Dream to show him his face, using some secret leverage against him that we can only guess at.

"You woke me from my beauty rest," Dream muttered.

"Oh, I can assure you, you're gonna need a lot more of that," George teased.

Dream grinned, "Shut up. You think I'm adorable."

George rolled his eyes, "Anyway. Help. I don't want to deal with my voucher stuff. It seems like a Dream problem."

Dream scanned the document George shared with him. There were a lot of conditions in order for George to be able to fly down here. And, a lot of deadlines. But, if they didn't do it now, George would lose the voucher entirely. And, who knows if the ban will be reinstated, people could not be depended on to get their shit together in this pandemic, *especially* where Dream was.

He spent a little while reading over everything, wanting to be entirely sure that everything lined up. Dream was nothing but thorough, not wanting to run into any issues. George waited, scrolling on his phone and distracting Dream every once in a while to show him a video he found.

"Okay," Dream said finally, leaning back in his chair, "It looks like you can do the flight in two weeks or," he paused, scanning over the page, "the one tomorrow."

George sighed, "The flight tomorrow is at 5am. Sorry Dream, you're not worth that pain."

Dream feigned a hurt tone, placing a hand over his chest dramatically, "Ouch, George. Right through my heart."

George shook his head in playful annoyance, "You're fine. Besides, I think the one in two weeks will be perfect."

Dream thought for a moment over his next words, not really wanting to say them, but knowing he needed to offer, "If this is rushed or anything, we can always schedule the trip for later. I know this wasn't the original plan that you wanted."

George considered the other's words. "Oh, well, it's not an issue for me at all. Is it.. not a good time for this right now?" he asked, hesitantly.

"No, of course not, it's never a bad time if it's for you, George. Besides, you're *way* past overdue for coming down here. Just whatever works best," Dream reassured.

"I honestly don't have anything else going on," George laughed, "Any of the obligatory and very unrealistic streams we'll have to do for meet-up content is the only thing, but, I have something arranged for all that." He waved his hand dismissively.

"What, are you going to bring your whole set up with you?" Dream questioned.

George scoffed, "No, I'm just going to use yours, obviously. Which, that'll all have to be solely mine the entire time I'm there, of course."

"And, what if I ever need to use my own computer?" Dream asked, exasperated.

George shrugged, "Sounds like your problem to me."

Dream dragged a hand over his face, "I hate you."

George stuck out his tongue at that.

"But, it doesn't look like I'll have any conflicts," Dream said looking over the dates on his calendar, "My entire schedule is clear." As he scanned over, one day caught his eye, a grin forming on his face at how perfectly everything was going to coincide, "Except for one thing."

"What?" George asked expectantly.

Dream gave the other a slightly suggestive look, "Oh, you know, just my birthday."

George shook his head with a soft laugh, "I swear you planned this all out or something. But, I'm actually glad it worked out this way, no matter whatever you're trying to imply with that expression."

Dream's smile deepened, only making George more apprehensive, "Good to hear, as, I'm expecting a *very* expensive gift then."

"Oh, god, I should have expected you to say that. What do you even like?" George muttered, mostly to himself.

"Wow. What a good friend you are. Not remembering my birthday, not knowing a single thing I like," Dream listed.

George groaned, throwing his head back, "What do you even get for someone who already buys themselves everything?"

Dream tsked, acting like this next statement was the only logical solution, "I guess you'll have to offer up your body. Maybe that will suffice."

George snapped his head up at that. "Why are you like this? You can't pander when it's just us alone, you know," he said with a slight blush.

Dream chuckled, "Better think of something good, then. I have high expectations." George grumbled some remark in reply that only made Dream smile as he leaned back in his chair, mulling over the trip that had *finally* become reality.

Seeing George for the first time was sure to be interesting, Dream thought to himself. They've discussed countless times of George coming to visit and even move down here. He almost couldn't even believe it was all real, that he'll actually be able to meet George.

They've been friends for so long, and they were even planning a trip right when everything got shut down. The dates were set and the ticket already bought, but, of course, it got fucked up.

He wondered what it was going to be like in person. Of course, they had a very teasing and ever increasing flirtatious relationship. But, that was mostly on the streams. Though, George was right about Dream pandering with no audience, meaning it was becoming less for any viewers and more

for *them*. But, still, it was just for fun, and obviously the fans loved it.

Dream didn't mind at all being shipped with his friend. He liked reading the fanfiction and looking through the fanart. He always laughed at all the more mature content, finding himself indulging in this fictional dnf relationship more often than he would ever admit, cough. But, still, that's all it was. Fiction.

George was just easy to pick on and had the best reactions to any of his more suggestive remarks, Dream rationalized. Besides, it wasn't like he ever *actually* thought of him in that way. Well, not in a serious context... usually.

It was just how they talked to each other now. Dream liked saying things that would shock George or make him blush. And, that always got people more interested. That homoerotic tension between him and George, he could work with that, no problem. It wasn't like Dream didn't know what was *too* far or anything.

Um, probably.

The next week went by in a blur, but also somehow agonizingly slowly. Dream basically had everything prepared for George to arrive. Guest room that the other wouldn't even use was all set, cleaned around five times since it was the only thing Dream could do to get ready. There really wasn't much he could plan since everything was closed, and they wouldn't be able to make a lot of public appearances anyway.

Dream sighed, drumming his fingers on his desk, staring at the calendar. One more week to go.

He was bored and antsy, trying to come up with an excuse to call George. Usually he didn't care about needing one, ringing George's phone on his every whim. But now, that just seemed a bit desperate or something.

Aha! Dream thought. Since they were only worried about *getting* George here, he had only a one-way ticket currently, so they still needed to decide how long he was going to stay. Dream assumed it was probably going to be around a few weeks, but, this was a convenient excuse to call, under the guise of needing to lay out all the details for sure. He grinned, satisfied that was a good enough reason to call George.

Dream grabbed his phone, quickly pressing on his desired contact, tapping his foot impatiently as he waited for George to pick up.

"Hello?" George answered, almost immediately.

Dream grinned, "You picked up quick. What, did you think this was a booty call?"

"I'm hanging up now."

"Awwww," Dream laughed, "I'm just teasing, Georgie. I was just wondering how long you're planning on staying here?"

"Oh, yeah", George replied, "I dunno."

"What do you mean you 'dunno'?" Dream quoted in the air to himself.

"Well, I didn't want to have everything set then end the trip too early or stay too long," George explained, "So, I'll just buy the return ticket whenever you want me to leave."

"Oh," Dream said, having to admit that was actually a good way to go about this, "But, what if I don't want you to leave?"

"Then I'll just stay and move in, obviously," George replied with no hesitation, saying it as if that was his plan all along.

"Shut up. You're such a simp," Dream murmured with a soft smile.

"Says the one who doesn't want me to leave."

Dream leaned back in his chair, grinning, "Well, yeah of course. I have plans to make you into my little maid." George choked at that.

Dream continued, encouraged by the reaction, "You'll be doing all the household chores, in a *very* revealing maid outfit I purchased just for you."

"You did not. And, I will not even if you did."

Dream quirked up his eyebrow, "Oh, I have my ways of persuasion."

"I think I have a better chance of getting *you* in that maid outfit."

Dream sighed wistfully, "You say that like a threat, but, I can't say I'm opposed to the idea. Maybe I should have actually bought it then. What a shame."

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A few days passed, Dream getting more anxious and excited and just wound up in anticipation as the time drew nearer. Today, George was going to stream and Dream was going to join/bother him.

"I thought you were supposed to be good at Minecraft," Dream jibed as George died for the third time.

"Dream, literally shut up. I fully blame you for every one of my deaths," George sniped playfully.

"What?" Dream said, feigning innocence, "I've been such a good boy this whole time, quietly supporting you."

George rolled his eyes, scoffing, "You've been a bad boy."

Dream lowered his voice down, trying to sound as cheeky and provoking as possible, "Oh, George. What are you trying to say? That I've been... naughty?"

George sputtered, narrowly avoiding death once again, "You're just doing this on purpose now, I swear. And yes, you have been!"

"Hm. Well, if that's the case, then, do you think that maybe, I dunno... you're gonna have to punish me?" Dream pestered, trying to rile up George.

"I think at this point it must be done. And, since I'll be there soon anyway, I'll do it *in-person*, how does that sound, Dream?" George huffed, not thinking about what reaction those words would entail.

The chat exploded.

Dream groaned, "I'm pretty sure that was the worst way possible to tell them."

"Oh, yeah. Oopsie," George replied nonchalantly, more focused on the game, "We had to let them know sometime, anyway."

"Yeah, I guess, but, the way you did it, I just know the fanfiction is being written as we speak," Dream muttered.

The donations were flooding in, the first text to speech reading, "You're actually going to Dream's place??!?? When? What are you guys planning on doing? love you both."

"Thanks for the donation. Yeah, since I can finally leave the country, it'll be in a couple of days. And, I'm not really sure actually. What are you going to do with me, Dream?" George murmured, a little too slyly.

Dream hummed, "Mm. Not much actually. All I know is we're not going to be getting any sleep while you're here."

"Dream!" George gasped.

"-because we'll be up all night gaming. Geez, get your mind out of the gutter, George," Dream chided.

George shook his head, "I actually hate you."

"Oh, and, I almost forgot, we'll be having a lot of sex, obviously," Dream said, completely casually.

George choked, unable to form a proper response, "What? You- I-! DREAM! What is wrong with you?! I'm literally going to cancel my ticket!" George berated, promptly falling into a ravine, dying yet again.

"Oh," Dream said with fake surprise, "That wasn't the plan?

"No!" George said sternly.

"I guess I'll have to scrap the whole itinerary then," Dream sighed.

George huffed, "You're an idiot. The worst person I've ever met."

"Ah, Ah. Not true. You haven't met me yet," Dream scolded.

George rolled his eyes, trying to keep the amusement off his face, muttering about what a pain Dream was and did everyone see what he had to put up with?

Dream smiled, very pleased.

-

Dreamnotfound was soon trending, as it often was. This time, people were very much excited that George was finally going to meet up with Dream.

Dream wondered what they were even expecting? Them to release a sex tape? A marriage announcement? It was just going to be a normal trip between two friends. This wasn't any different from him meeting another streamer.

Well, maybe it was a *little* different, Dream had to admit. He had never been this nervous to meet anyone else before. But, he brushed it off. It was probably just because of all of the anticipation and expectations people had about it.

But, more importantly, this meant there was some great meet-up content, most of which was nsfw. Dream couldn't stop himself from looking through it all, as it was becoming more of a guilty pleasure than a joke.. but, he just avoided thinking about it too hard.

Later, he and George talked on the phone, discussing what George should bring with him.

"Well, you can pack pretty light. I have laundry stuff and extra clothes if you need them," Dream offered.

"Ew. I'm not wearing your clothes. Who knows what you've done in them," George snickered.

Dream rolled his eyes, "Whatever. Just don't come crying to me when you piss your pants and have nothing to wear."

"Stoppp. You're an idiot," George huffed, "Wait a minute, what do you mean 'when'? I'm not going to piss my pants!"

Dream laughed, "Not if I can help it."

"I honestly wouldn't be surprised if you had a piss kink. I can genuinely see it," George replied, giggling.

"Oh, fuck off," Dream grumbled, "I don't need any more kinks than I already do."

"Oh yeah," George hummed, "And, what are they?"

Dream snorted, "Like I would tell you."

"I bet I can guess one."

"Sure. Whatever."

"Me."

Dream laughed softly, "No, you see then I would have to actually like you and that's not the case. I guess I forgot to mention, I unfortunately hate you."

George snickered, "Yeah, right. You wish you could hate me."

Dream just sighed, shaking his head, "Fine, you got me. Anyways, we got so off track, let's go back to the matter at hand, you're sure you have everything on my packing list?"

"Yes, for the hundredth time, I already have everything in my suitcase ready to go. And, look, it's midnight. I'll be there tomorrow!"

Dream looked at the time. Just one more day.

"Good. Now I can finally punch you in real life. That's what I've actually been waiting for," Dream grumbled.

"I know you're all talk. When I get there, you'll probably be like 'George it's so amazing to see you', George mimicked, "And 'Here, let me carry you, George'."

"You're stupid, that's just what you secretly want," Dream replied, trying to sound annoyed, but, his smile came out in his voice.

Dream panic woke up, absolutely sure he was late, or his alarm was broken, or his phone spontaneously combusted.

7am the clock calmly displayed.

Dream groaned, tossing the offending object away from him. Why was he getting so worked up today? He was just seeing his friend of many years for the first ever time this afternoon.

I guess most people would be nervous, he thought to himself.

Hopefully.

Dream tossed and turned in the early morning hours, not wanting to start his day yet. Getting up would just make him go into that awful Waiting Mode where he couldn't do anything but sit in suspense. He hated that.

Annoyed, he peeked at his phone again. 9am it read. Good enough.

Dream got all ready, fed his cat, then fed himself, wandered around, scrolled through tiktok, hell, he even made his bed. Anything to divert his attention elsewhere and make the time go faster.

Dream finally got sufficiently distracted, mind blank as he got lost in whatever the fuck he was doing. When his phone buzzed, he glanced at the text lazily.

/just landed/, George sent.

Dream sprung from his chair.

Shit.

He literally sprinted out to his car.

I'm late, I'm late, I'm late, he repeated in his head. How the fuck did this happen?!

After some moderately reckless driving later, Dream screeched to a halt at the airport.

What was the gate again?, Dream thought, scrambling for his phone.

A knock on his passenger window made him whip his head to see the cause of the sudden noise.

George was right outside, leaning over, squinting into the car.

"Dream?" he said, muffled.

After a few moments of his brain short-circuiting, Dream reached over and opened the door.

"Sorry," Dream apologized. "I got here as fast as I could."

George slid into the seat, tossing his bag into the backseat, and replied, "I wasn't really waiting. I literally just walked outside when I saw a crazy driver slam into the pick-up area. I assumed it was you."

"Haha," Dream muttered. "But, you made it alive," he said with a small smile. "It's... really good to see you," Dream said, looking over at George fondly.

George chuckled with a soft blush, "Good to see you too."

They shared a brief moment of locked eyes, both lost in quiet awe of finally getting to see each other after all the anticipation.

"Um, should we? -"

Before George even finished that sentence, Dream nodded, knowing exactly what the other was inferring.

He pulled George in, pressing them together in a warm embrace, smiling so wide when the other wrapped his arms around Dream tightly, both laughing softly with slightly flushed faces.

They pulled apart, unsure what to do or say or think next.

George broke the spell they were under and looked away towards the road, trying to move away from the tension that was building up fast. "But, yeah, definitely thought I was gonna die on the plane. Okay, but, actually it was so hot when we landed. I think I have heat stroke," he lamented as Dream started to drive back to the house.

Dream snorted, "It's actually nice today! Only 90 degrees (32.2 C)."

"Only?!" George said, exasperated, classic Brit complaining about the weather. Rolling his eyes, Dream turned up the AC.

"Ahh," George sighed, "Much better." He perked up, hearing soft music playing.

"Ooh, what are you listening to," he said, turning the music volume up.

Heatwaves (Stripped Back) version could be heard more clearly through the speakers.

"Seriously, Dream?" George asked, giggling. "Are we going to recreate that fanfiction now?"

"Shut up. It's a good song. You can change it. Play whatever you want," Dream said, tossing George his phone.

"I have so much power with this," George said mischievously. "I could tweet something. Or do a face reveal!"

Dream cast George an unamused look.

"And you could walk the rest of the way to my house."

"I was just joking," George pouted. "Hey, is this song on repeat? Why did you put this on an infinite loop?"

Dream shrugged, "I like the song."

George quirked his eyebrow, "You just listen to this song over and over? How long have you been listening to it?"

"I dunno. A few days? Maybe a week. Look, I said you can change it."

"You're so weird," George said, shaking his head. "I'll just leave it on. I haven't heard this version."

"I think I like it better than the original," Dream said, pulling up to his road.

Dream brought George inside, carrying his bag for him, like a gentleman.

"I can carry my own bag, you know," George huffed.

"Hey, I'm just trying to be polite to my guest. It's either carry the bag or carry you," Dream replied, unlocking the door.

"If you were really polite, you'd carry both," George teased.

Dream glanced back at him, leading George to the room he'll be 'staying' in. "You think I won't? I have a whole other arm, just for you."

"Stop," George rolled his eyes, gasping as Dream, without warning, scooped him up and placed George over his shoulder.

"Dream!" George stuttered. Dream just laughed in response, placing the bag on the ground, then flopped him and George both onto the bed.

"Your bag is heavier than you, what did you bring? A bag full of rocks?" Dream teased, lying halfway on top of George, burying his face into the other's shoulder.

George laughed a bit breathlessly at the contact, "I should have just so I could make you carry it. But, if we're talking about heavy, you laying right on top of me makes it so I can barely breathe."

Dream turned to face George, "Oh, but, I thought you liked me on top?"

George, blushing and flustered, attempted to push Dream off of him. "Actually fuck off," he said, trying to sound stern, but, his breathlessness made his tone soft.

Dream leaned over, whispering in his ear, "I'm just messing with you, George." He pushed himself up, staring down at the other still on the bed.

"Come on," Dream demanded, pulling on George's arms to get him on his feet. "Let me show you around."

George shook his head to clear it, then followed Dream to see the rest of the house.

"Do you want me to make you dinner or do you want to order take out?"

George shrugged, "You're the host."

"And, you're the guest. Guest decides," Dream retorted.

"Ughhh. I hate making big decisions, Dream," George groaned, covering his face with his hands.

Dream chuckled lightly, "Dinner is a 'big decision'?"

"Yes," George sighed, peeking out from behind his hands, "Although... I do kinda wanna see you cook. Curious if you actually can or if you're all talk."

"As you wish," Dream said, dramatically bowing. "Now, what would you like to eat, my good sir?"

George shook his head playfully, "Uh uh. I already picked something so now it's your turn to decide."

Dream rolled his eyes, "Fine."

"Oh my god, where did you get that?" George asked, barely containing his laughter.

"It was a gift," Dream huffed. "Why? Do you not like it?" he said, glaring with approach at George.

"No, no. Quite the opposite. I love it," George responded cheekily.

The gift in question was a pretty, pink, frilly apron that was currently tied around Dream's waist. The contrast from such a sweet looking item and the large, more serious looking man wearing it was adorable.

"It's the only one I have, and, okay listen, aprons are underappreciated," Dream defended, pointing his spatula at George's face.

"Hey," George said, putting up his hands in surrender, "I just said I liked it."

"You better," Dream muttered.

George grinned, "Of course, it's like you're my cute little housewife."

Dream shook his head, giving George an unimpressed look, "You're supposed to be helping."

"What do you want me to do?" George asked exasperated. "I already did the one task of getting out plates and cups for us. Do you want me to help you stir the food or something?"

"Yes."

"You're the worst," George sighed, getting up and walking over to Dream. He scooted right next to him, grabbing the spatula over Dream's hand.

"I was *kidding*, George," Dream said incredulously.

"I'm just defending my honor," George huffed.

They stood, pressed together over the stove, both stirring trying to stir the meal.

"George! You're going too fast!" Dream cried, as sauce spilled over the side.

"Huh. Funny. Usually you tell me to go faster," George chuckled teasingly.

Dream coughed in surprise, "Dude, Shut up. I'm kicking you off cooking duty." he said, shoving George away from the pan.

"Aww," George pouted. "It was just getting good."

"No whining in my kitchen. It's done now, anyway," Dream responded, turning off the stove.

"Finally," George said, going to his side of the counter as Dream poured half the contents onto his plate, then did the same to his own.

"It's actually going to be good, only since I helped of course," George giggled.

"So ungrateful," Dream mumbled. He put the pan in the sink, then leaned over his plate on the counter.

"Do you want to sit down?" George asked.

"Where? On your lap?" Dream responded, about to place the forkful of food in his mouth, grinning at the other.

George rolled his eyes, "No. You have a whole table," he said, gesturing at the dining table right next to them.

"Too far."

George shook his head, "Idiot."

"Hey," Dream said, pointing his fork right at George, "No being mean to me. I made you dinner."

"Fineeee. Thank you so much for this great meal, Dreamy."

Dream smiled, pleased, "That's more like it." He looked over, then turned the kitchen light dimmer dial down. The light was low and soft.

George chuckled a bit nervously and joked, "So romantic. Just need a candle to make this into a date."

"Ooh, good idea. I think I have one," Dream replied, rummaging inside the cabinets.

George watched as Dream pulled out a hefty candle and lit it. The light cast a gentle glow over their faces.

George laughed very softly, the light making his eyes glitter, "Already trying to seduce me, Dream?"

"Of course," Dream replied, gazing right at George, "Looks like it's working, too."

-  
They ended up in Dream's room that night. Erupting into laughter as they showed each other memes and tiktoks. It was nice, sharing each other's company on the big king sized bed.

"Why do you even need this big of a bed, Dream?" George said, glancing over to the other laying next to him.

"Big bed for a big person. Simple."

George giggled, "Yeah, right. I bet you need it for all the people you bring home."

Dream didn't reply for a moment, thinking. "Actually," he began, "I think you're the only one who's been in my bed."

George lost his breath at that admission. Though, he knew it was just Dream trying to sweet talk him as, come on, that just *couldn't* be true, like, look at Dream, he's the whole package, no way that wasn't just a pick-up line.

They stayed up together, until the exhaustion took over. George curled up next to Dream, right by his chest. Dream had an arm slung over George as they fell asleep on their first night together.

## Chapter End Notes

I have suddenly become obsessed with these two despite not watching a single one of their videos oops. Heatwaves made me too sad so I'm writing this :-D

the scene where they stir the pasta together was inspired by a dan and phil video lol

-  
entirely unrelated but this story almost has the exact same number of words as the fault in our stars book does. i really don't know how to feel about this information...

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream felt warm. Soft. A smile crept up on his face, only feeling contentment as he woke.

"Mm," he sighed, still mostly asleep. There was.. something he was holding. Dream's brain was still turning on, so he didn't really know what it was, just that he wanted to get closer to the warmth.

He tightened his arms, bringing what he held nearer to himself, adamant in not letting the comfort go.

Dream heard a noise. Confused, he opened his eyes, revealing what he was stubbornly clinging to.

"Dream," George said, embarrassment evident in his voice and face, blushing furiously.

Dream.exe stopped working.

"Huh?" he muttered, still not sure what was happening. George was pressed very close to him. The places where they were touching were the main thing Dream's muddled brain was focused on. Their legs were tangled together, Dream's arms were wrapped around George's torso. Both of George's hands were pressed to his chest, futility trying to push them apart.

They were facing each other, foreheads a few inches apart. Dream looked back into George's eyes, realization of the situation making his own face burn.

Dream released his hold, coughing nervously as he sat up. "Oh, um, sorry about that," he laughed uncertainly, scratching his head.

"It's fine," George said, red-faced and eyes looking anywhere but Dream. "That's what I get for sleeping in your bed, I guess," he chuckled a bit awkwardly.

"I usually cuddle *after* sex, but, I guess I'll make an exception for you," Dream teased.

"Dream!" George scolded, the tense mood lifting easily, "I'm here for one day and you're already trying to get in my pants. For shame," he said, shaking his head playfully.

Dream grinned, "Well, why else did you come here for? I never scraped that itinerary, you know."

George groaned, "I still can't believe you told them that! You just add fuel to the shipping fire."

"It's funny," Dream chuckled. "And, maybe I ship us too. Did you think about that?"

"But, if you really did, wouldn't we already be together by now?" George teased, an eyebrow raised at the other's suggestion.

"I like the slow burn," Dream smirked.

"Of course you do."

"How do I shower? It's probably all weird here in America?"

Dream grinned cheekily, "Shower? Oh, I can show you that, George."

George smacked him. "So unhelpful, I can't even ask a genuine question," he huffed as Dream cackled.

"Oh come on, was I not supposed to take that as an invitation? I think you do it on purpose, giving me these easy pickings," Dream laughed. George was unamused.

"Haha, Dream. Very funny. Laughing at me when I'm in need," he pouted.

Dream rolled his eyes, "Also, why do you shower in the morning? That's so weird."

"How is that weird? Literally everyone does."

"I don't. It's all about the night shower. Then you get in bed all clean instead of you, spreading muck and grime all over your bed," Dream said, exaggerating his disgust.

George giggled, poking Dream's nose, "Actually, it's *your* bed I'm getting all dirty."

Dream groaned as George happily skipped away. Dammit, he was right. But, it was still worth sleeping with George, he admitted with a sigh.

A little while later, Dream was waiting impatiently for George, who was taking his damn time showering.

"God, what is he doing in there?" Dream muttered to himself. He decided to investigate despite his better judgment.

"George, stop jack-" Dream started, ending his sentence abruptly as the handle he turned suddenly opened the door to his surprise, expecting to find it locked, but, instead, accidentally pushing it open.

The image he saw in there was.. burned into his mind forever.

George was standing in front of the mirror, steam rising off his skin. His hair was tousled and the wetness of it made Dream's mouth dry. (Ironic)

Dream couldn't stop his gaze from traveling down from George's startled face to the towel resting dangerously low on his hips. George let out a strangled noise. Dream slammed the door closed, breathing heavily.

That was one of the hottest things- Dream shook his head, stopping that thought right there.

"Why was the door unlocked?!" Dream questioned incredulously.

"I didn't think you were going to perv on me!" George exclaimed, clicking the lock on.

"Well, I," Dream tried to defend, to think of anything to say after such a scene, which only made his brain lose any semblance of reason, "At least you had a towel on."

"Yeah, right. I bet you wanted to see more."

Dream felt the shift of the mood, that George wasn't really upset, this more of a situation to joke and tease. "It was an accident, but, I mean, if you're offering..."

"Dream," George sighed, exasperated but amused, "Why do I feel like you'd actually go for it? Don't you have any sense of shame?"

"Not when you look *that* good."

The pause that followed Dream's statement made his face darken even more with the heated blush covering his features. He really needed to work on creating some sort of filter for his words.

"Shut up," was all George grumbled in reply.

-

Dream knew he shouldn't, knew for a fact that thinking about the whole shower incident was a bad idea. He couldn't help it though, the image of George standing there, all wet and alluring in just a skimpy towel just kept replaying in his head.

Even worse, his thoughts drifted into seeing what George had taunted, something *more*.

He squeezed his eyes shut, Dream desperately pushing away at his insistent imagination conjuring up all these things he knows he shouldn't be thinking about.

And, god, why was it kind of turning him on?

Dream hung his head in shame at his reaction, even if he tried to justify that it was natural, that it was mostly due to the adrenaline and being in such an excited state could cause such an, um, eager response.

His errant thoughts weren't helping either.

Dream set everything aside, repressing all he didn't want to deal with about what this meant, pulling his bed covers over his hard-on to try and hide it.

Maybe I should just take care of it real quick, Dream thought, his judgment a bit cloudy as he rubbed gently over his pants. He hadn't gotten a chance to do anything since George got here so-

He was promptly interrupted by George bursting into the room.

"Hey, pervert," George called, looking curiously when Dream scrambled for a moment. "What are you doing?"

"N-nothing," Dream stuttered.

George stepped up to the bed, peering down at the red faced Dream. He squinted, "You're being weird."

"I've never felt more normal," Dream replied, as calmly and casually as he could.

"Hm," George tutted. "Well, whatever. I decided you owe me iHop today since you were spying on me."

Dream rolled his eyes, "I didn't mean to open the door. So suspicious that you just *happened* to leave it unlocked. Maybe this was your plan all along or something, I don't know."

George sighed in exaggerated disappointment, "Blaming the victim," he shook his head in disapproval, "Guess it's to be expected from such a degenerate."

Dream rubbed a hand over his face, "Oh, shut up."

George grinned, pulling at Dream's free hand, trying to get him up, "Come onnn. Let's go. I'm starving. And, it's your treat, so it's extra important we go."

Dream flushed again, remembering his predicament, how he'd made it worse by touching himself, "Oh, uh, right now?"

"Yes. Right now!" George giggled.

"Okay," Dream said slowly, trying to arrange all his jumbled thoughts, "Let me, uh... let me get changed real fast."

George quirked his eyebrow in a question, "Are you going to get all dressed up to take me to iHop?"

"Of course. Gotta look nice for our date. Now out," Dream said, shooing George away.

"Date?" George replied, confused.

"Yes, now get out or you'll be the perv for watching me change," Dream sighed, shuffling to the other side of the bed, turning away from George.

"Not a date!" George called out, shutting the door behind him.

Dream breathed a sigh of relief. He pulled on a long hoodie, attempting to cover up anything he didn't want George to see. It did the trick well enough. He pulled on his shoes and grabbed a mask, waiting a couple of minutes before going out to find George.

-

"That's you changing? You literally just put on a hoodie!" George lamented.

"Did you want to stay in there that bad?" Dream teased.

"No," George said cautiously, "You're just being *real* elusive today. And, I wanna know why."

Dream laughed shortly, "Dude, I'm not. Everything is *extremely* normal."

George surveyed Dream intensely, peering directly where Dream did not want him to look. He tried, as casually as he could, to place his hands strategically over where he was still semi-hard. Apparently, he wasn't subtle enough, as George picked up on it.

"What," George said, a grin starting to form on his face, connecting all the little pieces together to figure out why Dream would be embarrassed and hiding something, "Are you hard or something."

"What?!?" Dream stammered, just slightly blushing, "No, what are you even saying? That doesn't even make sense!" He moved his hands away, trying to avoid suspicion.

George giggled, putting up his hands in mock defense, "I'm just kidding. No need to get all worked up."

"You're an idiot. That's just your wishful thinking," he huffed, starting toward the car.

-

"Happy now?" Dream said lowly, watching George happily eating his pancakes.

"Yesss, Dreamy," he smiled. "The best 'I'm-sorry-for-being-a-pervert' pancakes I've ever had."

Dream hushed him, looking around to see if anyone heard. "Can you not say that in public?"

George grinned, "Oh, why not? Do you want me to say it to you in private?"

Dream groaned, "No, I don't want you to say it at all."

George hummed gleefully, "Hey. Why didn't you get pancakes? It's a sin to not get pancakes at a pancake place."

"I'm more of a waffle guy."

George glanced at him coyly, "Sounds like a euphemism for something."

Dream sighed. George was being extra cheeky today. "A euphemism for what, George?" he said, stuffing a bite of his Double Chocolate Belgian Waffle into his mouth.

"That you like dick," George responded casually.

Dream choked. "What the fuck is wrong with you?" he hissed.

George slapped a hand over his mouth, trying to contain his laughter at making Dream so easily flustered.

"You decide to be so bold at the most inopportune times, I swear to god," Dream muttered, embarrassed.

"It's just too fun to mess with you, Dream. Sorry," George responded, not sounding sorry at all.

"I'm supposed to be the one messing with you. I say inappropriate stuff, you blush. That's the dynamic," Dream huffed.

"Aww," George teased, "Can't take it, Dreamy?"

Dream rolled his eyes, avoiding the question. "Is there a reason you don't call me by my real name? I'm surprised you don't."

George just shrugged. "It's not that kind of story."

"What a weird thing to say..., but, I do always like continuity."

-

"Should we stream or something?" Dream asked, looking over at George.

"We *could*, but I have to use your second monitor. Would that mess it up?" George responded, thinking it over.

Dream shrugged, "I dunno. Maybe."

"Let's just play to test it out first."

"As you wish."

They loaded up the game. Playing together was a normal, regular occurrence. But, it was the first time being with the other in the same room.

It was kind of exhilarating.

"You have an extra keyboard, mouse, headset, and monitor. But, you don't have an extra desk chair?" George asked exasperated.

Dream chuckled, "What? You don't like your stool?"

"Not funny," George sighed. He had to sit on a wooden bar stool, since the dining chairs were too tall.

"My lap is always available," Dream offered.

"I'm tempted," George replied, focusing more on the game than Dream.

"Your bony ass would probably hurt, though," Dream snickered.

George huffed, "You're just worried you'll get another boner."

Dream hit the keys a little too hard. "You know what? Get over here," he said, abandoning what he was doing to find George.

"Hey, stupid, I'm literally sitting right next to you."

Dream grit his teeth. "In the game, dumbass," he muttered, equipping a sword when he spotted George. "Die."

"Um, rude," George gasped. "Don't take out your sexual frustration on my poor little dude."

"Do you want me to take it out on the real you then?" Dream bit back, feeling triumphant as he successfully murdered George.

"Ugh," George groaned, hanging his head down in defeat. He perked up, slyly looking over at Dream, "Wait.. Does that mean you actually *are* sexually frustrated?"

Dream tensed. "Of course not," he scoffed, then continued brazenly, "But, if I was, all in a hypothetical situation, obviously, would you let me take it out on you?" he teased impishly, swiveling his chair to face George.

"Hm," George thought for a moment, then leaned closer to Dream. "Maybe," he whispered, a wide grin plastered on his face.

"You're an asshole," Dream muttered, turning back to the game. George just laughed at that.

"Why? Were you excited by the possibility, Dream?"

"No," Dream sniped, his tone a little too bitter. "Because I know you would never actually go through with it."

-  
After they finished their game, and deeming it a successful set up, they ended up back in Dream's bed.

"It's so cozy in here," George hummed contently, snuggling up under the covers.

"You know you have a whole bed. And, a whole room. How come you never use them?" Dream said, gazing over at George softly.

"I dunno. I like it in here. In your bed. With.. you," George responded, muffled under the covers.

Dream hummed, pleased, "Simp."

George rolled his eyes, batting his hand at Dream, "Oh, shut up."

Dream chuckled.

George opened his phone, the light casting a soft glow over his features. He scooted closer to Dream, wanting to share what he was watching.

"Do you ever look at the Dreamnotfound tag?" George asked, scrolling through Tiktok.

"Yeah. All the time."

George looked at him, grinning, "Really? Do you have a secret shipping fan account too?" he giggled.

"Shh," Dream hushed, "No one's supposed to know about that."

"You're an idiot. Why can I actually see you having one? Posting stuff like 'Dream and George cutest moments' or 'Dreamnotfound proof,'" George laughed.

"I post those for the likes. Need that clout."

George rolled his eyes, "You don't need any more of that. It all goes to your big head. Like seriously, has anyone ever told you that your head is actually massive."

Dream smacked George's arm, "It's my other head that's big, dummy."

"Wait, how big are you actually?" George said, putting his phone down, peering over at the other like this was just an innocent question.

"You can't just ask me that!" Dream stammered.

George tsked, "I'm just *curious*, since you brag about it so much. But, when you're put on the spot, you just deflect. That can only mean one thing; you're actually, like, impossibly small," he accused, laughing.

"I'll show you mine if you show me yours."

George stopped his laughter, "Woah, woah, woah. I was just asking you to tell me how big you are. Not to see it. You're acting a little sus." he grinned.

"What? Comparing lengths is totally what bros do. I've seen like all of my friends'." Dream defended.

"Really?" George questioned, "But, it won't even be accurate since it's not, you know, hard."

"I can make it hard."

"You're weirdly competitive, you know that?" George chuckled, a bit nervously.

"You brought it up first, said it had to be hard for the accuracy, and, I just want to give you what you want," Dream said, tone entirely too serious.

George laughed humorously, "Kinda gay, Dream."

Dream smirked, "You wish."

George, of course, just shook his head in exasperation, not taking anything that Dream says seriously.

They turned their attention back to Tiktok, Dream entertained by George's weird For You Page.

As the night wended down, Dream realized just how happy he has been the past couple of days. Everything was just so bright and enjoyable. He really didn't want it to end. Being with George, it just felt so fulfilling.

They fell asleep together again, this time Dream was behind George, nearly spooning him with an arm around his waist.

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#### Chapter End Notes

dream wasn't trying to open the door, it was him like jiggling the handle impatiently and he just did it with too much vigor and pushed it open lol

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

This time, it was Dream who woke up first.

It was another gentle morning. No disturbance, just the sunlight softly peeking through the curtains and the calming pull of the fan overhead. Dream drank in the feeling of the moment he had, all to himself.

Again, in his arms, was George. Dream was a little disappointed he couldn't see the other's face, since he was positioned behind the other this time. But, he did revel in the fact that George's legs were curled up to fit Dream's under them, making them spoon.

Dream had his arm over George again, his hand curled near the other's chest. And, Dream just now realized, George was holding onto that hand. He couldn't contain the smile that broke across his face at the fact that George was clutching onto him.

He pressed his nose gently into George's fluffy hair. It was mussed, but, looked so soft and tempting. Dream was mournful since he couldn't run his hands through it, as both were occupied. One being underneath their heads and the other in George's grasp. And, well, it wasn't worth taking his hand away from George.

It was such a good feeling. And, it ended far too soon as George started to wake up, shifting slightly.

Dream sighed, very carefully removing himself from the other with much unwillingness. He turned onto his back, going on his phone to start the day. He looked over when he thought he heard a small noise, or, uh, whimper?, from George.

Then silence. Dream shook his head, putting it off as nothing.

George slowly rolled over.

"Dream?" he slurred, eyes closed, face scrunched in concern, basically still asleep.

Dream didn't reply, instead, giving into the temptation from earlier and petting George's hair.

"Mm," George sighed happily, leaning into the touch, a small smile on his lips.

Dream chuckled, savoring the feeling of his fingers threading through the soft hair.

He slowly pulled his hand away, causing George to let out a noise of displeasure, a pout on his face.

George scooted closer, resting his head on Dream's shoulder. This seemed to satiate the sleeping boy, his features softening as he drifted back into unconsciousness. George's hand traveled lightly over Dream's stomach, then dipped low. A little too low.

Dream lost his breath as he looked at the hand just barely above a very sensitive area.

"George," he whispered.

George grunted, not seeming to want to get up.

Dream rested a hand on the other's shoulder, just barely shaking him. "George," he tried again, "Wake up."

This time, George opened his eyes, squinting in confusion. "What?" he bit out, grumpy.

Dream laughed softly, distracted by George's sleepy expression, "You're so cute like this."

George nuzzled his head back into Dream, muttering under his breath, still unwilling to wake up. His hand moved lower, unknowingly grazing over Dream's dick.

Dream choked, not knowing what to do as he grew hard at the hand resting on him.

George was blissfully unaware of what he was doing, going back to sleep with his face pressed into Dream's chest.

Dream let out a shaky breath, gently picking up and removing the hand from where it laid as soon when George stopped moving.

Does he usually get that hard that fast?, he questioned.

He dismissed the thought, putting it off as morning wood or something. Classic denial.

Dream let George sleep on him for a bit, watching him when he finally woke up. George rubbed his eyes and sat up.

"You snore," Dream said, starting the day by annoying George.

George scoffed, "I do not."

"I definitely heard it," Dream grinned. "And, you said my name in your sleep. Dreaming about me, Georgie?"

George's eyes widened, remembering he was, in fact, doing exactly that. Instead of admitting anything of the sort, he replied instead, "No, as I don't even like to *think* about you, let alone have you in my dreams."

Dream's grin widened. He leaned his face closer to George. "Liar," he accused.

"I get it's your name, but it has no effect on me," George defended.

Dream tsked, "Aw, that's too bad. You know," he said coyly, "I dream about you *all* the time."

"Really? And, what are these dreams about?" George asked, yawning.

Dream smirked, shaking his head slowly, "Oh, they're way too dirty to say out loud, George."

A slight blush rose on George's face, but he wasn't going to back down. "Tell me one, then," he grinned.

Dream's smile disappeared, throwing his head back with a groan. "Dammit. I don't have one prepared," he sighed, pouting.

George chuckled softly, "I knew it, you're all talk."

They decided to do a stream today, since everyone was demanding one. It went fairly normal, since the viewers couldn't see them next to each other anyway.

The chat was flooded with the obvious dnf stuff, making everyone need to close the window due to the constant spam of "Kiss! Kiss! Kiss!"

Dream ignored it for most of the stream. George was the one to actually bring attention to it.

"I think they really want us to kiss, Dream," he said sweetly, looking over at the other.

"Do it then," Dream challenged.

George gasped in fake surprise. "Dream," he chided. "It's inappropriate. This is a Christian Minecraft server."

Dream snorted. "This is the exact opposite of a Christian Minecraft server. Come on, give me a kiss."

George shook his head, laughing. "No no, Dream. I'm not that easy," he giggled.

"You never give me kisses," Dream pouted. "Even though I ask for them *so* nicely, but, you never do. Not in the game or real life. It's not fair."

"Why do you want a kiss from me so bad?" George asked, cheekily.

Dream shrugged, "Because, I love you."

"Shut up," George said, trying to sound annoyed, but a smile was on his lips.

"And!" Dream started, abandoning what he was doing in the game, "You never tell me you love me back. That hurts me, George, when I love you so much."

"Hey! That's so untrue. I've said it a couple times," George chuckled, enjoying teasing Dream.

"That's only because I made you, and people tricked you into it. I want you to mean it, George. Is that too much to ask?" Dream huffed dramatically.

"Yes," George agreed, giggling as he nodded his head.

Dream, actually having some of his own leverage for once, and wanting George to not be so cocky, had to say some remark with heavy implications.

"You weren't acting like this in my bed this morning."

George's mouth dropped open. "Dream!" he said, mortified, "Don't tell them that! They're going to assume things happened!"

"What *things*?"

George huffed, now a little bit actually annoyed, "You know what things, Dream."

"No, I don't. What things?"

George eyed Dream, "Bedroom things."

"Ohhh," Dream relented, "Sex."

"Ughhh. I hate you," George lamented. "We did NOT have sex. Dream tell them we didn't have sex."

Dream was silent.

"Dream!" George prodded. "I'm going to block you in real life if you don't tell them."

"Fineeee," Dream sighed. "We didn't have sex." Long pause. "...yet."

"Dream," he warned.

Dream side-eyed him, unwillingly complying. "Or.. ever," he conceded.

George nodded, triumphant. "Correct. Never ever ever."

Dream was fairly quiet the rest of the stream, the words stinging him more than he wanted to admit.

-

"Ah," George stretched, content as he sat on the bed, finishing his last slice of pizza.

He peeked over at Dream, who was unusually quiet after the stream. After debating over what to eat, they decided to order a pizza for tonight, a useless detail that's not even important for this scene.

"What's wrong with you?" George prodded, poking Dream's face. "So quiet. Usually I can't get you to shut up."

Dream cast an annoyed look at George. "Did you really mean what you said? You'd *never* have sex with me?" he asked immediately, sulking as he was waiting for George to say something about it.

George groaned. "I knew you were going to be upset about that," he said, covering his face with his hands.

"Well," Dream huffed, crossing his arms defensively, "That's actually really mean. You don't find me even the least bit desirable? Like I have a good face, I'm tall, big dick. You'd be crazy to not want to sleep with me."

George grinned, "Big, huh? How big exactly, Dream?"

Dream shook his head, "We're not doing this again."

George laughed. "Why? Maybe it would change my mind," he teased.

"Do you actually want to know?" Dream sighed.

"Yeah," George nodded enthusiastically.

Dream, still not willing to give an actual answer and just wanting a reaction out of the other, leaned in close to George's face, so close, his breath ghosting over Dream's nose. "Big enough that it would barely even fit inside you," Dream whispered, voice dropped low, smirking at George's surprised expression.

George's eyes widened, face bursting into flames. "Oh my god," he said, his hand coming up to cover his mouth. "You can't say that!" he exclaimed.

Dream backed away. "You asked," he shrugged, satisfied with the response he got.

George scoffed, "That doesn't even answer my question, though."

"I don't exactly measure myself everyday, what do you expect?"

George rolled his eyes, "Oh come on. Everyone knows how big they are. And, I would peg you as someone who would *especially* know."

Dream grinned, "Oh, you would peg me, now?"

"Ughhh, Dream, are we competing for who has the dirtier mind now or something?" George groaned, dropping his head in his hands, and, after a moment, he slowly peeked out from behind his fingers. "So, you really don't know?"

"I mean, not the exact, to the centimeter, measurement," Dream replied. "But," he said, leaning closer with a smile, "I'll do it for you George. I'll always do anything you ask."

George decided to drop the subject for now.

-

Dream had to admit, he was pent up.

With everything that's happened these past few days, too many situations occurring that always seemed to wind him up, it was getting a little ridiculous of how just intensely horny he was. Dream felt like he hadn't had the chance to do anything about it, him being around George pretty much all the time. He couldn't do his usual bedtime jerk off since George was always sleeping with him, too.

The shower was the only reprieve he could get. It was just annoying because it took longer, and he doesn't want George getting suspicious or anything. Well, maybe he was overthinking things, since the other probably wouldn't even notice, but that wasn't important. It was just the *principle* of it all, with Dream having a guest in his house.

Actually, speaking of George, Dream thought, looking around him, he wasn't right next to him for once. When did he leave? Dream couldn't remember.

Before showering, Dream decided to look for him. Not in the guest room. Not in the bathroom. Weird. Then Dream spotted him, sitting on the couch in the living room.

Before Dream called out his name, he realized George was reading something very intently on his phone. His back was conveniently turned away, so he didn't see Dream come in.

Perfect opportunity for a sneak attack, Dream grinned.

He slowly approached George, trying to peer over his shoulder to see what he was looking at. He finally got close enough to view George's screen clearly, his breath catching at his throat as he realized what it was.

Fanfiction. Specifically, Dream and George fanfiction. And, it looked *dirty*.

Dream grin grew even wider, plucking the phone from George's grasp.

"What?" George asked, startled, face going red when he realized he got caught.

Dream smiled as he scanned the text. This was indeed explicit.

"Dream, I-", George started, trying to reach for his phone, but Dream held it easily from his grasp.

"George, George, George," Dream tutted, feeling cocky. "You dirty dog. Is this what you plan to do with me?" he accused, teasingly.

"No," he defended hastily. "It just got sent to me and I was just reading it as, like, you know, a *joke*," he explained urgently.

"Hm. A likely story," Dream said with a far too satisfied grin plastered on his face.

"Dream, I swear," George pleaded.

Dream whistled, "Wow, this is graphic. Is this how you get off, George? On this smut?"

George let out a strangled noise, utterly embarrassed.

"Ooh, wait, I like this part," Dream said, reading seductively from the text, "/Then can I do this?" Dream murmured, pulling out slightly and thrusting roughly back inside, making George jerk."/

Dream quirked an eyebrow, and, after hearing no protest from George, he continued more confidently, "/George slowly pulled Dream out of his mouth as the other waited for an answer, looking up at him with pleading eyes. "Please, I can take it," he murmured, desire flooding through his voice."/

Dream cast a look at George who was hiding his head in his hands, red from embarrassment. "You like this, George? Wanna follow the script? I'm down for something like *this*." he offered jokingly.

"I hate you," George said, muffled, but made no attempt to stop what was happening.

Dream pushed on, exaggerating the words he was reading, "/All of Dream's thoughts were completely gone with those words, slamming back into George's mouth, George taking it too goddamn well, it would be a shame to only get to have him *once*. George tried to keep himself from choking as Dream roughly fucked into his throat. Never in his life did he think his mouth being used in this way would feel so good, his erection straining painfully in his pants."/ Dream murmured, chuckling.

"So descriptive in this one, finding out so much about you, George," Dream teased with a laugh. He continued reading aloud, punctuating the words for better effect, "/Drool dribbled down George's chin, his jaw aching as Dream's hips stuttered. There was this power and control George was just handing over to Dream and he was finding out how much he *liked* it. "I want you to swallow it all," Dream said, completely overtaken by the way he could do whatever he wanted as he finished deep down George's throat."/

Dream dropped his voice down, trying to sound as husky as possible, and read, "/George obediently swallowed, trying his best to do as he was asked, but, some of it dripped out of his mouth. Dream tsked in disappointment, swiping up his cum with his finger. He pulled George off, waiting impatiently as he coughed. "You missed some. I said all of it."/

After that last line, Dream trailed off, embarrassment now starting to creep in at the words he just spoke, that he was doing a dramatic reading of literal porn about him and George.

Dream cleared his throat nervously, looking up to see that George was now intently watching him read, breathing slightly heavier.

Dream coughed, now self-conscious of what he just did. He mustered up a nonchalant tone, "Now I know what you get off to," he chuckled uncertainly, tossing the phone back to George.

George just looked at it, the air in the room getting strange and oddly tense?

"Well," Dream said, slightly flustered, "I'm going to go take a cold shower." He walked quickly out of the room, leaving the very atmosphere he created.

-

That was too much, Dream admitted to himself as he stroked himself off in the shower. Even he knew that was definitely crossing a line.

But, *god*, was it hot.

The words he read to George were absolutely filthy, he thought, panting heavily as he tried to finish quickly.

Why was he having this reaction, though? Dream could barely contain himself, nearly sprinting to the shower in order to do this depraved act.

And, *shit*, why did it feel so good? he questioned, throwing his head back and jacking himself off faster. The shower was hot, not cold like he promised since that didn't work anyway, heating up Dream's already burning and sensitive skin.

He replayed the moment when he looked at George, seeing the dilated pupils and blush across his face at Dream reading him the fanfiction. At that exact thought, Dream finished into his hand. He gasped for air, feeling utterly wrecked. Weird, he came much faster than usual.

Maybe there was something wrong with him.

Or...

No, let's not get into that right now.

-

Dream didn't see George for a bit. Maybe he was upset? This could easily make things awkward, Dream wouldn't be surprised if George decided to sleep in his own room after something like that.

He worried a bit, feeling like he was heading down some dangerous and destructive path, his self-control in a much more weakened state being with George than Dream had expected. Though, considering how they were with each other, it wasn't *that* bad, anyway. But, the line of what was too far or not was getting more and more blurred. Dream didn't want to push it into something uncomfortable or anything.

But, I mean, Dream thought, it seemed like George didn't mind, actually, he even looked like he was enjoying the show...

His door slowly opened, cutting off his thoughts, and George scuttled inside, shuffling onto Dream's bed.

"Dream, you have to look at this," George said, laughing, showing Dream his phone, "Someone

drew this video of me."

Dream let out a relieved sigh. Everything was fine. They were too good together for anything else.

"Let me see," Dream replied, smiling.

He pulled George further onto the bed, resting his head on the other's shoulder, feeling like all was right with the world, Dream assuring himself he knew the limits and wouldn't go over the line, like, of course.

When they finally settled down to sleep, they found themselves getting ever closer, Dream being on his stomach, halfway laying on top of George. Dream's arm was around George's neck and his knee was hiked up, keeping the other in place underneath him.

-

#### Chapter End Notes

i changed the fic Dream read to be an excerpt from mine bc i feel like i shouldn't use someone else's. (old one was [bedrock](#) by [towerofthegods](#))  
now it's just my other dnf fic (called i don't want you to like me)

## Chapter 4

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ugh, what was that?

That was Dream's first thought in the morning.

Something was causing him to have an uncomfortable feeling on his side. He scrunched up his face in annoyance.

"Oh, Dweam," he heard George purr, pulling him out from his precious slumber.

It was George causing the unpleasantness, of course, what else would it be. He was tickling him. That bastard. Dream groaned, George giggled.

Dream felt soft skin against his lips as he gained consciousness.

He hummed softly, lightly grazing his lips over George's neck. Then, with no warning, he bit down on the exposed flesh, causing George to yelp.

"Ow! What the fuck, Dream?" George pouted, harshly pushing Dream's face away from his neck.

"It was revenge. You know you deserved to be bitten," Dream chuckled.

"I was just trying to wake you up. You should be *thanking* me for doing it nicely, not mortally wounding me," George huffed, rubbing at the indents left by Dream's teeth.

"Aww, I'm sorry Georgie, here," Dream said sweetly, pulling George towards him, "I'll kiss it better."

He leaned down to get access to where he bit George, halted by a hand in the way. He nosed it gently, but it didn't budge.

Dream sighed, kissing George's hand instead.

"Hey, stop it," George scolded, snatching his hand away so quickly, he accidentally smacked Dream in the face.

"Ow," Dream muttered against George's skin, unfazed as he successfully kissed the bitemark, no longer being blocked by the other. He lingered a little too long, slowly pulling himself away from the temptation that was trying to convince him to continue to kiss George.

Dream looked up into George's eyes, unsure of what to do, hands still planted on his shoulders, keeping the other in place.

George's face was red, and he looked a little dazed. "Dream," he breathed.

"Uh, yeah?" Dream replied uncertainly.

George flicked the other's forehead. "That's not what I asked for, asshole."

Dream dropped his hands, rubbing at the sting on his temple. "Uncalled for," he sulked. "You

didn't like me biting you. But, also didn't like me kissing you to make it better. I'm seeing mixed signals here, George."

George rolled his eyes, seeming annoyed, but his tone was playful, "A simple 'thank you, George', would have sufficed. Perhaps a 'George, you're the best person to ever exist in this world. I owe everything to you, and you're a far better minecraft player than I ever will be. Maybe', " George laughed, mimicking Dream dramatically, "'Someday I can be half as cool as you'."

Dream gave George an unimpressed look. "Seriously?" he said, exasperated.

George snickered, "I think that would satisfy me."

Dream rolled his eyes, starting to get off the bed, "I'm not saying that."

"I ask for so little, you meanie," George sighed, flopping down on the bed.

Dream shook his head. "I'm not that much of a simp, yet. But, I still love you, George, that should suffice for my crimes," he exhaled.

"But, if you actually loved me you'd say anything I asked."

"I would, but, on one condition: you have to love me back first," Dream retorted, stretching as he got up on his feet.

"Ugh," George grunted, receding into the bed, unable to make a proper response to that.

-

Dream decided they were going out today. They were already a whole week into this trip and hadn't yet left the house even once.

Sure, Dream could admit he was a bit of a recluse, rarely going out even before it became more socially acceptable to hide away in your house for long periods of time. But, still, he needed to give George some semblance of entertainment.

Outside was the obvious solution.

Dream got ready as he waited for George, who was having his regular morning shower, a detail that's actually important to the conflict that was going to happen in the upcoming scene this time.

Dream paused when heard a loud groan from the other room, a door slam, and then soft footsteps approaching his door.

George opened it slowly, peeking one eye to look inside. "Dream?" he asked quietly.

"Yeah? You can come in," Dream responded, confused at George's behavior.

George inched the door open hesitantly, Dream only able to see his head from how George was positioned.

"I'm out of clothes."

Dream went blank for a second, focusing solely on what that sentence implied, instead of offering out any help. "Are you.. are you naked right now?"

George's already red face deepened in color. "No," he said, walking into the room fully, "I'm

wearing your robe."

He was indeed wearing Dream's robe. It was soft, fluffy, and a bit too large for George.

"O-oh," Dream said, calming his racing heart. "Are you," he asked cheekily, an eyebrow raised as he teased, "Wearing anything underneath?"

George shook his head.

"That's hot."

George groaned, "Dream, this isn't the time for shameless flirting! Like, seriously, I actually need some assistance."

"Okay, okay," Dream relented, going over to his closet, George following after him.

"You have so many clothes!" George exclaimed, scanning over the full walk-in closet Dream opened.

"I like looking nice. Also, people send a lot of joke clothes. I don't want to throw them out, so I just keep them," he shrugged.

George nodded, surveying all the different articles of clothing before him. "You have a weird organization method, I don't know where to start to find anything.. Any suggestions?" he sighed.

"I mean, you could honestly just wear that robe. Or, now that I'm thinking about it, you could even take it off," Dream said brazenly. "That'd be more than fine by me."

George gave an unamused look to Dream. He wagged his finger. "No being horny, this is serious," he scolded.

Dream scoffed, "Fine. Choose."

"I don't know, just pick something out for me."

Dream grinned. "Okay. Lemme look. Hmm. I just can't decide if I should troll you or not," he snickered, sifting through the clothes.

"No trolling. Just something simple, no need to make this harder than it needs to be."

Dream dropped his hands from the shirts hanging up, a devious look on his face. "But, dressing you up? In *anything* I want? Of course I'm gonna be hard."

George groaned, knowing it was his fault for setting that one up. "Oh my, seriously? You can't use every line on me. You'll actually end up falling for me if you keep this up."

"And, who says I haven't already?" Dream quipped, going back to finding a suitable outfit for George.

Dream gathered the articles of clothing he decided on, the pieces all a fairly normal thing for George to wear. Except for one exciting addition Dream couldn't help but toss in, I mean, he might as well abuse his power just a little.

He smiled, satisfied with the outfit. "Alright. Here's my pick. And, no complaining. You asked for this, remember?" Dream said, handing the pile of clothes to George.

"I have made the decision to trust you," George said, a little nervously.

"A horrible decision, really," Dream taunted, finishing the quote.

George chuckled, waiting for the other to leave, but, Dream just stood there, a stupid grin on his face.

"Um, some privacy would be nice?"

Dream cocked his head to the side, raking his gaze up and down the other in a swift, but, intentionally unsubtle gesture, "Feeling shy there, George?"

George glanced to the side, shifting uncertainly, but, his tone was set, not backing down, "There's no way I'm letting you watch me change."

"Ah, but, did you forget our conversation from before? How I so generously offered you my clothes and you said, and I quote, 'Ew'. This is your penance, for being a hypocrite and for hurting my feelings."

"You're fine," George rolled his eyes when Dream added a feigned sniffle for extra effect, "It's not my fault you didn't do my laundry, you're supposed to be my host after all. This one's on you."

"What? Am I supposed to dig through your suitcase or something? I told you to put anything in the laundry basket," Dream pointed out.

"I'm still blaming you. I think you planned this out or something, just for this specific situation."

"Oh," Dream murmured, voice warm, "I could never imagine something as good as *this* happening, I assure you."

George's eyes widened slightly at that, diverting attention away from his expression as he tried to push Dream out of the closet, his attempt unsuccessful, "Out, let me get dressed in peace."

Dream just smiled, his fingers brushing over the hem of the sleeve on George's robe, "I just wanna see if it looks good."

"You'll be able to do that perfectly well when I get the clothes on, stupid."

"But," Dream breathed, his smirk and tone a leer, "Then I'll sadly miss out on what'll be *underneath*."

George paused, confusion making his brows draw together at whatever that meant, looking down at the outfit in his hands, "What? -"

He cut himself off when he saw what Dream was referring to.

"Dream? What is this? A... thong?" George asked incredulously, looking up at the other in complete disbelief.

"Yeah," Dream replied, unabashed and gaze locked on the scandalous underwear held in George's hand. "It'll complete the outfit, just put it on. For me."

George gave the other a strange, wary look. "This is the weirdest thing you could request, only furthering my conviction that you're some kind of pervert."

"It's just some innocent clothing, George," Dream replied, defending himself like he was pure or

something, "You want to go commando instead? I mean, that's no problem, I'm definitely into that."

George blew out a breathless, slightly nervous laugh, "I guess I should have expected this from the likes of you."

"It's sounding like I'm convincing you."

George didn't know why he was even considering agreeing to this, everything that was going on right now was definitely crossing into some dangerous territory. Yet... it felt kinda *exciting*.

"You owe me," George muttered, setting the rest of the clothes on a shelf, clutching the more embarrassing article tightly in his fist.

"Anything, George," Dream grinned, feeling far too satisfied to win out in something like this, pleased at the flush spreading rapidly across the other's features. "I'll even turn around for you."

Dream did just that, back turned and waiting patiently. George just stood still for a moment, frozen at actually going through with this whole stupid, and entirely unrealistic situation they somehow found themselves in.

Finally, he moved, George muttering as he swiftly pulled the underwear on, "I hate you, I'm never letting you be in charge of anything ever again, I swear."

Dream just hummed, fighting the urge to peek for a while, but, when George's movements ceased, the other clearly uncertain on what to do next, Dream couldn't help himself from glancing back.

George's eyes immediately met his, stopping his motion of sliding the robe down his shoulders slightly, pulling the fabric back up until it was tightly against his neck.

Neither of them said anything, Dream's gaze wandering down to what only they would know will be hidden underneath George's otherwise innocuous outfit.

Dream's mouth went dry, having to clear his throat in order to speak up and break the silence.  
"Well? Can I see?"

George vehemently looked away, his hands giving off a slight shake as he undid the tie of his robe.

Dream felt a little dizzy as the blood in his head rushed to other places he didn't care to comment on while he intently watched George getting ready to expose himself.

Though Dream wasn't given much, just a sliver of the lacy black fabric stretched taut over the jut of George's hip bone. But, *god*, was it enough.

He couldn't stop the laughter from coming out, how ridiculous this all was, how George was just standing there, showing Dream the thong he was wearing. "I can't believe.. you actually put it on," Dream managed to get out as he extremely unsuccessfully tried to stifle his wheezing.

George glared at him, but it had no real animosity behind it. Still, he sharply pulled the robe back over himself, huffing in annoyance at how much Dream was amused by this.

"Whatever," George grumbled, trying to sound stern but his voice was far too soft, "That should satisfy you."

"You have *no* idea," Dream replied, his chuckles dying down, his tone in just complete awe.

This time, he was able to admit to himself that, yes, this was definitely hot.

"Now out."

Dream didn't put up any argument, leaving the closet for George to have his demanded privacy, feeling like he got a lot more than he could have hoped for.

He smiled softly as he heard George let out a disbelieving breath, movements hurried as he dressed. Dream leaned his head against the wall as he waited for the other, not able to stop whatever was stirring up inside him, on how he knew they shouldn't be doing this, crossing these lines with each other.

But, well, Dream didn't want to stop.

George hesitantly opened the door, sighing as he saw Dream was standing right there. "I wanna hear about my compensation for doing whatever weird fantasy I'm fulfilling for you right now."

"I'll buy you whatever you want."

George side-eyed Dream, his face showing he was interested in this offer, "...I'm listening."

Dream's smile and voice was filled with warm fondness, "Since we're going out today anyway, I'll let you get whatever your heart desires."

"Deal."

Dream laughed at the easy agreement, finding his eyes dipping down low on the other.

"So," he said slowly, only able to focus on one single thing currently, "How's that thong feeling?"

George considered for a moment, shifting around a little. "Actually.." he confessed, with obvious reluctance, "It's not that bad. I don't really feel it."

Dream was surprised. "Really? When I wore it, I could definitely feel it riding way up."

George choked, "You wore this?" he asked, gently placing a hand on his hip over where the band laid.

"Of course. But, I have to say, it looks *way* better on you," Dream winked.

"Ha ha," George laughed sarcastically, pushing past Dream to get out of this conversation. "Let's go, I need a lot of expensive things that you promised to buy me."

"That just makes me feel like I'm your sugar daddy or something." Dream sighed, mind solely on the fact that George was wearing a thong right now, right in front of him. He couldn't really think of anything else.

-  
They had a pleasant evening of looking through the shops Dream took them to, stopping at little cafés and food carts to try some treats and snacks, and, of course, buying everything that caught George's eye.

Dream also had to carry all the bags.

"Okay, I think that's enough, George," Dream said, side-eyeing the pink bunny plushie George held

in his hand.

"No, this one's for you," he laughed softly. "I think it would go perfectly in your bed. Then, when I leave, you won't be so lonely," he said happily.

Dream rolled his eyes, but bought the plush with no further protest. It was cute anyway, Dream admitted reluctantly.

George was finally ready to go home. As they walked back to the car, though, that's when he spotted an ice cream shop.

"Ooh! Ice cream! Okay, just this one last thing Dream, I promise," he said, giddy as he grabbed Dream's hand, pulling him towards the shop.

Everything at that moment was soft, feeling like a nostalgic memory even as Dream was barely even experiencing it. He just knew that right now, with George holding onto his hand, his laughter sweet as he guided Dream to the ice cream shop, the sun setting around them, causing the remaining light to be pink and gentle, making the neon lights on the storefronts look vivid and bright against the darkening sky; yes, Dream would never forget something this special.

It was already Dream's favorite time of day, right when the sun disappeared, but the horizon still glowed slightly for that fleeting slot of time. But, now with George here, the moment was heightened and captivating. Dream's heart felt full.

They soon got their ice cream. George decided on a double strawberry cone with sprinkles while Dream had a chocolate fudge one.

"Lemme have some of yours," Dream said, leaning over to get a lick of George's.

"Hey!" George exclaimed, "This is mine!"

Dream pouted, "Oh, come on. I'll let you have some of mine."

George rolled his eyes, "Fineee."

They traded cones, watching as the other tried their respective ice cream.

"I like mine better," George said, reaching back for his.

"Mm, yours is pretty good," Dream murmured, swirling his tongue over the top before handing it back to George.

"Yeah, that's cause I'm better. Simple."

Dream shook his head softly, going back to his ice cream, watching George lick his cone. "Wait. If you think about it... we basically just kissed."

George sighed, face scrunching up, "Ew. Now I have cooties."

"Shut up. I'm clean. Just got tested, actually. Positive for a rare disease that makes me irresistibly attractive, but, fortunately clear on cooties 100%" Dream said proudly.

"And, it came back negative for being funny, as well," George quipped.

"Shut up," Dream said, smacking him. "You wish you were as funny as me."

"Whatever you say, Dream."

-

They made it back to the house, sitting on the living room floor looking through George's many, many purchases.

"Some of this stuff I wanna leave here," George explained.

"Why?"

George gestured around him, "This is lacking in the decor section, Dream. It needs my magic George touch."

"Oh, really? Can I have some of that magic George touch on myself as well?" Dream teased.

George shook his head, laughing softly, "Oh, like you would be able to handle it."

-

It took a little while for George to place everything in the rooms that he wanted. The last item was a little potted plant for Dream's kitchen window sill. George was pleased with his work, bending over to grab a little container to water the plant.

As he leaned down to open a lower cabinet, George accidentally bent over right into Dream who he didn't know was standing directly behind him. His ass pressed firmly into Dream for a moment. George gasped, startled, hurriedly standing up as Dream placed his hands on the other's hips.

"Oh," Dream chuckled, eagerly going along with this new development, whispering into George's ear, "We can do that."

George was embarrassed, blush reaching up to ears. "Uh, Dream," he stammered. "Why were you right behind me?"

Dream swiveled George around so they were facing each other. "Just observing your decorating. Didn't know it would take such an alluring turn as this, though," he said, voice low and teasing.

They were standing very close to each other, faces barely apart. George's breath quickened at the proximity, how unexpectedly and fast everything was suddenly moving. Dream's hands were still resting on his waist, his thumb slowly tracing the band of the thong over George's pants.

"Wanna bend over for me again?" Dream smirked as George's wide eyes searched his face, not able to make any remark back.

He leaned in closer to George, turning his head slightly, seeming to be going in for a kiss as some kind of twisted joke, like Dream was just *taunting* him.

George felt himself bristle at that, the bitterness that Dream could tease him like this and gain the reaction he wanted, which clashed with the guilt that was starting to overtake him, that he didn't *want* this to be Dream toying with him.

In a desperate attempt to avoid the inevitable end of Dream pulling back to laugh at him, George pushed him away, turning his head to the side.

Even though Dream wasn't really trying to do anything, just moving forward, following the path of his escalation, he still felt the sting of something akin to, well, *rejection*.

Dream stood there for a moment dumbfounded. He couldn't believe what he was about to do, how far he was pushing, how careless he had gotten.

"Don't mess with me like that, Dream," George muttered, walking away, leaving the other to stare after him.

It hurt more than Dream wanted to admit.

-

Shit. I really went too far this time, Dream thought, his head in his hands as he sat on his bed.

Why the hell did I do that? Messing around about kissing, joking about him wanting George to kiss him was one thing, but, actually trying to do it?

That was on a whole other level.

Dream flopped down on his bed, upset.

What was he going to do?

He looked over at the empty space beside him. The one that had been occupied by George this whole trip. The bed seemed so dismal and cold without him.

It was late. George should be here by now.

But, Dream knew he has done some pretty dumb stuff before and George always just brushed it off. He'll do it again this time.

Right?

Dream went back and forth, trying to figure out how much of a mistake he had made, if George was genuinely upset or just annoyed at him for doing something so stupid.

All he could do was watch the door as the hours ticked later, ready to give an apology and for George just to roll his eyes and change the subject, how he always did when Dream did something so brash, them moving on and never taking such things seriously.

So, Dream waited.

And all he was rewarded with was George never going into his room, the first night the other had spent away since they had been together.

Yeah, Dream fucked up.

-

Chapter End Notes

not the tangled quote lmao

don't we all try to push Dream out of the closet? very relatable there, George



## Chapter 5

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Dream was blissfully unaware of what happened yesterday when he first woke up.

He stretched out, reaching for where George usually was.

But, there was no one there.

He sighed as the events from the day before slowly rolled into Dream's sleepy mind. He grit his teeth in regret. He needed to go say *something*, anything to get them out of this awkward spot they found themselves in. If he could just explain himself to George, he's sure everything will work out. Besides, Dream could talk his way out of any mess he made, even some kissing attempt that he still had mixed feelings on whether or not he was actually going to go through with it or not...

That didn't particularly matter right now.

Dream put off facing George and the unfortunate consequences of his actions, not sure what he was even going to say for something like this.

Finally, Dream stood up, determined to get them out of the uncomfortable he pushed them into, no matter the cost.

He strode into George's guest room, focused, opening the door so vigorously, it hit against the wall with a jarring bang.

Okay, a little *too* enthusiastic.

George stirred from the bed slightly, letting out a confused noise of question at the sudden intrusion.

Dream didn't give him a chance to say anything or even wake up fully. He planted himself on the bed, twisting around slightly to look at George.

Dream took a deep breath, immediately blurting out the words he prepared to say to George, no warning, no introduction. "About what happened yesterday, I didn't mean to do that. I took it way too far, I understand that, I wasn't really *thinking*, and, well, I guess I never really do, but, I shouldn't have done something like that just to mess with you so-" Dream rambled as George sat up tiredly, cutting the other off by pushing a finger against Dream's lips.

"Let's just move on, okay?" George said, laughing softly at Dream's squished lips.

"Well, I-" Dream started and was interrupted by George shushing him, gently shaking his head.

"It's fine, Dream. I'm not upset or anything."

"O-oh, okay," Dream breathed in relief, nodding slowly as George pulled his hand away.

"It wasn't a big deal, it was just unexpected and took me by surprise, is all," George chuckled with a shrug. "And, I mean, you did tell me to actually use my own room for once."

"You're always welcome in my bed, though. Just so you know," Dream offered quickly.

"Yeah, I know," George giggled at Dream's concern. His face became serious a moment after, swinging his head up to look directly at Dream, "Oh, shit. Wait, what's today?"

Dream scratched his head, trying unsuccessfully to think fast enough, "Umm. I think, uhhhh, Thursday?"

George was glad for the diversion, successfully changing the topic that he didn't want to talk about to something more exciting. "Don't you know what's happening today?"

Dream looked at him blankly, not knowing if he had planned anything specifically for them and just forgot.

"The 12th?" George prompted, his face full of amusement at the other's expression of no thoughts, head empty.

That's when Dream got the memo, "Oh, *right*, my birthday."

"You're such an idiot," George laughed warmly, "Happy birthday, Dream."

George found himself pulling Dream towards him, wrapping his arms around the other's neck in a tight embrace, too engulfed in the feeling of actually spending this day together for the first time after so many years of knowing each other, he couldn't seem to stop himself from extending out the affection.

"I must have been really distracted by you to forget about this national holiday," Dream murmured, gently pressing George against him with his hands on the other's back.

George pulled back, smiling brightly, "So, what do you wanna do today?"

"Is it too soon to say birthday sex?"

George groaned. "It's always too soon," he said exasperated.

"Then, I dunno. I usually don't really do anything for my birthday. Unless someone else plans something."

George gasped in exaggerated horror. "No! That's so sad! We have to do something super special, especially since I'm here."

"Okay," Dream agreed easily, putting up absolutely no complaints on letting George do something for him, indulging in all the attention, as he always did.

-

"So, you're not telling me where we're going and you're driving? This could very well be my last birthday."

"Shut up," George huffed with a smile, starting the car. "I know, generally, how to drive, I've played mario kart."

Dream groaned, dragging a hand over his face. "That is not a comforting statement. Is this even legal? Can you see what colors the stoplights are?"

George shrugged nonchalantly, "You'll have to guide me on that, Dream. Make sure I stay in the, uh, it's the right lane here, isn't it?"

That only made the concern in Dream grow, "That's horrifying to hear, I'm driving."

"If you do then I'm making you wear a blindfold, that's the rules of surprise."

Dream sighed, long and weary. "If I'm a passenger, I'll be able to see where we're going anyway," he pointed out.

George seemed to consider that for a moment, then brushed it off, "How am I supposed to get better at driving if you never let me practice?"

"When did I become your driving instructor?"

"To be fair," George relented, since Dream seemed adamant on not letting this happen, "I've taken driving lessons, so, I actually know what I'm doing, I just need some, you know, *gentle* reminders on which pedal is the gas or the brake."

Dream looked like he was about to pass out.

George laughed at him, switching the car into drive without any trouble, "See? It's fine, I can do it."

"Do you know if a lawyer is needed to make a will?"

George rolled his eyes at Dream's dramaticisms, though, the other seemed slightly more relaxed as George smoothly exited out of the driveway, even still, Dream was still gripping harshly onto the 'oh, shit' handle.

"Drama queen," he muttered, driving slowly towards his desired destination, Dream being overly cautious as he directed them the entire time.

-

"Okay," George began, pulling into the parking space, "Here's our first stop."

"First? How many stops are we going to have?" Dream asked curiously. He didn't know George planned the whole day, truthfully not expecting much about their trip today.

"Just three," George reassured, climbing out of the car.

"I'm excited about this one, I've always wanted to go here," George giggled as Dream followed him into the mall.

Dream side-eyed him, "Hey, is it my birthday or yours?"

"Oh, I'm sure you'll love it."

-

Dream stared at the bright colors, cartoon style decor, and various bins inside the store George took him to.

They were in a Build-a-Bear.

"This is my birthday surprise?" Dream whispered incredulously.

George chuckled, "Yeah! I wanna make one, too."

Dream shifted, feeling slightly self-conscious. "I feel out of place here. Everything is so... short."

George pulled him towards the bears, "Come on, crybaby. How about I pick one out for you and you'll choose mine? That sound good?"

Dream nodded, letting George lead him over to the multiple bins of unstuffed bears.

He spent a long time examining all the various toys, wanting to pick a good one. He finally settled on a pink pastel kitty, wanting to make it clearly stand out against the contrast of someone like George owning it, though he knew the other was going to like it anyway.

George refused to show Dream what he picked out, saying he wanted to surprise him.

They both did the record your own voice thing, making sure the other didn't hear what they said.

Then, onto the stuffing machine, both of them barely being able to not burst out laughing or make any inappropriate jokes with the poor worker who was just doing her job of stuffing a toy for two adult men. But, the tube did go right up the cat's ass, I mean, come on.

Dream got George the ambiguous 'Rainbow Magic' scent, placing it inside the cat before they stitched her up.

George picked the birthday cake one for obvious reasons. He shooed Dream away to the clothing section, still keeping his present a secret.

Dream grumbled, shuffling over to the overwhelming amount of outfits he'd have to choose from.

He decided to get a red silk robe and heart patterned underwear for the lols. Dream dressed up George's kitty, getting more excited as they finished up the stuffed animals.

Dream named the cat 'gogy' as he waited for George to finish.

George ran over a little bit later, giddy and blushing, holding the bear behind his back. "Okay, are you ready to see what I picked for you, Dream?"

"Yeah."

George presented the bear. It was a pastel fairy bear which he dressed with a green shirt that had a smiley face on it with a devil horn headband and a red cape.

George giggled and Dream laughed softly.

"It's cute. Thank you," he said fondly. They chose matching ones, without even trying, Dream realized, his chest filling with soft amusement.

George blushed a bit more, beaming at the praise. "Let me name it real fast."

He chose the name 'simp'. Dream was less amused at that.

They also picked out two little bear masks. Their stuffed animals had to be responsible in this pandemic, too.

-  
They walked back to the car with their new stuffed animals in their little cardboard box houses.

"Alrighty. Phase one was a success." George said, sliding into the driver's seat.

"It actually wasn't a bad idea," Dream admitted.

"See?" George giggled, "I know what I'm doing. Put more faith in me."

Dream sighed, smiling, "Okay, I trust you, George."

George smiled back at him, pleased.

-

They drove out to the seaside, the sun dipping low as they pulled up to a beachfront restaurant.

"This is actually stop two and three," George admitted as they walked inside.

Dream was a little taken aback by how nice the restaurant George picked was. "Oh, it's fine," he reassured, a little breathlessly, "This is way more than I expected today."

George smiled sweetly, sitting down at the candlelit table for two with an ocean view. It was pretty, and, honestly, fairly romantic.

They talked, laughed, and ate, both happy to be in each other's company. It was another moment that Dream never wanted to forget. This was special, something he was so glad to be able to share with George.

Dream even got a free slice of cake when George mentioned it was his birthday to the waiter.

"Here," Dream said, cutting a piece off and extending it to George, "You can have the first bite."

George smiled, opening his mouth as Dream fed him a bite. They locked eyes for a minute at how intimate this all was, lost in each other for a moment.

George broke the tension, shoving a much larger bite into Dream's mouth.

"Happy birthday!" he giggled. Dream rolled his eyes, but couldn't stop the softness in his gaze.

-

After they finished, they walked out to the beach, walking into the shallow water with their shoes in their hands, watching the sun set.

Dream sighed, happiness filling him to the brim. "Thank you, George. This is genuinely a birthday I'll always remember," he said softly.

George laughed, a bit breathless, "I'm glad. But, it's not over yet. I still have some plans for tonight."

"Really?" Dream grinned. "Going to offer up your body as I requested?" he teased.

George kicked water at him. "I would say something mean, but, since it's your birthday, I'll be civil."

Dream smiled, hugging George gently from behind, feeling something he knew he shouldn't, but was starting to let himself anyway.

George wanted to play minecraft tonight.

"But, with a twist," he grinned.

"Which is?"

George pulled out two bottles of alcohol from some secret stash he somehow had. "Drink when you take damage."

"We might actually die, George," Dream laughed.

"Shh, it'll be fun!"

After a little convincing, since Dream didn't actually drink, George played the card of 'I want to be the first to get drunk with you', which Dream replied with some dirty joke, all the usual, they set up the game at George's delight. At first, especially with Dream's competitiveness and drive to complete challenges, they just genuinely tried to play to win.

"I'm gonna make you take the first drink," Dream said confidently.

"Hitting should be cheating," George grumbled, trying to get away from Dream as fast as possible.

Dream got in a hit, and, as he was basking in his victory, George hit him as well.

"Dammit," Dream groaned. "But, I still hit you first. Now drink," he demanded, pushing the bottle to George.

"Ugh. I knew you were gonna play dirty," he lamented, opening the bottle.

"And, you can't stop until I say when," Dream smirked.

"No! That was not in the rules. You'd make me drink the whole bottle if I let you."

Dream rolled his eyes. "Fineee. But, a good drink, George. No wussy sips," he scolded.

He did exactly that, entirely unfazed to the bitterness, all thanks to his British lad days in university, of course. George gleefully handed the bottle over to the other, watching intently, an evil grin on his face.

"Ew," Dream huffed, pulling the bottle off his lips, scrunching up his face in disgust. "This tastes bad."

"I don't know what you expected," George laughed.

They continued the game, getting more and more drunk which only made them take more and more damage, creating an obvious unending cycle. It got to a point where neither one of them could focus on playing anymore, too busy joking and laughing at each other.

Soon, they abandoned the game to lay on the floor, talking and giggling.

"Trying to get me drunk, George? Hmm?" Dream teased, slightly slurring as he twirled a finger in George's hair, his head resting on Dream's lap.

George looked up at him, a lopsided grin on his face. "Maybbeeee," he giggled mischievously.

"The old get-your-friend-drunk-then-get-into-their-pants trick. You're not sly, George," Dream scolded, wagging his finger.

George sighed dramatically, "You caught me, Dream. This was all an elaborate ruse to see how big you actually are," George teased.

Dream shook his head in exasperation. "Bad boy, knew you were up to something." After thinking for a moment, and his already nonexistent filter completely destroyed at this point, Dream found himself admitting, "I have to say, though, I've always... wanted to, like, do it, while being inebriated and all."

George sat up, sitting up cross legged across from Dream. "Really?" he breathed, curious. "Why?"

Dream shrugged. "I dunno, always sounded kinda fun. Even just to get drunk and, uh, jerk off," he tried to explain, making the jerking off motion with his hand. George stared wide-eyed at the movement, licking his lips.

"But, what would make it different than usual?" George slurred, confused.

"Just one of those things, I guess," Dream struggled to describe what he was thinking to George. "Since I never have, I've, like, you know, always wanted to try it," he fumbled over his words, his face flushing slightly at this embarrassing admission he found himself blurting out in this state.

George nodded slowly, his eyes dilated and looking a little dazed. "So, what? You genuinely just like the idea of it, or, are you using this as an excuse to ask me to have sex with you?" he questioned, a subtle smirk on his face as he teased Dream.

"I dunno. Both."

"Hmm, I can't deny that I'm considering it."

Dream looked shocked. "Really? You would actually have sex with me?"

"No, no, having you test it out, 'jerk off', as you said, so you can tell me how it feels," George giggled.

Dream's face fell, pouting. "Don't see why we can't do it together."

He didn't get a response to that, as George had already fallen into a fit of laughter, ending their entirely too improper conversation. Dream asked what he was even laughing at and George replied through his tears that Dream's face looked funny. Dream pouted even more at that.

"Oh, wait," George said, getting up suddenly, somehow reminded of what he needed to get to move this story along. "I forgot about your present!" he exclaimed, wobbly walking to his room.

He came back, clutching an article of clothing to his chest.

"Here, Dreamy," George murmured. "Made this just for you," he said, handing over the gift.

It was a gradient green to blue hoodie with various patches, stitches, and small drawings placed over the sweater.

Dream let out a surprised noise, "Oh, I thought everything else today was my present. This is so cute!" He clumsily tore off his shirt, wanting to wear this as soon as possible, sliding the hoodie on as George watched, his eyes lingering on Dream's chest.

Dream smoothed out the material, looking at all the little designs George put on.

"I bought some patches that, like, represent us, I guess." George explained. "And, then I stitched a few words and phrases on the sleeves and hood," George rambled, pointing at all the hidden work he did.

There was a patch of the George goggles, a Dream smiley face, a green block, some various minecraft items, and a computer with some accessories.

The words: Georgenotfound, Dream, dnf, and a few little quotes were stitched on the inside of the sleeves and hood. There were also some little doodles on a few of the seams and at the bottom of the hoodie. Dream looked at every little detail, excited at all the little secrets.

"George!" Dream exclaimed. "This is so cool! You actually made this for me?" he said, the alcohol making him a little over emotional.

"Hehe, yes. I'm so glad you like it!" George beamed, pleased with Dream's reaction to his gift.

Dream tackled him into a hug, pushing them both on the floor.

"No, I love it, George. And!" he said, pressing his face into George's chest, "I love you."

George chuckled softly, gently rubbing Dream's back. "Love you, too, Dream," he said softly.

Dream pulled back in surprise. "You actually said it!" he exclaimed in awe.

George laughed, "Yeah. I did. It is your birthday, after all."

They drank a little more, tumbling onto the bed when all of it, the drinking and late night, started to make them sleepy.

George started clumsily stripping off his shirt and pants.

"So hot," he complained, slurring his words as he flopped down on the bed.

Dream stared at the half-naked George with his mouth agape.

George lifted his head up. "Hey, I can see you staring," he tsked, wagging his finger at Dream.

"Can't help it. So hot," he repeated George's words back at him.

George rolled his eyes, crawling up besides Dream, making himself comfortable at his side.

"You know," George said, so soft Dream could barely hear him.

Dream tried to focus on the words the other was saying, his head feeling so foggy.

"I can still offer up my body as your present," he whispered hotly into Dream's ear.

That got Dream's attention immediately, whipping his head around, dumbfounded at what George just said.

"What?" he asked, looking for more clarification but George was already passed out, snoring softly next to Dream's face.

## Chapter End Notes

the build-a-bears they chose and clothes actually exist, even the masks. i really researched into it for this lmao

i don't know what to name the bear that Dream made for George ughhhh

## Chapter 6

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

They woke up, groggy and hungover.

"Georgeee, you're squishing me," Dream whined.

"Can't move. Suck it up," George grumbled, not moving from his place right on top of Dream. They couldn't even remember when they got into this position with George draped entirely over Dream, surely only adding to the tension and closeness that was slowly being created.

"It's getting too hot," Dream huffed, complaining as the warmth from outside and their combined body heat was beginning to make Dream sweat.

"Take off your clothes, then," George muttered grumpily, not wanting to deal with Dream.

Dream sighed dramatically, "How? You're still on top of me."

George groaned unhappily as he slightly rose off of the other. "Fine. I'll do it just to make you shut up," he grunted, sliding his hands under Dream's hoodie and tugging it upwards.

Dream shivered at the hands against his bare skin, complying easily as George undressed him quickly. George tossed the offending object away, flopping back onto Dream.

"Now be quiet," he demanded, curling his arms around Dream as he went back to sleep.

Dream, very quietly and being as gentle as he could to not disturb the other, slowly rubbed his hands over George's exposed back. He could feel the other's breath right next to his ear. Dream drifted his hands lower, then lightly dragged them up George's side.

He heard George take a short intake of breath at the movement. Dream stopped, waiting for George to settle back down. He resumed his administrations after a moment, caressing the soft skin carefully.

George started muttering something in his sleep, Dream ceasing all motion and holding his breath, trying to hear what George was saying, a grin pressed against his lips at getting to witness George's sleep talking again.

"Dream," was all George quietly murmured as the other listened attentively.

He softly brushed over George's hair.

"Please, Dream," George whimpered, breathing getting heavier.

What the hell is he dreaming about? Dream thought to himself.

"Oh," George said, voice barely a whisper. He hummed against Dream's neck, small noises escaping his lips.

That's when George woke up with a start, panting slightly, slowly lifting himself up to look at Dream.

His eyes were half-lidded, an unconcerned smile on his face. "Dream," George whispered, unabashedly staring right at the other's lips.

"Uh, yeah?" Dream responded, making George's eyes snap up to meet the other's gaze, obviously not expecting Dream to speak.

"Oh, uh, hi," he said awkwardly, realizing the position they were in now that he was sober and awake, rolling off Dream to his side of the bed.

"What were you dreaming about, Georgie?" Dream snickered. "You were making a lot of *interesting* noises."

George, still turned away, huffed, "Nothing."

Dream decided to drop it, his head hurting too much to tease George, but he already knew enough to guess.

-

They lazily got up a little while after, drinking a smoothie Dream made to settle their stomachs.

They sipped quietly as their toast popped up with a ding.

"Do you have toast in Britain? Or just crumpets?" Dream asked, a stupid smirk on his face, clearly delighted in pestering the other.

George scoffed. "Really going for the generic British jokes, Dream?"

Dream chuckled, spreading butter on both of their toast. "That didn't answer my question."

"No, Dream. We don't have toast. Or bread," George replied sarcastically.

"That's so sad," Dream gasped, exaggerated. "This is fine cuisine," he said, pushing the plate of plain toast to George.

"Wow. Thanks," George muttered.

-

"Ughh," George groaned dramatically. "I totally forgot about something!"

"What?"

George looked over at him, a pout on his lips, "I wanted to make your birthday cake yesterday."

"We had cake at the restaurant, though," Dream reminded him.

"Yeah, I know. But, I wanted to actually make one. I just completely spaced it."

Dream shrugged, "Then, let's make one."

George perked up, "Really? It's not too late?"

"Sure."

They went into the kitchen, browsing through Dream's cabinets to see what they could use.

"Let's use the box cake. Making it from scratch is too hard, don't you think?" George decided, setting out the supplies.

"Sounds good to me."

Dream only had a vanilla yellow cake mix, something he didn't even remember buying. They would have to make the frosting.

"Why do you only have a whisk? Where's the electric mixer I was promised?" George lamented, stirring the batter.

"I made no such promises. And, I really don't bake much so I never needed one," Dream defended.

"You really cheap out in the most inconvenient places," George grumbled. "You know you have money, right?"

Dream rolled his eyes. "Hey, did you even preheat the oven?" he said, glancing at the obviously not preheated oven.

"Ughhh," George groaned as Dream turned it on. "Why did I think this was a good idea?"

"I genuinely don't know," Dream chuckled.

"Alright, I'm sick of stirring. Where's the cake pan?"

"Umm," Dream mumbled, looking through the pantry. "I don't know if... Oh wait, here's one."

He brought out a red heart-shaped pan.

"What is this?" George asked incredulously.

"I think it came in the pack with my apron," Dream guessed. Speaking of that apron, it was currently tied around George's waist, by Dream, of course, who insisted he must wear it since he was the head chef. Very cute.

"Okay, whatever. It'll look fine," George said, pouring the batter inside.

They placed it in the oven and made the frosting while they waited. After a slight struggle, they decided to make a chocolate base and pink icing for the decorations/writing.

"It smells so good," George groaned impatiently as Dream took the cake out of the oven.

"But, it has to cool," Dream scolded. "I think I heard somewhere that putting it in the freezer will make it cool, like, twice as fast," he said, placing it inside and shutting the fridge door.

George giggled, "You're making that up. No one should take baking advice from you."

"Freezer's extra cold, cake cools faster, it just makes sense," Dream retorted, even if all the more knowledgeable bakers would react in horror to this.

Finally, after they waited very impatiently, poking the cake to see if it was cool enough every five minutes, it was ready. George put on the frosting then spent about a half hour decorating it while Dream watched.

"Finished," he said, wiping away some of the icing that got on his face, being very messy while adding his designs.

"I like it. Very cute, George," Dream praised, surveying over the cake. It had a line of pink icing around the edge, defining the heart shape. George also put piping on the bottom base and wrote 'Dream' on top with a little smiley face.

"I almost don't want to eat it. Such a shame to ruin this perfection," Dream said as George pulled out two forks.

"Too bad, I made this, so, start eating it to show your appreciation for my hard work."

"Wait," Dream stopped him, pulling out his phone. "Let me take a picture real quick, I have to save this in case you never bake for me again."

He snapped a couple of photos. "Okay, now some with the baker himself," Dream said, gesturing George into the shot.

George groaned, frowning at the camera.

"George," Dream tutted disapprovingly, "You need to smile. Act like you're happy, okay?"

George smiled weakly, Dream gave him an unimpressed look.

George chuckled. "Mom, I don't want any more pictures."

"Too bad," Dream said unremorsefully. "You're such a mess, though, there's frosting all over you."

George rolled his eyes, glancing at the disaster he made of Dream's kitchen.

Dream sighed. "I guess I have no choice but to lick it off you," he grinned, putting away his phone.

George scoffed. "You won't," he challenged teasingly.

"Oh, I will George, don't tempt me." Dream swiped a bit of frosting from George's cheek, putting it into his mouth seductively.

"Idiot."

They enjoyed the cake, George putting a streak of frosting on Dream's face.

"George," Dream said, unamused.

He just giggled.

"Now you have to get it off. With your mouth," Dream grinned.

"Fine," George replied confidently, licking the frosting off Dream's face. Dream swallowed thickly as George stepped back, laughing at the expression on the other's face.

Dream was embarrassed, wiping the remaining frosting off with the back of his hand.

"You licked me," he grumbled.

"You asked me too!" George exclaimed, laughing harder as Dream muttered an incoherent response, his face red at the teasing being flipped on him.

-  
After cleaning up the disastrous kitchen, they went back to Dream's room, mostly just sharing each

other's company.

That's when Dream saw a particular video, one that George himself had sent to him.

He rolled his eyes at the tags, especially at the dreamnotfound one, smiling softly as he watched.

"/Did you know that, psychologically, if you make a joke about something for long enough of a time, your brain picks up on it and then starts to like that thing?/" The video began.

Dream's eyebrows drew together, not knowing what this had to do with dnf or anything, or why George would think to send it.

Then, Dream heard the next part.

"/So, say you flirt with one of your friends for a long enough time, like jokingly and you guys laugh about it and whatnot. You could *potentially* fall in love with them."/

Dream froze, feeling his face grow hot at the words, how this video seemed specifically targeted for *him*, his name being front and center in the caption, and George finding it relevant enough to need Dream see it; all of this was hitting a very sensitive spot, one he didn't like to dredge up too much.

He glanced over at George, who wasn't paying attention in the slightest as Dream mulled over what this meant, or if it even meant anything at all.

Clearly, the video was referring to what he did, or, really, what *they* did. This fake flirting and constant jokes about being together, that was basically their whole brand at this point, what made their relationship what it was.

But, I mean, there was no way, Dream thought to himself, I couldn't just *make* myself get feelings for someone.

...Right?

Dream let himself think about everything he always brushed off and put aside, never taking what they did seriously enough to need to dissect if there was anything going on underneath all the teasing and jokes.

There was just so much. Years of this banter, blurring the line that Dream questioned if it was even there anymore. At how heightened everything had become with George being here in person.

He knew there was always something different about how he interacted with George compared to everyone else, how anyone around them seemed to pick up on these feelings Dream had, ones that he tried his best to ignore, to not let them take over what he already had with George.

Though he tried not to, attempting to keep the thoughts from traveling down that path, Dream couldn't help but remember all the times he wanted to do more than just tease, to push until there wasn't anything to stop them from going further into something.... more.

Does he.. want to be something more? With George?

Could a joke actually become real?

Or, and, maybe this was the true case Dream didn't want to admit, was it ever *really* just a joke to begin with?

Either way, Dream was fucked. What was he supposed to do with all this? Make a real move? George would never take him seriously at this point.

Dream turned his eyes over to George, huffing at all the turmoil he was causing him, yet, the other was completely unaware, just laughing at something on his phone.

But, it was *George* who sent the video, it wasn't like Dream was the only one to flirt, George couldn't be exempted from being affected as well.

Dream moved closer, nudging George to get his attention, scowling when the other just ignored him.

"So, if you were in love with someone, George, would you send them cryptic videos as some kind of weird hint?"

George looked at him in confusion, setting down his phone, "What?"

Dream blew out a breath, hiding his face against George's shoulder, "Because, if you are, I think it's working."

"I'm gonna need more context, Dream. I didn't even realize I was in love with someone, this is news to me," George laughed, gazing down at Dream laying his head on him.

Dream didn't clarify, instead saying, "Could I ever do something that you would trust isn't a joke?"

"Why? Is this your odd way of trying to confess to me or something?"

"No," Dream scoffed, face red, gritting his teeth at his transparency, "Just want to make sure so I don't, like, accidentally do it, you know."

George laughed at that, "Yeah, *sure*, Dream. But... I really don't know. It would be kinda difficult for me to believe you're not joking, since, even now I think you are. It would have to be pretty damn genuine."

Dream paused for a moment, letting the words spill past his lips, "And, what if this whole time, I was never joking? What then?"

George rolled his eyes, sighing softly. "I just can't see that being real, sorry, nice try, Dream."

"I'm not playing around, George." Dream replied, turning to face the other, a sudden surge of indignation that George only trusted him to lie.

"You always are," George accused softly, unable to meet Dream's gaze, not sure what he would find there, far too much determination in the other's tone.

Dream huffed. "No, I'm not," he said, voice set, starting to slip into this path of destruction, all in order to be right. Even if the subject was what Dream truly felt for George, he wanted the other just to believe this wasn't all some joke. That *they* weren't a joke.

Something about that, how that's what they were, and always have been, made Dream bristle, for reasons he didn't even want to know.

George blew out an uncertain breath. "Then what are you doing? What are you saying right now?"

Dream wasn't sure why he was getting so worked up over this. What *was* he saying? He didn't really even know. He was forgetting about not going too far, Dream feeling his self-control

crumble, going deeper into his mess.

"It's been a long enough time, shouldn't we be there by now? Even jokingly flirting can make you fall in love, apparently."

George dragged a hand over his face, groaning, "Is this about that video? I thought you would just find it funny, not react with whatever this is."

"Maybe you were trying to tell me something, how am I supposed to know?"

"Huh, it sounds like that's what you *want* to happen," George teased, only making Dream's annoyance grow.

What did he need to do to make George take him seriously? To see that he wasn't messing around? For them to just finally give in to what everything must have been leading up to?

Unfortunately, Dream went into this too hot headed and stubborn. Everything was still confusing in his brain, he still needed to process that he might... have something for George, all of it making him act a little too brashly.

"You always just hide behind jokes when it gets too real for you, George. Yet, you sleep in my bed, get me drunk, offer out your body when you aren't in the right mind to stop yourself from saying that's what you actually want, it just gives you all away."

"I didn't.. there's no way I said that," George replied, breathless, slight worry creasing on his face.

"Oh, I can *assure* you that you did," Dream retorted, "How long do you want me to pretend I don't notice everything? Because, I do."

George shook his head, growing defensive, pushing Dream off of him. "I don't want to talk about this with you, not right now."

"Now, you're pushing me away like last time," Dream muttered, "Gonna reject me again?"

"Dream, stop."

George's tone made Dream falter, looking at the other, whose face didn't show the annoyance or indifference Dream expected. Instead, it just showed a tinge of.. hurt.

Dream swallowed thickly, not wanting it to go down like this, not with emotions so high strung and George pained by his pointed remarks. No, it shouldn't be him backing the other into a corner.

"Oh," Dream mumbled, feeling regret and awkwardness rise rapidly inside him, "I shouldn't have.. I'm, uh, I'm sorry."

George sighed, not wanting to make this into a big deal and fight or anything. They were both just a little on edge, skirting dangerously close into what they had been avoiding for so long, it was just a little overwhelming for George to hear how sincere Dream was being.

That maybe... neither of them were joking anymore.

With a heated face, George felt himself say, "If it *was* real, things might be different. I guess, then, I might not, you know, reject you."

Both of them were silent for a moment, Dream opening and closing his mouth to find a response to that, but, nothing seemed to suffice after such a revelation from George, like, holy shit.

"Good to know," was all Dream could lamely say.

It was a couple days later until Dream had enough confidence to act on what George admitted, to attempt something that wouldn't come off as them just messing around.

They cooled down after that particular conversation, not bringing it up again, just George being more cautious and Dream easing up on any inappropriate comments.

Though, that didn't last for long, not with how they were.

"Wanna watch a movie?" Dream asked, holding the warm film treat to further tempt the other into agreement.

George breathed deeply at the smell of fresh popcorn. "Of course."

They sat with the bowl in the middle of them, making an obvious separation, neither of them commenting on it.

Dream turned on the movie he chose, *Fantastic Mr. Fox*.

George side-eyed him incredulously. "Not to be rude, Dream. But, what the hell is this?" he asked, gesturing at the tv.

"What? I like this movie. It's actually really funny."

George wrinkled his nose at the animation. He almost started to protest again, but stopped when he looked at Dream.

He was smiling happily at the screen, shoveling popcorn into his mouth absentmindedly. He looked so.. cute.

"I haven't seen this in so long," Dream murmured, mostly to himself, "Just saw it was finally put on an accessible streaming service."

George sighed, shaking his head lightly as he settled down, deciding to give it a chance, always a bit weakened by Dream.

Over the course of the movie, they slowly and naturally shifted closer together. Eventually the empty popcorn bowl was moved away and they snuggled up next to each other, Dream's arm over George's shoulder.

What was this? A cheesy romance novel?

The movie was actually really good, George admitted. There were some funny scenes, and they were made even more hilarious by Dream's wheezing.

As the credits rolled, they talked about the ridiculous storyline, giggling. But, truthfully, it was just that neither of them wanted to move away from their position, drawing it as much as possible.

Dream slowly leaned them both down until they were laying on the couch, Dream slightly hovering above George.

"Your face is so smooth, George. How?" Dream asked fondly, running his fingers over the soft skin.

George giggled, unable to keep himself from this opportunity, ruining their cute little moment.

"Cum."

Dream stopped, choking on his words at the sheer unexpectedness of the statement, said far too casually as well. "George! Whose cum? Why is it not mine?" he demanded.

"Do you want it to be yours?" he cheekily replied.

"I mean, kinda," Dream breathed, eyes flitting over George's face.

"Sorry, but, I only do that after three dates, like a proper lady," George responded with a light chuckle.

Dream thought for a moment. "We've had four already, actually. Dinner the first night you were here, our ice cream date, then my whole birthday basically. And, now, our fourth, which was the movie," Dream listed.

George laughed uncertainly, his brows drawn together, wondering where this was heading. "I guess that's true? Do you really want to, Dream?" he asked, exaggerating a seductive tone.

"I'd settle for something more simple first. That is," Dream murmured, looking directly into George's questioning eyes, "If you'll actually let me."

George searched Dream's face, looking for the joke, the grin that told him the other was playing around with him. He felt his breathing grow faster when he found none of it, only Dream's open sincerity.

Maybe, it was finally time.

This was where they were always going to end up, especially as Dream decided he was tired of the cat and mouse shit. Over the jokes and the constant teasing. He always stopped himself before, unsure if he really truly wanted something more with George, or if he just took things too far sometimes.

But, Dream had to let himself admit the truth. He wanted George. In every way possible. And, he hoped, no prayed, that George felt that way too. By all accounts, it seemed and felt and *had* to be reciprocated. Dream was willing to take the chance, to get that confirmation in the words or actions George was never willing to express.

"Is this...?" George trailed off, unable to muster up the rest of that sentence. It didn't matter though, Dream knew what he was asking.

Dream let out a slow breath, collecting himself as he leaned closer to George, ready to bridge all the gaps that always kept them apart. "Yeah, it is."

George looked up at him with wide eyes, lips parted softly in surprise at Dream's sudden change in tone, the look in his eye that said he was serious, genuine. George's breath caught in his throat as Dream glanced down at his lips.

Dream brushed his fingers gently over George's cheek, just barely holding his face.

George's heartbeat was fast, waiting in nervous anticipation as Dream shifted ever so slightly closer.

"Could I?—" Dream began to say, his voice low into a whisper. But, he never got to finish that sentence as George cut him off, placing the most devastatingly soft kiss to Dream's lips.

They pulled apart just barely, locked and frozen at this development, both in complete disbelief for a moment.

"Oh," Dream breathed, a smile lighting up his face, leaning in to capture George's lips again.

But, this certainly wouldn't be enough. No, not when it was just now opened up to the possibility to have more, for them to get *all* of each other.

Yeah, that was definitely happening next.

-

#### Chapter End Notes

i finally found the tiktok: <https://vm.tiktok.com/ZMRutpmCU/>

also i like fantastic mr. fox, that's why i put it in the fic. i just thought George would react like that lol

## Chapter 7

### Chapter Notes

Smut starts from here on to all subsequent chapters. Warning again for bottom Dream

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Yeah, you can," George breathed, finally answering the question Dream asked back in the last chapter, dazed at the fact that they actually just kissed. He seemed calm and collected on the outside, but, inside, he was screaming in his head. He actually kissed Dream, *oh my god*.

Dream didn't hesitate for a second, quickly scooping George into his arms and practically sprinting into his room, fully ready for this escalation.

He set George on the bed, turning back for a moment to close the door.

Dream looked at the expectant George on his bed, waiting for more, for them to be connected again, Dream slowly stalking up to the other, raking his eyes over George with blatant intent.

George watched as the bed dipped at Dream's weight. "You're- you're not actually going to cum on my face, though, right?" George questioned, trying to sound teasing and casual, but, instead, his voice came out breathless and uncertain.

Dream slowly moved further up until he was above George, chuckling lowly, he replied, "I mean, I have other plans, but I won't make any promises."

Dream slowly leaned down, his breath ghosting over the other's lips. He brushed them very gently over George's, making them both shudder at the barely there contact.

Finally, Dream pressed their lips together, starting off slow and soft, like everything was fragile and would break if they moved too quickly. Soon, though, this *urgency* took over, making the kiss pushing and demanding as they finally got what they've have been wanting for so damn long, finding it hard to stop, just seeking after more and *more*.

Dream grabbed George's face, kissing him with so much persistence, the other was having difficulty keeping up, and, as much as he wanted to match Dream, George had to just let him overtake him, as all he was able to do was pull Dream closer, trying desperately to get more of this, of, well, *Dream*.

Once they started, there was no way they could hold themselves back, none of it being *enough*, both only thinking about where else they could touch, be connected. Dream pushed them down on the bed, fully laying on top of George.

Everything was in a frenzy, them sliding their hands over each other hurriedly, kisses intense and burning, not letting the other disconnect for a moment like there was no time.

There was no room for talking, just heavy breaths and wandering hands as they pressed together, kissing each other with all the built-up tension and unsaid words pouring out into it.

*More*, the voice in Dream's head kept demanding. He gave into every temptation, running his

hands up under George's shirt.

He bit George's bottom lip, swiping his tongue inside teasingly when the other opened his mouth. George let out a strangled noise at that.

Dream couldn't think, his mind just filled with George. George's mouth, his lips, his chest. The noises he made when Dream touched him or licked into his mouth.

It was intoxicating. Completely addicting.

When they eventually had no choice but to separate in order to actually breathe, Dream slid down, taking the opportunity to kiss and bite at George's exposed neck, deeply enjoying the whimper that escaped the other's mouth when he connected with the sensitive skin.

He continued, encouraged on by George turning to give the other as much access as he could, Dream biting, sucking, and kissing down George's neck. All he could think about was how he wanted to leave marks, Dream desiring to be possessive of what was now *his*.

George placed a hand over his mouth, embarrassed at the noises he couldn't contain from Dream's administrations.

Dream huffed, unhappy at George quieting himself, robbing him of the responses he rightfully earned from his touch on the other. In retaliation, he rolled his hips down on George's, the other's opening wide as he gasped at the direct stimulation, yet, he was still muffled by his hand.

Dream could feel George pressing up against him, hard. He tore George's hand away, placing an intense kiss to his parted lips as Dream continued to rub his hips into him.

"I want to hear you," Dream whispered, low and gravely. George whimpered.

They grinded into each other, but it still wasn't enough. Dream pulled away, George protesting at the sudden stop.

Dream tugged off George's shirt, gazing lustfully at the other underneath him. His neck was littered with hickeys, his chest heaving as he panted. George's hair was ruffled roughly, his lips red and wet from the kissing, a blush heavy on his face.

He looked utterly *wrecked*.

Dream liked that. How he himself was the cause of such a completely indecent image.

He leaned back down to kiss George, lifting his hips up so he could remove the other's pants.

"I'm so upset we didn't do this the other day when you were wearing that thong," Dream mourned, sliding his hands over George's boxers.

"Oh, um," George fumbled, "Maybe another time?" he offered, impatiently watching as Dream's hand hovered over his erection.

Dream grinned, cocking his head to the side. "Oh, so you're already thinking about doing this again, are you? Well, that's alright with me," he murmured.

George choked when Dream brushed over his dick. He pushed up into the other's hand futility, wanting more. But, Dream moved away, quickly taking off his own clothes, pausing to make sure George was thoroughly kissed and turned on when they were left in just their boxers.

When he knew he was successful, Dream suddenly broke away, removing George's underwear in one swift motion.

George's blushed deepened, turning his face away in embarrassment as Dream just gawked at him.

Dream slowly swiped his thumb over the tip of George's dick.

"So wet," he muttered, utterly entranced in how he made George look like this, and how incredibly hot it was.

"Dream," George whimpered, pulling him back up to get the other's eyes off him. He kissed Dream deeply, threading his fingers roughly through the other's hair as Dream slowly rubbed against the head of George's dick with just his thumb.

George panted heavily, only growing hornier at the slow, teasing way Dream touched him.

George was getting more desperate, but Dream did not pick up his pace at all. He whined at the barely there touches, not able to move his hips up, even as he strained to do so.

Dream felt dazed at how George was trying to move up, to get more of this, everything was making the searing desire start to burn through him, craving to get all he possibly could.

"I want to.. be inside you," Dream whispered in George's ear, making the other freeze, his voice breathless and dripping with want. "So badly."

George felt all the rest of the blood rush away from his head, going low and leaving him light-headed. "Jesus, okay," he replied quietly, barely able to think, "We should do that, like, now."

Dream reached into his dresser with his free hand, not disconnecting himself from George. He grabbed a conveniently placed bottle and removed his hand from George, who let out a desperate cry at the loss.

Dream poured the lube onto his fingers, reaching down low, watching George's face, to gauge any discomfort. He pressed his finger slowly into the other, trying so hard to be patient, even as George's twitches and soft noises in response were making that *extremely* difficult.

George scrunched his eyes closed as he felt Dream's finger inside of him. It was.. strange.

Dream slowly slid his finger in and out, letting George adjust. He leaned down to kiss and bite at the other's neck again, distracting him as Dream opened him up.

"You okay?" Dream asked against George's skin.

"Y-yeah," George breathed unsteadily. "Just.. feels weird. I guess I'm a little surprised that it doesn't, like, hurt or anything."

"It shouldn't hurt if you do it correctly, using lube and all."

George nodded a little shakily, "Makes sense."

Dream smiled, brushing his lips over George's neck. "So, does that mean you've never done this before? Even on yourself?" Dream murmured, teasing and warm.

George shook his head, gasping as Dream inserted another finger. "No. I haven't. Why? Have, um, have you?"

Dream chuckled lowly, "Yeah, I have a couple times."

George couldn't help but imagine Dream fingering himself. The image somehow made him even harder. He wanted, no *needed*, to see that happen.

"Oh," George breathed, panting as Dream slid his fingers in and out more easily inside him.  
"Why?"

Dream shrugged, whispering seductively into George's ear, "Heard it felt good."

George lost his breath at that, head swimming with thoughts of Dream.

Dream sat up, positioning himself in between George's legs. He pulled off his underwear with one hand, the other hand working a third finger into George.

Dream watched, captivated as his fingers disappeared inside George. He spread them slightly, stretching him open.

Dream pushed them in slowly, curling them up, trying to find the spot inside George. He found it, pressing firmly, making George let out a choked gasp, his back arching as he definitely needed to get more of whatever *that* was.

Dream thrusted his fingers in and out agonizingly slowly, brushing past the place that the other wanted. He watched as George pushed himself down, essentially just *fucking* himself on Dream's fingers.

Dream couldn't take his eyes away as George desperately tried to get more, jerking his hips into the fingers inside him.

Dream didn't relent, going even slower, then stopping entirely as the other continued to move down, savoring how much George wanted him to touch him. To fuck him.

George let out a breathless whimper. "Dream," he whined, sounding wrecked and desperate, impatient at the drawn-out prep.

Dream whipped his head up, unable to think about absolutely anything else except for what made that noise.

George was... painfully hard. His face was bright red, an arm covering his eyes. His other hand was clutching into the bed sheets, giving him purchase to thrust down.

Dream gaped at the sight, quickly removing his slick fingers from George.

George cried out, pushing himself up on his elbows, his eyes pleading with Dream.

"Please, Dream," he begged, eyes so blown out. "No more teasing, please."

Dream didn't have to be asked twice. He scrambled for the lube again, quickly covering himself with it.

George watched him with dark, half-lidded eyes as Dream stroked himself.

Satisfied it was enough, Dream positioned himself, grabbing George's hips and lifting them up slightly.

George gripped Dream's hands as the other pushed inside him slowly. With all the preparation, it

went in quite easily, as it *should*, of course.

Dream kept pushing inside, going much deeper than his fingers reached.

When George thought it was going to stop, it didn't.

"Dream," George gasped, already feeling so much pressure at being so filled. "I don't think it's gonna fit. It's, ah, too big."

"It's okay, it'll fit, I promise," Dream murmured, his nails digging into George's hips as the other only tightened even more around him, "Ah, George, you need to relax, fuck."

They were both overwhelmed, Dream struggling to stay still and George having trouble untensing. After a bit of a standstill, they calmed down enough that Dream was able to continue, pressing into George until he finally bottomed out.

George gasped for breath at the full, stretched feeling of the other completely inside of him. He choked a little bit at that thought. Dream was *inside* him. Kinda felt like a big deal.

Dream was staring at where he was entering George, a little dumbstruck as well that him and George were having sex. Like *literally* having sex right now. It just felt so surreal.

But, there was no way Dream could imagine how George felt around him right now, so good it *had* to be real. When the other gave the go ahead, saying it was okay to start moving, Dream pulled out slightly, experimentally thrusting back into George.

The sounds he got from that were something he would never be able to get enough of, to say the very least.

Dream continued, slowly pulling in and out, slapping his hips into George.

George grabbed at him, crushing their lips together. He gasped into Dream's mouth as the other pushed in faster, motions going rougher as Dream lost himself in the pleasure.

After a few minutes of this, it was clear Dream was going too fast to keep them connected in a kiss, George having to pull his mouth away from Dream's, trying to catch his breath, clawing at the other's back. He pushed himself down, meeting Dream's thrusts.

Dream moved slightly, changing the angle, making George cry when he hit his prostate dead on.

George felt blinded by pleasure, desperately trying to get friction. Dream reached down, roughly pulling at George's neglected dick.

George couldn't stop his choked moans and whimpers as Dream pounded into him, setting a relentless pace as he fucked the other down into the bed.

George's skin was hot and burning, riled up with the intensity of being stimulated everywhere. He felt every one of Dream's deep thrusts, Dream's hand stroking his dick, Dream's bare skin on his, Dream's hot breath in his ear.

It was overwhelming. George felt himself reaching his end, his hips jerking up frantically and uncontrollably.

It was *so* much, he knew he wouldn't last much longer.

George threw his head back with a whimper when Dream gave him a particularly rough tug,

making George come undone with a sob. His eyes rolled back in his head, finally getting his release.

Dream's breaths were labored, his hand slowly stroking George as he finished all over Dream's hand. He bit down on the other's neck, his hips stuttering as he came inside of George. Dream slowed down his thrusts, making the other whine when he hit against the now over sensitive spot inside him.

He laid down heavily on top of George for a moment, spent. They came down from their highs, having to catch their breaths, get back into their senses.

"Ugh, Dream," George complained, trying to push the other off of him.

Dream slowly got up with a groan, pulling out gently from inside the other. He watched as the cum spilled out where he was inside. George closed his legs quickly in embarrassment.

Dream flopped down next to George, lying on his side to face the other.

"So," he began, not even fazed that he just had sex with his best friend, "That was hot."

George hid his face in his hands, blushing hard. "Yeah, it was."

Dream smirked, "Wanna go again?"

"Dream!" George exclaimed, removing his hands in shock. "We literally just did it!"

"Yeah, I know. I was there. That's *why* I wanna do it again."

George groaned. "I can't, I'm too sensitive," he muttered unhappily, not wanting to push into overstimulation, sulking that this prevented them from going more.

"I'll bottom," Dream offered with no hesitation.

George whipped his head to gauge if Dream was serious. He didn't look like he was joking. "But, I'm too tired. Being top seems like a lot of work," George said, a little reluctantly. He did want Dream to bottom.

"I'll ride you."

George perked up immediately, "Really?"

Dream nodded.

Now George was on board, quickly forgetting how intense the session they just had was, "Okay!"

Dream swung his legs to sit up on George's lap. He kissed him sweetly, rubbing both their hardening dicks together.

This time, George bit down on Dream's neck, leaving his own marks, making Dream let out a breathless sigh. It felt exciting to be more in control.

Dream got the lube again, offering it to George.

"No. I'm too tired, remember?" George chided, feeling giddy. "I want you to do it."

"Oh, uh, okay," Dream said, a little taken aback. He squared his shoulders, trying to relax himself.

George placed a few more kisses on the other's neck as Dream poured the lube onto his fingers.

George pushed Dream's shoulders back slightly, watching intently as the other reached down under himself. He *definitely* wanted to see this.

Dream let out a slow breath, pushing a finger nice and slow up inside of him.

George viewed Dream as he fingered himself open, eyes fixated as Dream inserted two then three fingers, gently pushing his hips down onto them.

Dream was letting out small, breathless noises, feeling more turned on since George was watching him do this. He hit the spot inside him and whimpered, his sweaty forehead falling onto George's shoulder.

George dipped his hand low, curving it over Dream's fingers that were resting inside himself. George gently pressed his hand up, driving the digits slightly deeper. Dream gasped at George directing him like this, hips hurriedly snapping down since now that's all he could do to move, his hand kept firmly in place.

George licked his lips, almost delirious by watching Dream. "I wanna see," he whispered, voice raspy and low.

Dream balked a bit, stopping his movements. He silently complied, leaning back on his hand to give George access to look, a flush spread over his face and chest.

"Oh," George breathed, seeing where Dream's fingers disappeared inside himself. He gently pulled them out, only getting a quick glance at where Dream stretched himself before the other hastily sat up, embarrassed at where George was gazing.

He rubbed some of the lube onto George, then lifted himself up, slowly sinking onto the other's dick.

George let out a breathless sigh, placing a hard grip onto Dream's hips, pushing him down. Dream sat all the way onto the other, panting slightly when George was fully inside him.

He took a moment to adjust, then inched up a bit, starting to fuck himself on George's dick.

"Ah, mm, fuck," Dream cried, as he slammed down onto George. It felt so good this way, too. No way was he going to give up one option or the other just to comply to some stupid rules or stereotypes, Dream was a switch at heart after all.

George jerked his hips up into Dream, gasping at the grip around his dick, how the other couldn't help but tighten when George drove into him, hitting his prostate. Dream felt good. *Way* too good.

Dream increased his pace, becoming more desperate as every thrust started hitting directly where he wanted, the pleasure shooting through him.

"Mm, George," he panted, sinking back into him. He was going faster, bouncing up and down on George, rolling his hips in a way that made the other hit so deep inside him.

"Dream," George murmured breathlessly, "How do you like it? Being fucked?" His eyes were filled with lust as he watched Dream ride him.

"Can only think about, hng, doing it *more*."

George pushed Dream harshly down onto him at that, making him yelp, begging George to do that again, *please*.

Yeah, they were definitely going to do this again, I mean, they've already gone this far, having sex was now going to be the main focus of this story, why not?

-

Dream slowly and lazily thrust into George, wrapping a hand around his hips from behind to keep him in place. It was the next morning, Dream wasting absolutely no time to get back inside George.

"Dream," George choked out, getting more desperate as Dream set an agonizingly slow pace for almost twenty minutes, not letting George get any relief.

"What?" Dream murmured, swatting George's hand away when he tried again, always unsuccessfully, thanks to Dream, to touch himself.

"Please," George begged, face scrunched up as Dream leisurely pushed into him, making George sensitive and aching for more.

"Hm," Dream hummed, seeming to consider, but they both knew his only plan was to tease, the only move he made was lifting George's leg up on top of his so he could go inside George more deeply, but not increasing his pace at all.

George panted and whimpered softly as Dream unhurriedly pulled almost all the way out of George, then pushed in deeply at a brutally slow pace.

Dream bit and nipped at George's neck, watching him squirm as he tried to push back into Dream but couldn't as the other firmly kept George still.

"Ah!" George cried, needing more so bad but Dream was not letting up.

Dream smirked, satisfied with how high strung he could make George. He was gonna have a little fun with him since he was in this state, finding some evil pleasure in making George wait, even if it wasn't what he set out to do in the beginning. As Dream found that drawing it out made George react in the most interesting way, unable to do anything else but beg.

"Georgeee," Dream murmured, low and teasing.

"Dream. Dream, *please*," George sobbed.

"Shhh," Dream hushed him. "None of that. I have to ask you something."

"What?" George gasped as Dream bit him harshly.

"Do you like me, George?" Dream whispered against his skin.

George shivered, hesitating slightly, "Y-yes."

Dream grinned, thrusting a bit faster which made George frantic, trying so hard to chase after him, hoping he gave what Dream wanted so George could finally get off. Though, he should have expected the inevitable, as then Dream slowed his pace down again, waiting for George to calm down.

George scratched at him desperately, Dream just kissed his shoulder.

"How long?"

George's chest heaved at the inconsistent pleasure. "What?" he gasped out, already forgetting the conversation they were having during sex of all times, like, who does that?

"How long have you liked me?" Dream murmured softly, so nice of him to clarify.

George scrunched his face up again, trying to think through the haze in his brain. "I, um, I've liked you for, ah, a long time, Dream," he managed to get out through his panted breaths.

"Mm," Dream said, enjoying this deeply, how easily he could make George answer him. "Did you like me like this?" he asked, referring to his dick in George's ass.

"Well, I," George replied, flustered. "More recently... yes," he admitted.

Dream chuckled softly, "Do you like this, George? Me inside you?"

George whimpered at the words. Of *course* Dream would talk dirty. "Yeah," he breathed.

"What do you like about it?"

George was silent for a second. Dream slowed down even more somehow, waiting for George to answer, needing those in depth essay quality responses.

"I like, *ah*," George choked out as Dream did a particularly rough thrust, quickly going back to his easy-going pace. "I like how deep you are," George continued, his words feeling heavy and slow, "Feels.. like, so *much*, especially when you go faster, so, you should do that and actually fuck me..." George trailed off as Dream finally quickened slightly, not being able to speak through his gasps.

Though, that didn't last much longer, much to George's dismay.

"I wanna edge you, George."

George sobbed as Dream slowed back down, "Dream, please. Need more, *please*, it hurts."

"If it hurts, shouldn't I go slower?" Dream teased.

"No," George cried. "Dream, please. I wanna cum so bad, let me, please." He was getting impatient again, clawing at Dream's shoulder behind him as he sobbed.

Dream brushed his lips over George's heated and sensitive skin. "Shh," he hushed again.

Dream reached his free hand around to George's dick, holding it gently.

George choked, trying desperately to push his hips up into the touch, unable to with Dream's grip still on his hip.

Dream stroked over George slowly, rubbing gently over the tip. It was leaking heavily, making Dream's hand slick.

Dream pushed into George more quickly, his hand jerking the other at a faster pace.

"Yes, yes, yes," George breathed out. "Please, Dream. Faster. Please, *please* don't stop."

Dream thrust urgently, slapping his skin against George's as he pushed eagerly back into him.

George was gasping for air, so close to his release.

Obviously that's when Dream had to stop.

"No!" George whined as the other let go of his dick, his heart pounding in his head, his eyes blurring at the sudden stop at stimulation.

"Dream," he choked out weakly as the other slowly thrust into him again. Dream watched as George struggled against him. The desperation of it made Dream a little light-headed.

"Ugh, you're so hot, George. It's so difficult to hold back, to not fuck you so hard you'll feel it for days," Dream sighed.

George whimpered brokenly, his breaths uneven.

"Do you want me to do that, George?"

George nodded frantically, "Yes, Dream, please, fuck me!" he begged, hot tears pricking in his eyes.

"But, I am fucking you."

George groaned in frustration, "No, you need to do it *more*. Harder and, nng, faster," he explained desperately.

"Ohh," Dream murmured with a smile, like he needed some kind of direction. He turned George's to look at him, seeing his red, tear-stained face.

"Please," George begged, his eyes pleading.

Dream kissed him, sweet and gentle. "Am I being too mean to you?"

George just whimpered against Dream's lips, kissing him with pure want, clutching the other's hair harshly to keep him in place.

Dream finally relented, pushing into George roughly.

"Ah," George moaned, pulling his lips away slightly as Dream finally fucked him how he had been asking, hard and fast.

Dream released his hold on George's hips, which stuttered to life immediately, pushing down into Dream's dick inside him.

George dropped his head back down, panting heavily as Dream stroked him again. He was jerking up and down, trying to get friction.

Dream didn't slow down this time, pounding into George as he sobbed. It was finally enough, Dream overwhelming the other with the now unrelenting stimulation, making George choke out a moan as he came.

He felt completely dazed by it, after all the antagonizing build-up, the orgasm George got was pretty damn worth it, he had to admit, the intensity making his eyes white out, all his thoughts expelled from the pleasure of relief.

Dream followed soon after, coming deep inside George, both already having a prior conversation where they mutually agreed that unprotected sex would work for them, by the way.

George turned over to face Dream. "You're a goddamn tease," he muttered.

"Are you really surprised by that?" Dream asked with a devious little smirk.

George sighed. "No.. not really," he reluctantly admitted.

Dream chuckled, pulling George into his arms, following through on his statement that turned out to be true, that he usually cuddled after sex.

"Ugh, it's so sticky and gross," George complained.

Dream hummed, glad he was set up to offer what he already wanted, "Wanna shower, then, together?"

George's eyes snapped up, definitely interested. "Okay, but," he warned, "You have to keep your hands to yourself."

-

The warm water struck George's heated skin, he panted heavily as Dream stroked both of their dicks together quickly.

"This," George gasped, "This is not keeping your hands to yourself."

Dream laughed breathlessly, kissing George gently, "I couldn't help it. You were just right there, all exposed and irresistible."

George groaned, throwing his head against the tile. "How can you do it this much? I swear, this is not normal," he muttered.

"I have years to catch up on. And, we need to do as much as possible before you go back home," Dream chuckled, jerking them harder.

"Ah," George groaned, "I'm not leaving, yet. And, besides," he paused, catching his breath for a moment. "Seems like I should just move in now so, you know, we can keep doing this."

Dream stopped immediately, making George protest, already being edged enough for today.

"Dream!" he exclaimed, his eyes flashing with reproach as he looked up at the other.

A smile was creeping up on Dream's face. "Really?" he breathed, "When?" he said, resuming his stroking.

"Mm," George whimpered. "As soon as you'll let me go so I can pack up all my things."

Dream jerked his hand over them faster, causing both of them to gasp. "Okay, but, only if you promise you'll be back."

George nodded vigorously, more focused on the attention on his dick, but, still, Dream was more than satisfied with the answer.

He jacked his hand rougher, getting them off for the fourth time in barely a 24 hour time frame. Fucking unrealistic sex drive.

George wobbled slightly, Dream having to hold him up, a stupid grin plastered on his face. "Too much for you, George?"

"It would be too much for any normal person," he grumbled.

Dream chuckled, placing small kisses over George's face. "Stop seducing me then."

George rolled his eyes. "I can literally just stand there, doing *nothing*, and it'll turn you on, I swear," he muttered.

Dream smiled softly, "Oh, come on, you were already hard before I even touched you."

"Irrelevant."

Dream laughed softly, giving George a knowing look. "Nothing to be embarrassed about, you can just say I get you all hot and bothered, George."

"You definitely bother me."

"Yeah, but, you like it."

George sighed, his smile so soft and giving away everything anyway with his fond expression, "You're such an idiot."

Dream's grin only widened, "Might as well just confess your love for me if you're gonna say something like *that*."

George's hands slid up until they were pressed against Dream's face, huffing out a laugh as he leaned in, "Okay, now, I'll have to make you shut up."

"Please do."

Dream couldn't talk for a while after that statement.

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#### Chapter End Notes

this was the original ending for this story, that's why they do it so many times. also, i think they would just be excited and want to do it just because, well, now they can

also, the 'i wanna be inside you' line and the shower part is inspired by a bl called banana scandal, my one true love

## Chapter 8

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

After all that happened in the previous chapter, which, if you missed it, was just an endless amount of sex, George requested a much needed break from all the incessant fucking. Dream agreed, of course, he's very respectful here, letting the other have his rest, one he had to admit he needed himself after the explosion of repressed sexual desire.

But, this also meant that since George was the one to call for this intermission, Dream was going to make him be the one to break it, forcing the other to explicitly ask for him when George inevitably became horny again.

Dream grinned, determined to hold out until George couldn't take it anymore.

How *fun*.

Dream kept to his word, but, that didn't stop him from giving George lingering touches, kissing him until he was breathless, and, just openly eye-fucking him. All to tease and tempt.

This, combined with George's natural thirsty state, it was only a couple of days later when he became so pent up and wanting.

Though, he didn't want to *admit* that to Dream, to prove that his resolve was that weak and pathetic. George was thinking of getting at least a week of recovery, not two measly days.

Dream would be all smug and tease him endlessly on how desperate he was.

And, George was not desperate. Well.. not yet at least. He didn't know if his conviction would last much longer.

He decided to make Dream come after him, trying his best to, for lack of a better description, *seduce* the other, just to avoid out-right saying what he wanted because, well, he was George after all. He needed to do something that Dream couldn't resist, something that would save him from having to admit defeat.

First, starting off simple, George left the bathroom door open while he showered, an obvious invitation, especially as George dropped some not so subtle hints about being lonely in the shower, but, sadly, Dream did not take the bait.

He decided to take it one step further and walk by Dream in just his towel. George's skin was glistening, his hair fluffy, and the skimpy cloth loose on his hips.

Dream simply looked him up and down, grinning at the display, a challenging look in his eye for George to speak up, and, when the other stayed silent, just went back to what he was doing.

Dammit, George thought, stomping to his room. Dream was *playing* with him. He had to be. No way he didn't know what George was up to.

Of course, this was another game.

Next, George tried to lead Dream into something more when they made out that night. They were

already on the bed, the room dark except the glow of a warm lamp. It was the perfect conditions.

Dream was hovering over him, his knees in between George's legs. He licked into George's mouth hotly, pressing them together like he was planning on taking this further, surely.

George shivered, running his hand up under Dream's shirt, feeling the warm skin under his fingertips.

Dream became more urgent and hurried, George vindicated that his plan worked.

Dream slid his hands down slowly George's waist, like he was about to touch him, then cut them off right there as he pushed himself up, breaking them apart abruptly.

George was breathless, barely able to keep himself from grabbing at Dream and slotting them back together.

Dream looked a little smug, his eyes seemed to taunt George, saying 'What, is it George? Want something?'

But, he remained silent, snuggling up behind George, spooning him, waiting for any indication the other was giving in, but they both stubbornly refused to break on this unspoken challenge of wills.

George let out a small sigh, just trying to make his hard on to go away.

-

None of these approaches had worked so far, George decided he needed to up the ante. He was getting that dick *today*.

He tore apart his room, haphazardly searching for the thing that would make him prevail over Dream.

He found it, his ace. The thong.

George couldn't believe that Dream actually made him wear this.

He slipped it on, quickly throwing one of Dream's hoodies over it, for the obvious added effect. The sweater came down to his mid thighs, covering him up just enough to leave Dream wanting to see more.

George pattered softly into Dream's room, peeking in to see the other sitting at his computer desk, abandoning the screen itself, looking at something on his phone.

George grinned. Perfect.

He casually made his way over, interrupting whatever unimportant thing Dream was doing, plopping himself on the other's lap.

Dream smiled, chuckling lightly. "What do we have here?" he murmured, placing his hands on George's waist.

George said nothing, leaning down to kiss at Dream's neck.

"Trying to seduce me, George?"

George shook his head playfully. "Nooo. I'm not doing anything, Dream," he said, blinking up at

the other, feigning innocence.

"Hm, I dunno, seems pretty suspicious to me," Dream hummed, stopping in his tracks as he felt the bare skin of George's thighs.

"George," he said in breathless astonishment, "You're not wearing anything."

George laughed. "I am, actually. Wanna see what's underneath?" he whispered.

"Yes," Dream replied enthusiastically.

Dream's gaze was transfixed as George slowly and seductively pulled the hoodie off over his head, tossing it on the floor.

Dream looked down in awe, reverently brushing his thumb over the band of the thong.

"George," he breathed, utterly floored at this development, Dream knowing this was as good as he would get from the other regarding his desire for sex. And, besides, it would be a damn shame to deny George coming onto him with something like *this*.

George smiled, pressing a kiss to Dream's lips, his hands pressing down firmly on the other's waist.

"I don't think I can keep my hands off you this time, George. This is far too tempting," he warned.

George sighed, like this wasn't his whole plan, to get Dream's dick. "I guess it's okay," he said, trying to act reluctant, though his wide triumphant smile said otherwise.

Dream promptly stood up, George wrapping his legs and arms around him to keep from falling, biting down on Dream's neck as he walked them quickly to the bed.

He laid down on top of George, eagerly running his hands over his exposed body.

"I'm definitely going to have to buy you more stuff to wear if it's gonna be like this," Dream said in wonder. "Would you like that, George?" he whispered seductively.

George nodded, pulling Dream down to connect their lips. He wondered what kind of 'stuff' Dream would buy for him.. Maybe he was a little *too* excited at that proposition.

Dream kissed him deep and slow, George's hands fisted in his hair, arching his back up to press himself against Dream.

He palmed George over the lace, his dick straining against the fabric. He whimpered at the touch, lifting up into Dream's hand.

He felt so exposed, wearing nothing but a literal thong while Dream was fully clothed. It felt strange, being out on display, especially since George found he liked it, like, a lot.

Dream still had his hand over the clothing, not looking like he was going to remove it *anytime* soon, just rubbing at George's dick with his palm roughly.

Ugh, George griped. The thong did the trick, but now it was annoying him. He just wanted to take it off, get to the good part he had unnecessarily made himself wait for during the past few days.

George attempted to slide it down, confused when Dream immediately stopped him.

"Wait," he said quickly, shooing away George's hands. "I wanna try to keep it on."

"Dream," George scolded, "That's not gonna work, it'll just rip."

"No, look. See?" he replied, pulling the fabric gently to the side, pressing his finger lightly into George. "I'll make it work."

George choked, "Oh, um, alright," he conceded as Dream hurriedly grabbed the lube, as, at least, this was heading somewhere.

He poured a heaping amount onto his fingers, pressing one all the way into George rough and impatient.

George gasped at the sudden intrusion. Dream was usually so careful with him, he pouted to himself.

But, maybe Dream was just so desperate for him, George considered with a wicked grin. That was an alluring thought, one that made him eager for more.

Dream opened up the other thoroughly, but, quickly, spreading his fingers wider than George thought was necessary.

He jabbed at George's prostate, making him choke out a moan.

"You have to undress me, George. My hands are busy," Dream murmured into the other's ear.

"Uh, what?" George gasped, being stimulated from the inside and out by Dream, head swimming and dazed.

"Oh come onnn, Georgeee," Dream sang sweetly, prodding the other to comply, "Don't you want me to fuck you?"

That got George into action, fumbling with Dream's belt, shakily trying to get off all the clothes that were in the way. The task was made more difficult with Dream ramming into his prostate every so often, making George jerk and whimper.

He finally got the pants slid down part-way, yanking Dream's boxers down with them. George pulled up the other's shirt over his head, it falling down Dream's arms, stuck since he was still very much connected with George.

Dream very slowly removed his fingers, tossing away his shirt. He maneuvered George, moving him up onto his side, Dream settling against his back in a spooning position, quickly lining up his dick from behind.

Dream opened up George's legs as far as they could go, lifting one up into the crook of his elbow. George let out a strangled noise at the lewd exposure, giving Dream easy access as he pressed inside.

George panted as he was filled by Dream again, the skin on his neck sensitive as the other brushed his lips over him.

Dream bottomed out, not letting George get a second to breathe as he started to set up a rhythm, Dream's hand pressed hard on George's stomach, keeping him tight against him.

Dream's thrusts were quick and short, breaths heavy as they ghosted George's skin.

George's hand slid back, cupping the side of Dream's face, pulling him close. He leaned over,

following the direction and capturing the other into a messy kiss.

Without even having to ask to be touched, Dream removed George from the restrictive fabric that he was straining against, jerking off the other along with his strokes.

It was so good. Exactly what George wanted.

Dream didn't tease this time, hitting and touching right where George needed, not slowing down in the slightest when the other started to reach his end.

George came with a gasp, Dream continuing, drawing out the other's orgasm as much as he could. George let out a contented sigh, even though it felt like it ended far too soon, he still got what he was after.

He should have known it was too good to be true, Dream was just such a little shit.

As, George's started to feel a twinge of discomfort as Dream was still jacking him off and still fucking into him, not letting up even after George finished.

It was usually over by now, George squirmed against the onslaught of pleasure as he was overstimulated.

He found himself trying to close his legs, unable to since George was held open by Dream, the overwhelming feeling of being touched too much after he just came was making his body hot and strung out, tears quickly filling his eyes.

"Ah, nng, Dream," he cried, pulling the other's hair when he didn't relent.

"I haven't come yet, George," he whispered lowly.

George squeezed his eyes shut. His skin was buzzing and electrified, every nerve on end.

"I'm, ah, ugh, too sensitive," he gasped, the arousal punching through him, his dick slowly starting to harden again at Dream's administrations.

Dream slowed down his thrusts slightly, not willing to keep going if that's not what George wanted, "Too much?"

George looked down at his pressing erection, whimpering at how he was pushed back into excitement, despite the overstimulation. Now, all he could think about was *more*, panting at how desperate he was already, needing Dream to get him off, no matter how shameless that felt, barely coming off his last orgasm.

George was dazed with this insatiable desire, making him fall into desperation.

"No, it's too late now, *more*, Dream. Give me more, *please*."

Dream chuckled softly, resuming his pace. "You want it so bad today. Just like last time, saying that it wasn't enough." Dream teased, slamming right into George's prostate.

George was losing himself a little bit, not really hearing Dream's words, only able to focus on where he was being touched. He was a mess of high-pitched whines and whimpers, completely surrounded as Dream slammed inside of him, making George jerk up into the grip on his dick.

Every touch and stroke and hit made George react wildly, the sensations overwhelming him entirely. He was hyper aware of the stimulation, only feeling Dream's dick buried inside him and

Dream's hand on him.

The twinges of too much were combining with the aches of wanting more. George didn't know how to feel, could only chase after release, panting heavily as Dream relentlessly fucked him.

Dream flipped George over onto his stomach, placing firm hands on his hips. He wobbled, sinking his face down deep into the pillows, unable to think at all. If Dream wasn't holding him up, George was sure he would have just fallen over.

Dream pushed in deeper in this position, pulling George's hips back into him to go as far into him as possible.

George just took it, vaguely hearing himself start to beg, not having the energy to care how he sounded, how he looked in this position. There was only pure horniness melting his brain.

Dream pounded into him, jerking George roughly until he came yet again, shuddering as the pleasure punched the air out of him. He slumped into the bed as Dream came soon after him, gently removing his dick from the other.

George was utterly spent, unmoving as he laid face first into the pillows.

"George?" Dream asked with slight concern, shaking him gently. He grunted softly as Dream pushed him over on his back.

"You're.. trying to kill me," George accused, his breaths still coming out heavy.

Dream brushed his fingers across George's face tenderly. "You asked, no, *begged* me to keep going, don't blame it on me. I would have stopped if you said to," he murmured, an eyebrow raised in amusement.

"Well, it was your fault for getting me hard again. I didn't think I could get off in such quick succession like that."

Dream laughed, brushing George's hair off his eyes, "See? Now you know. Wanna try for one more?"

George narrowed his eyes, "I think you just like torturing me or something."

"What?" Dream breathed with a soft smile, pulling George into his arms, "I would *never*. You just came too fast the first time and I wanted to stay inside you a little longer. Is that so bad?"

George rolled his eyes, but, he couldn't act like he wasn't weak to Dream's sweet, though, also quite dirty, talk. "You're definitely *down* bad, that's what I know."

"Like you aren't. Who was the one wearing a thong to get me to have sex with him, hm?"

George flushed slightly, "And, you fell for it, so easily, might I add."

"I guess that's true," Dream murmured, "Think it's just because I like you, though."

"Simp."

Dream's head fell back in playful exasperation, "We're dating, you idiot."

"Oh, yeah," George grinned, "How did you manage to get me to agree to that again?"

"Pretty sure it had to do with, and these are your exact words, by the way, 'my massive dick'."

"I think you're getting confused there," George teased, "I said that *you* were a massive dick."

"Oh, shut up, you're so in love with me it makes you look stupid," Dream berated softly, pressing a kiss against George's cheek.

"Easy there, I just barely started *liking* you, Dream, no need to speedrun this."

But, that only made Dream's heart grow warm, pressing George into a tighter embrace, the other confused at the reaction until Dream said, laughing gleefully, "I got you to admit you liked me! So easy to trick you, hehe."

George shook his head, letting out a long breath, "You're dumb, I hate you, you're the worst person I've ever met actually, since now I've finally met you, I can say that."

Dream disregarded all those deflections, excitedly pulling George into a kiss, "I already heard it, no taking it back."

"Fine," George murmured against the other's mouth, "You got me."

Just them being two stupid idiots in love, nothing new here.

Nearly a month had gone by since George had flown down for his visit. With all the developments that had happened, them getting together, having a ton of sex, etc. etc., it was time for it all to come to an end.

Well, for their current *living* situation to change, that is.

George was becoming more frustrated with trying to live out of a suitcase, not having any of his computer set-up that he needed for work, and, like, literally everything else he had left back at his house.

There was only one obvious solution, to have George move in with Dream, conveniently ignoring any visa complications in this story, of course.

So, they set the date, buying the tickets needed so George could go back home, pack up everything he owned, and ship it all here, permanently moving in with Dream, his boyfriend of just over three weeks.

And, didn't they say they *weren't* speedrunning this relationship?

Hm.

"Alright, so, I should get everything done in the two weeks I'm there," George stated, glad this was sorted out, ready to have all his stuff back and not be in this awkward limbo of residence.

Dream sighed at the length of the separation, whining, "Two whole weeks? That's gonna be so longgggg."

George rolled his eyes. "I'm sure you'll live. We spent years apart already, you can wait a couple of weeks."

"Yeah, but, now that I've gotten a taste, it's going to be such a pain," Dream pouted.

"You're more than capable of getting off by yourself," George replied, feeling absolutely no remorse.

"Are you sure I can't come with you?" Dream said, looking like the pack, and meet your family. No downsides."

emoji. "I could l

George wagged his finger at Dream, "No, no. I don't trust you not to try anything untoward while we're there. I won't risk it, not with my family around."

Dream frowned, "I have self control you know."

"Why do I *seriously* doubt that?"

Dream gasped in exaggerated offense. "That's so uncalled for. I bet I could last a whole month without doing anything, I wouldn't even have to try," he waved his hand dismissively, confident in his abilities, "Easy game."

George smirked. "Okay, fine, I'll take that bet. If you can last a whole, let's say, a week, without doing anything, *including* masturbating, I'll consider maybe possibly letting you go."

"Why is masturbating off limits?"

"Because," George explained. "I don't want you doing that at my house either!"

Dream huffed, "Fine. Deal. This won't even be a challenge."

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It was a challenge. And, Dream was at his breaking point.

If he thought he was a tease, George had to be worse, taking it onto a whole other level.

Over the past few days, George saying it was his duty to test Dream's willpower, he would constantly do things like 'accidentally' brush against the other, turning Dream on only to leave him wanting, unable to do anything but be edged. George would sit on his lap and press down onto him, grinding until Dream was panting, stopping when the other got too close. Or, literally just jerk Dream off, like he was doing right now.

But, the most important element to this game was that George would never let Dream finish.

Dream leaned his head back on the couch, his eyes cast downwards as he watched George tease him, whimpering at the hand on his dick stroking him roughly.

George was perched on his lap, grinning wickedly, seeing Dream fall apart to his touch.

"Is, ah, is this really necessary?" Dream gasped out, the pace infuriatingly not enough.

George smiled, looking so sweet and innocent despite what he was doing, "I have to make sure you won't be tempted to break, even in the most extreme circumstances, Dream."

This was the third day into their little wager, and George was playing so dirty.

He kept messing with Dream, driving him mad with a quick hand job or rolling their hips together, but George never allowed Dream any relief.

It had been three fucking days with Dream being edged like this. He was absolutely certain this

was payback for everything he's done to George, Dream biting down harshly on his lip at how he had to suffer this fate of his own making.

George gave him a quick peck on his lips, then pulled his hand away, tucking Dream back into his pants.

Dream felt overheated and frustrated. He caught his breath slowly, barely able to keep his hands off himself.

George snuggled next to him, looking like he didn't have any idea of what he was doing. Dream knew better.

He was eventually able to calm himself down as they watched some random movie. He was still very pent up, but, it was manageable, the desperation dampened.

George slowly sank down until his head rested in the other's lap, Dream running a hand in George's hair.

George sighed in contentment, his soft smile switching over to a grin filled with evil intent, Dream just having to watch in trepidation as the other turned his head slightly, pressing his lips against Dream's dick over his sweatpants.

Dream groaned, getting hard almost immediately at just that, how pathetic. He could feel George's hot breath against him, his mouth moving over Dream's dick teasingly.

This was it, he couldn't take it anymore. Dream pulled George up, desperately crashing their mouths together, tearing at the other's clothes.

"Fuck the bet," Dream muttered. "Whatever, I lose. Can we just have sex, *please*?"

George laughed, ecstatic to have actually won their bet. "Sure, Dream. But, since you lost, *I* get to fuck you."

"Alright," he agreed easily, pressing them back into a kiss, willing to take anything he could get at this point, "Do whatever you want to me."

"That's what I like to hear," George murmured, "Good boy."

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## Chapter End Notes

i considered putting in like a safe word, but, all of them just sound so damn cringey to me so we'll stick with the classic, simple 'stop'

## Chapter 9

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"We don't conveniently and unrealistically have lube at our disposal for this scene, what's up with that?"

"Oh, yeah," Dream responded after a moment of taking in how George just called him a good boy, so casually, and struggling to focus on anything else but asking for more of that, "It's a plot device, as, we used all I had, which, by the way, wasn't *that* much, in our defense."

George laughed, "Yeah, because you used most of it already all on your own."

"Well.. let me just say it's effective in a *variety* of situations."

"I knew I wasn't the first person in your bed."

Dream grinned, an eyebrow raised as he flicked his gaze down to their close proximity and George's obviously aroused state, "Looks like that line worked on you pretty damn well, anyway."

George sighed, but, of course, he couldn't help his soft smile, "I can't believe I fell for it. But, can we get back on track? The lube? Me fucking you? That's the whole reason we're here."

"It's perfect timing," Dream murmured, "As I just so happened to buy a few things."

"Oh god, the look on your face can only be a bad sign."

Dream's expression only grew more suggestive as he got up, chuckling as he skipped over gleefully to gather his special little purchases.

"I'm excited about this," Dream grinned, kneeling down in front of the couch as he dumped out the contents of his package onto the seat.

He turned to face George, his enthusiasm switching into eager anticipation as he saw the other had stripped down while he was away, George left in just his boxers.

"You just want me so bad, huh?" Dream teased, sliding his hand over George's thigh, the other immediately leaning into the touch.

George's eyes were cast down low, sucking in a sharp breath as Dream slowly opened up his legs to sit in between them.

Dream ran a finger over the band of George's underwear. "You want these off?" he murmured, ghosting his touch lightly over the other's dick, making him hiss, "Hmm, seems like this is making you excited, George."

"I just.. like where this is going."

Dream grinned, pulling down George's boxers just a bit, placing a quick kiss to the now exposed hip bone, responding, "Oh, do you now?"

George nodded, lifting himself up to help as Dream at a very leisurely pace removed the last of George's clothes, tossing it aside and looking up at the other, a stupid expression on his face, intent

on making George wait or ask for it.

"Well?" George prompted.

Dream tilted his head to the side, looking at the other's very impatient dick, the corners of his mouth curling up into an amused smirk. "Want something, George?"

The other let out a long breath, just ready for Dream to do his job as a service top and start servicing, instead of another one of his endless teasing games.

But, George knew this was what he was signing up for.

"I'll help you."

Dream was surprised by the response, thinking he'd get to hear George actually say the words, but, didn't put up any protest as he let George guide him, the other pressing a hand on the back of his head to push Dream forward, George lining up his dick until the tip slid past the other's parted lips.

Dream's face grew hot with how he felt about George controlling him like that, deciding to distract himself by focusing on the dick inside his mouth instead.

He probably should do that anyway.

Dream went down, taking a bit more, sucking lightly, adjusting to the odd stretch as he heard the other's breath grow heavier, felt the hands in his hair clutch tighter, trying to pull Dream onto him, to fuck into his mouth.

He moved back, as much as George let him, anyway, testing the other's limits by giving all his attention just to the tip, sucking hard.

George immediately bucked up into Dream at the oversensitive pleasure with a gasp, struggling to move as Dream held him down, the other trying not to choke as George thrusted further inside him in that motion.

He had to pull off, Dream slightly out of breath, and even more turned on than before, which, uh, was definitely *something* to find out.

"I get you like me sucking you off, I mean, who wouldn't," Dream said, climbing up on George's lap, not wanting the other to finish so soon, and especially without him, "But, I can't take it all yet."

"That's why you should be practicing. Only way to get better."

Dream rolled his eyes, muttering against George's lips, "You would say that."

Though, he quickly found a way to get a little bit of retaliation, making George open up in their kiss, swiping his tongue intentionally in the other's mouth, feeling George falter when he did so.

Dream grinned wide, moving back to tease, "Like the taste?"

"Not really."

Dream chuckled, exaggeratedly pouting, "Aw, I wanted you to do it to me so we could sixty-nine."

George's eyes widened, deciding to change the subject since that was a little overwhelming, not because he was a little bitch who couldn't give a blowjob, let's be clear here, so, he turned Dream's attention elsewhere, "Didn't you want to have sex? You already got the necessary supplies for that."

"Oh, yeah. Got distracted."

They looked over to the various items that were strewn on the couch.

George glanced at Dream when he saw a particular box. "Condoms?" he asked incredulously, "Are we going to start using them now?"

Dream laughed, "If that's what you would prefer, though, based on our previous discussion, you were *pretty* adamant on not thinking they were needed, so.."

George shot him a look, only making Dream's smile grow.

He continued, "But, no, the reason I got them was because, and, okay, I saw the feature and I couldn't not buy them at that point, it was too tempting. As," Dream picked up the box, pointing out the text that provided evidence for his claim, "They *glow in the dark*. Come on, that's too good to pass up."

George shook his head in amused exasperation, "Of course. And, let me guess, they glow in green."

"Obviously, they're basically Dream brand condoms."

"I don't even know why I'm surprised," George sighed with the fondest smile ever, looking back over the rest of the package contents, "What else did you find on your shopping spree?"

Dream excitedly presented the rest of his purchases, "So, got some lube, of course, a couple different types, actually, one is even flavored. I'm sure you'll become very familiar with that, no doubt."

George rolled his eyes as Dream went on, picking up the last of what he bought, "And then, we have this."

"Which is?" he questioned, looking at it in the palm of the other's open hand curiously.

Dream grinned, clicking it on with the attached remote, glancing up at the other when it started to buzz, revealing the identity of the object in just that telling motion.

Oh, it was a vibrator.

"Why did you buy this?" George asked incredulously.

"Thought it'd be fun," Dream explained simply.

"Mm," George replied, considering the option this now presented, "Wanna try it out?"

With a satisfied grin, Dream started to respond, "Yes, I-"

He cut himself off, looking at his now empty hand as George grabbed the still buzzing vibrator. "I'm still in charge, remember?" George teased.

"Alright," Dream conceded, as, even though this wasn't his plan, it wasn't like he was going to complain.

Especially as George pressed it against his dick immediately, making Dream fall quite quickly back into his desperation that had been simmering on the back burner this whole time.

George lightly ran the toy over the other, both of them watching as the vibrating pressure was applied to Dream through the layers of his clothes, which were still on, preventing further stimulation, much to Dream's dismay.

He breathed in sharply, biting his lip at the unfamiliar sensation on his dick. Though it was good, Dream already wanted more as he pushed into George's hand impatiently, trying to get something besides the barely there brushes the other was so tauntingly giving.

"George," he whined, all the pent up horniness flooding in at once, Dream reminded he hadn't gotten off for *days*.

George's face was far too evil as he gave the other what he was asking for, dipping his hand into Dream's pants, sliding the vibrator up and down as he stroked the other's dick.

Dream choked, jerking into George's hand as the other pressed the toy against the tip of his dick, making him immediately oversensitive.

"Ah, George," Dream gasped, moving closer until he was slotted against the other, so close George could have jacked them off together.

But, he didn't, resuming his slow motions on the other's dick, making sure to squeeze the vibrator around the head until Dream couldn't take the targeted intensity anymore.

Dream was panting, feeling so light-headed and nearing so close to the edge, just not getting *quite* enough still. He whimpered, dropping his head onto George's shoulder.

"Hey," George chastised, trying and failing to push Dream off, now blocked and unable to view his administrations, "I can't see."

Dream shut his eyes, taking a bit to hear what the other was saying. "Need more, George."

"You always do."

With a huff that sounded more like a whine, Dream bit down on George's neck, his hips moving up into the touch as much as he could in this position, growing more and more dazed.

Then, everything was interrupted, Dream opening his eyes in surprise as he was suddenly shoved down onto the couch, lying on his back, miffed at the break of connection.

"Dream," George murmured, crawling on top of him, kissing the other's petulantly turned cheek.

The other sulked, looking away, feeling so incredibly frustrated and high strung.

"Aw, what's wrong, Dream?" George asked with a knowing grin.

"Georgeee," he whined, not caring as he lost himself in shamelessness. "Can you just please do something?"

"What do you want me to do, Dream?"

Dream let out a long breath. It was so much different being on the receiving end of the teasing and edging. George did not go easy on him, which, well, was pretty much what he expected. But, still.

"Can you... fuck me?" he said quietly.

George smiled, happily complying to that request. "Sure, I can do that," he replied, quickly

undressing the other. He coated his fingers in one of the various lubes, leaning down to kiss Dream as he pressed a finger inside him.

Dream was quiet, kissing George back slow and hot, relieved they were finally getting somewhere, content. George, on the other hand, being a little shit, wanted more reaction and noises. He curled his finger up, thrusting it roughly at Dream's prostate.

"Mmf," Dream mumbled against George's lips, pressing his hips up slightly.

George inserted another finger, not very long after the other, too focused on prepping quickly than effectively.

Dream winced slightly. "Slow down, George," he grumbled.

George eased up, going slower to let Dream adjust. He scissored his fingers widely, pressing deeply into the other.

Dream scrunched up his face, letting out a groan at the treatment. George was *not* very gentle, especially since this was his first time doing this. But, even so, why did Dream kinda like how rough George was being with him...

He grit his teeth as George inserted a third finger, the stretch more uncomfortable than when Dream did it to himself.

George pumped his fingers in and out, twisting them around inside Dream.

He went to pull them out, impatient to move on. Dream gripped his wrist, keeping George's fingers pressed inside of him.

"Wait," he stressed. "You need to do more or you're gonna hurt me," Dream said through his teeth, panting slightly.

"Oh, okay," George replied, a little sheepishly, continuing to finger fuck Dream.

He didn't stop. For the next *fifteen* minutes, George slowly stretched Dream, making absolutely sure he was prepared enough, like a good top should. Though, that wasn't the only reason, as this was also a great opportunity to edge Dream further.

"Alright, that's good, George," Dream gasped for probably the twentieth time. He was definitely good to go like twelve minutes ago.

"Sh," George hushed, "I'm almost done," he replied, pushing up harshly at Dream's prostate, making him moan.

Dream was sweating, mouth open slightly as he panted, the fingers up his ass driving him crazy with the random jabs. George was teasing him again, dammit.

Dream whimpered, desperately pulling at George. "It's enough. It's enough. *Please* just get inside me," he choked out.

George kissed him softly, finally taking mercy as he gently removed his fingers. He lined himself up, pushed Dream's knees up to his chest, and slid his dick deep inside him.

Dream's breaths were ragged as George went all the way in, effectively bending him in half.

"You're so tall, I can't reach your face," George chuckled breathlessly, slowly starting to thrust into

Dream.

"Probably because I'm a 6'3 bottom," Dream muttered as George picked up the pace slightly.

"Hm," George hummed, snapping his hips quickly. "Being top is.. harder than it looks."

Dream smirked. "Oh, come on, George. I do it all the time, no problem."

George rolled his eyes, gripping Dream harshly as he slammed into him. "Tough talk for someone with a dick up their ass," he teased.

Dream flushed slightly at that. "Shut up, you can't say anything, ah, fuck," he stuttered a bit on his words as George hit his prostate roughly.

George smirked. "What was that, Dream?" he purred.

Dream turned his head away as he pouted, embarrassed at George's cocky (hehe) attitude.

He snapped his head back to George with a gasp as the other grabbed his dick, stroking it roughly along with his pounding into Dream.

Dream choked out a moan, coming immediately onto George's hand. After all the teasing and days of the other not letting him get off, it only took one tug on his dick to send him over the edge.

He gasped as he finished, struggling to breathe as Dream finally, *finally* got his so long awaited release.

George pushed up all the way into Dream, reaching his own end when the other tightened around him.

He laid down on Dream's legs, keeping him bent and unable to get up, pressing such a sweet kiss to the other's lips despite their absolutely inappropriate position.

Dream protested, not being nearly flexible enough for this, starting to get uncomfortable as his knees dug into his chest. "Ugh, get off, you're going to break me, fucking hell."

George grinned, pushing himself up slowly as Dream glared at him. "I think I should definitely top more."

Dream sighed, "I give you the slightest hint of power and you abuse it."

"Oh," George titled his head in a leer, voice low, "But, that's the thing, Dream, you *like* it."

Dream just scoffed, not giving a response, which, the lack of an argument only confirmed the fact more for George, sitting up when the other gave him enough room to move.

He watched as George glanced down and immediately pulled a guilty face.

"Uh, oh."

Dream eyed him warily, "What?"

"Maybe we shouldn't do this on the couch," George replied with a short laugh, "We kinda, uh, made a mess."

Dream grimaced as he felt and saw what was specifically George's mess. "Uh oh is insufficient."

Dream's mood was softened as George tried to cover his mouth and suppress his laughter, especially as the other cleaned up everything, as the top's duty, of course.

He was further appeased by some shower sex.

-

After a couple days, Dream needing a bit of recovery in order to get his bearings back after being utterly railed by George the other night. Though he would never admit that to him, of course.

There was a specific reason why he got the vibrator after all, so, now it was George's turn.

Dream already had three slicked up fingers stuffed inside the other. George was a mess of pants and gasps as he clutched at the sheets, Dream pushing the digits in harsh and rough.

Dream reached into their set aside drawer of sex supplies, grabbing the cleaned and properly sanitized vibrator.

He replaced his fingers with that, sliding it into George's ass.

George watched, slightly delirious as Dream inserted their new toy. It was small, which was the point, so it would be able to go in nice and deep.

He panted softly, jerking immediately when Dream turned it on.

The vibrator felt so intense inside him, buzzing right against his prostate. It was insanely stimulating, putting all the focused pleasure and pressure on one point.

George gasped, thrusting his hips up into nothing, feeling entirely overwhelmed.

Dream ran a hand over the other's waist, pressing the vibrator settings up slightly higher with a satisfied grin at George's state.

He sucked hickeys on the inside of the other's sensitive thighs, holding him down as he tried to buck up, choking out gasps with the vibrator inside him.

His hips stuttered, growing more erratic, and he whimpered brokenly, coming untouched.

George squirmed as he was pushed into too much stimulation again after his orgasm, the vibrator still buzzing.

He scratched at Dream's shoulder.

"No more, stop, p-please," he begged.

Dream complied, immediately turning it off and removing it out from inside the other.

*Obviously*, as consent was literally the bare minimum, if George told him to stop, he'd stop.

George gasped in ragged breaths, his head still thrown back as he calmed down after that. Which was probably the quickest that Dream had ever allowed him to finish, he realized.

Dream brushed his lips over George's pelvis, fingers wrapping around his waist. He hovered over George's cum that was spread over his stomach and chest.

Dream leaned down, licking up a bit of it with his tongue.

George choked, staring as Dream cleaned up his mess, *with his mouth*. So unpredictable, but so goddamn hot.

Dream looked up at him slyly, flattening his tongue languidly over the other's stomach, locking eyes with the dumbstruck George.

All it did was just turn George completely back on.

He was fully hard again as Dream finished up his job, such a service top.

"Didn't know you were going to react like this," Dream grinned, referring to George's hard on.

George tried to scoff, but it left his lips as a strangled noise.

Dream's grin widened. "Oh. Did you like that, George? Me swallowing your cum?" he pestered in a low voice.

"I, ugh, shit," George tried to begin, mouth dry, having to cover his face. "I can't even defend myself," he responded, muffled.

Dream chuckled, running his hand over George's dick. "So excited, so soon. Even after you *just* came, George. Naughty," he chided.

George kept his eyes covered, shivering slightly at Dream's touch. It wasn't like he knew he would like it that much either, in his defense.

Dream, never one to let an opportunity go to waste, quickly removed the rest of his clothes and spread lube over himself, glad for another round.

He lifted one of George's legs over his shoulder and pressed inside him. "I guess I'll reward you anyway," he said, with feigned resignation.

"Oh, whatever, you just wanna get off."

Dream smiled, laughing softly, "Just admit the vibrator was a good idea."

"I dunno, it could be bigger," George replied after a moment of consideration.

"Wow," Dream murmured, "Could you sound any sluttier?"

George huffed, facing the other fully, "Fine, you know what, it *is* good, so much so that it's even better than you."

Dream shook his head, knowing this was just a taunt, "You're trying to get a rise out of me, George. And, *god* do I love it."

Commence the fucking, Dream, my good sir.

Which he did, of course.

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I accidentally lost the original chapter for this one soooo this is all we have, my bad

## Chapter 10

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The next couple of weeks passed fairly quickly, the impending separation being ignored until it was merely days before George's flight home.

At least, when he got back, he was going to stay.

After all the time George had spent trying to convince Dream to let him move in, all it took was one visit, and maybe the sex contributing as well, but, just like that, Dream was doing the absolute most to ensure George was going to permanently live with him.

Go figure.

It wasn't like Dream knew the events that happened were going to occur, as, if he did, George would have moved in with him *years* ago.

But, nevertheless, this was where they ended up, George having to leave for the plot, hopefully pulling a semblance of realism into this, too.

That just meant they had to do it as much as possible as precious time was running out.

Smut ensues.

-

One thing led to another, as it always did, and George had somehow procured even more alcohol, which left Dream completely perplexed as he never saw the other leave the house without him in order to actually buy them.

Just another plot hole. Add it to the list along with Dream drinking, since he doesn't in actuality.

But, foreshadowing has to be followed through on.

So, here they were, sitting cross-legged on the floor next to the coffee table that was a mess of bottles, food they ordered in their inebriated state, and just general mess as Dream watched with a mix of awe and trepidation as George showed him how he can take a shot with no hands.

"Wait, I wanna do it better, one more time."

"No, no," Dream said with breathless urgency, having no choice but to put a stop to this, "You've done it, like, *five* times already, I'm cutting you off."

George pouted. "You don't like my tricks?"

"I do wonder where, exactly, you learned them, but, yes, they're very cool, George. Don't worry, I'm impressed."

That appeased the other, who leaned forward with a soft hum, laying his head down on Dream's lap.

George sighed in contentment as the other ran fingers through his hair, looking like he was going to

settle down, but chaos was brewing inside him constantly.

He whipped his head up, looking at Dream's startled face from the sudden movement with a grin.  
"I wanna see how much you can drink until you have to stop."

"What? Are you trying to kill me?"

George laughed, sitting up, crowding closer to Dream. "You're such a lightweight, come on, lemme pour a drink straight into your mouth or something."

"Or," Dream suggested, setting his glass down, "You can put something else in my mouth."

George's eyebrow raised at that, the corners of his mouth pulling up, "I see, you're one of those horny drunks. *Very* good to know."

Dream glanced down as the other climbed into his lap and pushed their hips together. "I think you're confusing me with yourself."

"Oh," George murmured, pushing Dream's face towards him, his free hand grinding down on the other, "I can confuse you even more if you want."

Dream could only let out a choked out gasp in response, looking at George with wide eyes, and, basically, let the other do just that.

They kissed slowly, a drag of lips that was so drawn out, it made Dream press for more while George teasingly held them back, making the other wait to go further.

He impatiently sat there and took it, the palm rubbing down on him, driving Dream crazy with the inconsistent pressure, how George turned his face this way and that, a thumb on the other's chin, forcing Dream's mouth open wider.

The build-up alone was making him pant, Dream already feeling light-headed with the alcohol, the arousal now the only thing he was able to focus on, trying to get more of anything, more touch, more of the kiss, more of George, but, the other wasn't giving in.

Dream tugged at George's shirt, not willing to disconnect them long enough to protest, only able to desperately clutch the fabric and chase after the other as soft whines fell from his lips.

He let out an absolutely pathetic noise when George pulled away entirely, laughing at Dream's needy state, him acting like they've never done this before.

George turned his face away when Dream tried to capture him back into a kiss, giggling at the other's pouting frown. "Why'd you stop? Wanna keep going."

Dream tried again, but George shook his head in amused petulance, not allowing the other's advances by putting a hand over his mouth.

George laughed, watching as Dream's head dropped slightly, his shoulders curl in a bit, his lips part as George roughly palmed at him.

"Ugh, ah, *George*," Dream whined, looking up at the other with his eyes so blown out, his face flushed so pretty as he was teased and flustered.

Which, that's what George wanted, grinning as he unzipped Dream's pants, the other's breathing heavy, trying to push his hips up to no avail with George sitting on top of him.

Dream let out probably the most embarrassing noise as George gripped him as he pulled the other out from his pants.

He just waited, not doing anything, making Dream complain as George just held him, no movement, *nothing*.

"Touch me, please," Dream begged, unable to do anything but wait for George to decide where they were going next in their position.

George shook his head, reaching over and pulling Dream's hand over his own dick and removing his, curling the other's fingers around himself. "You have to do it. Tell me how it feels," George taunted in a low voice.

Dream cast his eyes down, face burning at the words, embarrassment only making him feel hotter, his dick leaking in his grasp.

His motions felt stiff, all uncoordinated and awkward as he did what he was told, stroking himself for George.

It felt like he was right at the edge, every drag of his hand pushing him closer, Dream jerking as he did everything he liked, but, no matter how fast and rough he went, he couldn't quite get enough to finish himself.

Dream groaned in frustration, completely distracted until he saw movement, eyes flicking up to see George toss his shirt to the side.

He just stared, Dream unabashedly gaping at the other, gaze locked as George started to undo his pants as well.

Dream whimpered, drawing George's attention, grinning as he pressed a far too quick kiss to the other's lips. "Don't worry, I'll offer some assistance, just keep going."

"Erg, George," Dream panted, his words becoming more slurred as he continued to jerk off, "Not enough, I can't, ah, get there, please, wanna cum."

George pulled off the rest of his clothes. "So impatient. What? You don't like it?"

Dream's face scrunched up, not really sure what to think. The touch was infuriating, making him ache desperately for more the longer he stroked himself, but, still, at every tug he was pushing himself closer, even if it felt like the end was unreachable, Dream was just overcome with the insatiable pleasure.

He couldn't *stop*.

After a minute of spacing out, Dream came back to when George pressed a palm down on the other's shoulder, lifting himself up slightly.

Dream was left totally disoriented and bewildered as George removed his hand off himself.

He snapped his head up. "What're you gonna do?" Dream mumbled, eyebrows drawn together in complete confusion, so far gone and dazed.

"I'm gonna fuck you," George breathed simply, tilting Dream's head down to watch as he sunk down slowly on the other's dick.

He rocked into the other, Dream's gasping out, trying to adjust to what felt like such a rapid change of pace and grip around him.

George slammed down roughly, both of them panting as he set up more of a rhythm, Dream crashing their mouths together, barely even kissing, only really able to moan against the other's lips.

"Is this better?" George managed to breathe out, grip harsh, nails biting into Dream's skin as he thrusted his hips down.

Dream had to lean back on his hands for support at the onslaught, overtaken by everything, his mind a complete blur at how deep George was taking him.

It took an indiscernible amount of time for Dream to process anything said to him. But, George was patient, slowing down slightly and pulling away a bit until Dream's eyes focused again, able to get some of his senses back as he saw George's satisfied wicked grin.

"George," Dream felt the words just spill out of him, "Mm, hng, *fuck* me."

His gaze was wide and pleading, features clearly desperate, only capable of letting George do as he pleased, barely holding it together enough already.

"What do you think I'm doing, Dream?" George teased with a leer, making the other choke as he drove down roughly.

"Ah," Dream cried, squeezing his eyes shut as he heightened more, dangerously close to tipping over the edge, lost in pure want.

George hummed, pushing Dream's face to the side, the other letting out a small whimper at the manhandling, then leaned forward, biting down onto Dream's neck, harsh.

Dream was a complete mess as he came, back arching into George, getting out of his daze after several long minutes, the other already finishing by then and waiting for Dream to return to reality.

George kissed him, Dream sighing softly, arms feeling weak, brain all muddled, but, feeling light with relief.

"Was it anything like you thought?" George asked, separating them as far as Dream would allow.

Dream shook his head slowly, "I could never imagine something like *that*."

"You're fun to mess with when you're drunk."

Dream let out a huff at George's evil expression, clearly not hesitating to do exactly that when presented with the opportunity, "And, you become a damn flirt, seducing me like your life depended on it or something."

"I seem to remember you *begging* me to fuck you even though you were the one inside me. What about that, Dream, hm?" George countered.

He really didn't have anything to defend himself in response.

So, Dream just let George pour a shot in his mouth. Which was kind of the real goal to all this.

But, he got what he wanted anyway, getting to live out his drunk desire after all, George's initial rejection turning into full initiation.

Of course reality was better than Dream ever expected.

-

It was time for George to pack up all his things, well, leaving some of it, mainly clothes so Dream could do his laundry for him.

Neither of them wanted what they had right now to end, to have this bubble burst, like it wouldn't be real after George left.

Dream had a tight feeling in his chest, like their situation was so fragile, pushing themselves into a big commitment like moving in with each other was kind of risky.

Though, there was no way they could do long distance. They already had years enough of that.

Whatever, might as well just jump into it. Only problem was this meant the end of their time together, George's trip over, separation that seemed far too soon, and Dream liked to complain.

"Do you really have to leave? Can't I just buy all the stuff you need here?"

George laughed at that, laying next to Dream on his bed, turning to face the other, "Are you gonna miss me *that* bad?"

Dream sighed, "I mean, I just forgot what life was like before without this, before you got here."

"You'll make it, I'm sure, it's only two weeks. Then, you won't be able to get rid of me."

Dream pressed a kiss to his forehead, "That's alright."

The flight was tomorrow, this would be their last night together. You know what that means.

"Well, looks like we better have sex before I leave."

"I guess if we must," Dream replied, smiling softly.

They wasted no time, connecting together into a kiss, pulling each other's clothes off.

Dream sat back, looking over at George. "I'm trying to decide if I should let you be in charge. Continue this dominant George arc."

"I know you secretly just want it, no need trying to pass it off as a going away gift, I'm not judging."

Dream rolled his eyes, "That's not helping your case."

George chuckled, sliding a finger along the other's jaw, "Might as well since you already said it, don't want to disappoint here, do you?"

"Well, if you put it that way... Go ahead, George. Do whatever you want to me."

George's eyebrows shot up in amused surprise, "I can do whatever I want?"

"I mean, why not?" Dream shrugged, then narrowed his eyes at George's expression, "But, I don't know if I like that evil look on your face... so maybe not."

George waved him off with a smile. "Oh, I don't want anything too bad. Just, touch yourself," he

replied, eyes darkening.

Dream flushed slightly, following the direction immediately, sliding his hand down to his dick. "What is with you and wanting to watch me do stuff?" he sighed, slowly jacking himself off.

"Because you always listen so obediently. But," George scolded, "Don't finish. Just do it until I tell you."

Dream groaned softly, a little embarrassed at how intently George was watching him touch himself. "Pervert," he muttered.

George shook his head slowly. "Since you said that, now you have to finger yourself open for me," he chided, throwing the bottle of lube to Dream.

Dream sighed dramatically, grabbing the lube. George was such a damn voyeur.

He quickly stretched himself, panting as he tried to keep stroking his dick and open himself up at what was probably too fast of a pace.

Dream went to put a third finger in, but stopped when George put his hand over his.

"Wait, I wanna put one in."

Dream scrunched up his face in confusion, "What? Just one?"

George nodded, "Yeah, but, you keep yours in, too."

"Oh," Dream breathed as George's slicked up finger slid inside next to his own. Dream's face was tinted pink, having them both inside him at the same time was making his desire flare up hot.

George pushed his finger forward, making Dream jab his own prostate. "Ah," he whimpered, feeling completely exposed.

After a bit of this, going in and out of the other, George was satisfied, removing his finger and spreading lube on his dick. Dream stroked himself very slowly, the arousal getting to be too much.

"Alright," George said, pulling Dream's legs apart and settling in between them. "Don't stop touching yourself. But," he continued, thrusting all the way into Dream with one thrust, "No coming until I say."

"Ugh," Dream groaned. "That's so hard."

George's mouth quirked up at that, Dream huffing at his own innuendo as the other pushed into him slowly, gripping Dream's waist to make him meet his thrusts.

Dream tried to continue, but it was made very difficult by George hitting directly at his prostate, obviously completely on purpose.

He stopped stroking himself, breathing ragged as George still wouldn't let him cum.

After a moment of calming himself down, he resumed his administrations on his sensitive dick. George was going much faster, snapping his hips up into Dream.

Dream was getting a little dizzy, trying to focus on not coming with all the stimulation was exhausting.

"Georgee," he whined, panting as he swiped his finger over the tip, making him shudder at the touch. "I wanna cum."

"Oh, really?" George replied, breathless, but, tone still commanding. "Then *beg*."

That took Dream a bit off guard, not expecting that from George. Sure, he's begged before, though, that was usually of his own volition, not from George outright asking him to. But, Dream was getting desperate and well this is what George wanted..

"Please," Dream muttered softly.

"Mmmmm..." George tilted his head to the side, clearly not satisfied with just that, "No. More, Dream."

Dream pouted, wanting at least some reward for his compliance, but then started to scramble when George slowed down instead, "Ah, alright. *Please*, George. Please, go, ugh, faster. Let me cum, please, mmf," he begged, gasping as the other slammed into him at every please.

"That desperate for me, Dream?" George drawled. Dream nodded, eyes squeezed shut. He was just so close, deciding to give in to get off.

George put his hand over Dream's, guiding the other's hand to stroke roughly, getting the other so dangerously near the edge, he knew Dream wouldn't last much longer.

That was confirmed as Dream's hips grew erratic, jerking up in his hand, throwing his head back with a frustrated groan. "Yes, George. Please, more. I'm gonna, ah, *please*."

"Oh, alright," he murmured. "I guess you can cum." Dream whimpered as George squeezed him, thrusting right into his prostate.

Dream came, gasping for breath as George finished inside him, a grin plastered on his face.

George liked being in control too much, Dream thought sulkily.

And, *maybe* Dream could admit he wanted it more than he was willing to say.

-

The next day Dream drove George to the airport, feeling a strange emptiness at this ending. Even though he knew that George was going to be back and move in, that was all just so far away right now. Them living together was what they had discussed and planned for years, and, yet, it just never felt like it could be reality.

Dream just didn't want George to leave.

They pulled up to the entrance. Their first time meeting seemed like a whole other lifetime. So much had happened since then, *so* much sex. It was a little ridiculous.

Dream sighed, pulling the other into a lingering hug. "Remember to come back, George."

George rolled his eyes, "I already have the ticket! It won't even be long."

"Yeah, I know," Dream said, though his face was in a pout.

George smiled and gave the other a quick, sweet kiss. It burned on Dream's lips.

And, just like that, George left, waving goodbye as he went to board his flight.

Dream drove home, everything off, too quiet. Hours later, he could still feel where George kissed him.

The house seemed so big and lonely now.

Dream sighed, sitting down at his computer. George stopped texting when the service inevitably cut off. He always hated that drop after spending time with someone, being up so high then crashing down when alone.

He got so used to the comfort and closeness of George.

Dream laid his cheek against the desk, not knowing what to do with himself, like all direction of his everyday life was taken along with George.

Everything was less bright and exciting without the other. Dream didn't want to be all bored and lonely. Eating dinner alone. Playing Minecraft alone.

Just like he did before, but, now that he got a taste of the alternative, his solitude was bitter.

Dream waited, not like he had anything better to do, finally getting the text he stayed up for.

/I just landed. Go to sleep now, I'll text you tomorrow/, George sent, knowing exactly what Dream would do, deprive himself of sleep to make sure George made it home safe and all.

/it's so lonely in bed without you :/

/you have your build a bear, remember?/ George replied.

Dream blinked at that, having completely forgotten about the bear. He searched around, smiling as he held the soft plushie in his hands.

Oh, that's right, George recorded something for him, as well. But, he told Dream he had to save it and only could listen to the message after he left.

Dream excitedly pressed the button, listening closely to what George said.

"Happy birthday, Dream. I miss you already."

Dream's heart felt full, squishing the bear against his chest, appeased, which was exactly what George was intending.

What a good boyfriend.

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## Chapter End Notes

omg, George topping from the bottom, maybe it was all worth it

# Chapter 11

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

After a few days, some late night video calls, and plenty of snapchat exchanges, Dream went back to his regular routine. This was hardly some great affliction, with such a temporary separation, he could admit he might have been a *little* dramatic.

Since he had a bit of an absence lately, Dream decided to hop on a call with Sapnap and a few others who were just casually playing, not on stream.

/Dream joined the call./

"Hello."

Sapnap immediately spoke up. "Long time no see, Dream. Have a good time canoodling with George?"

Dream rolled his eyes, though, his face was red as the comment hit way too close to home. "Oh, shut up. It was the same as when you visited."

"That's means you guys *definitely* had sex then, since, that's all we did when I was there."

Karl giggled, "Is this true, Dream? Can you confirm?"

"We did not. Come on, I have standards here, after all."

They laughed as Sapnap protested against that, the subject quickly moving on to someone saying something else, Dream breathing a quick sigh of relief.

He did feel a little guilty about being kind of off the radar that whole time. He and George still would join the occasion stream or call, but they would do their own thing and wouldn't stay long. Dream was pretty preoccupied, forgetting about the rest of the world and even though he knew Sapnap was joking, he knew there was a reason he brought up how Dream wasn't around.

He played with them for a while, Sapnap's banter with Dream not seeming to stray from that initial subject.

"So, let's hear the dnf update. Did you guys seal the deal yet?" Sapnap chuckled.

Dream scoffed, "There isn't one, I can assure you. Why do you want a detailed recount so bad, anyway, weirdo?"

The other laughed, surprised at the odd answer. "What? Does that mean you actually did? Dude."

"You're such an idiot."

Either Sapnap was just cluelessly messing with him or he actually had suspicions. Dream had no idea which was true.

Soon, the hours ticked by, everyone else signed off, leaving just him and Sapnap on the call. It was pretty late, Dream checked the time, seeing that George was going to be awake at any moment now.

"I think I'm going to head out, Sapnap," Dream said, rubbing his eyes.

"Yeah, same here," he agreed. "And, you know, like, thanks for playing today. It got kinda boring without you," Sapnap mumbled.

Dream grimaced, "Sorry, man. I was just... distracted. But, know that I still love you," he teased.

He could feel Sapnap's eye roll, "Alright, Dream. Just not as much as Ge-"

Sapnap was cut off when the little ding went off, indicating someone entered their call.

/GeorgeNotFound has joined the call./

"Hey guys," he murmured, voice still low from sleepiness.

That was hot, Dream thought immediately.

"Hi, George," he said sweetly, instead of his mind's first reaction.

"So, I happened to hear from Dream that you guys fucked," Sapnap said casually.

George choked, mouth falling open in shock, "Dream!"

"What? I absolutely did *not*. I never said that I swear!" Dream shot back.

Sapnap chuckled shortly, "Geez, why are you two so defensive? I'm starting to think something actually happened."

Dream and George were quiet for just a moment too long.

"Of course not," George scoffed uncertainly, the weak excuse falling flat.

"Hmm," Sapnap muttered, "I'm just gonna assume you guys did it. Bye," he said, leaving the call abruptly.

Dream didn't know what to say for a moment. I mean, what do you even say in this situation? With one of your best friends guessing correctly that you and your *other* best friend were having some kind of love affair. And, having to explain it wasn't you who let him in on the secret, all over video call, no less.

Cough, awkward.

"I really didn't tell him anything," Dream said, breaking the silence. "I think he can just sense it or something, I genuinely don't know how."

George sighed, "Yeah, Sapnap would figure it out. But, I mean, we're gonna have to tell people, like, eventually."

Dream groaned. He was not looking forward to that. Not like everyone would be like shocked or reject them or anything, they would just never let him and George live it down. Making a relationship out of a meme and all.

"I know, but, that's for later. I like just having this to ourselves for right now."

"Yeah," George agreed. "Seems like a problem for future you."

Dream rolled his eyes. "Me? Isn't it supposed to be us, telling them *together*?"

George giggled. "You came onto me, it's only fair."

"Nuh-uh, George. I came *in* you, get it right," he scolded playfully.

"Ugh," George groaned, dropping his face down into his hands, embarrassed, "I just know it won't be long until we get caught with you being how you are."

Dream just laughed, "No one's around to overhear, I can say whatever I want."

George shook his head in exasperation, muttering to himself, which made Dream smile fondly. While so much had changed, this still felt like how they've always been, their dumb jokes and flirting, but, now, it didn't end there anymore.

"We're so out of sync," Dream complained to George a few days later. It had already been a week since the other left, the time passing much quicker than Dream thought.

"I know, but, the time zones are terrible and I had super bad jet lag. Everything got all messed up."

Dream sighed dramatically, "I'm dying here without you, George. I haven't got any action in a whole week."

He rolled his eyes, "What happened to your hand? Is it broken?"

"Well, *no*, but, I want your hand. Well, I actually want your ass but you know what I mean. It's just not the same," he grumbled.

"Well," George said slowly, looking around him like someone could suddenly appear in his room, though, after finding nothing he offered out, "Do you want to do it now?"

"Like, over video?"

"Uh, duh, can't really do it any other way."

Dream didn't take too long to consider. "Okay," he breathed, lightly palming himself already.

George laughed, "That eager, Dream?"

He flushed slightly at his readiness, already turned on and ready to go just thinking about doing this.

"Are.. are you gonna do it, too?"

George coughed slightly, "Well, I mean, I was kinda planning on it."

Dream grinned, "Oh, you must have been wanting to do this for some time, then. Now who's eager? Already hard, George?"

The other's eyes widened slightly, a blush settling over his face as he denied the claim. But, that reaction was all the answer Dream needed.

"You can only see my arm moving. Do I make you that hot and bothered?" Dream breathed teasingly, still just rubbing over his pants.

"There's this great thing called imagination, Dream," George muttered, the other watching as his arm started to move as well. Dream greedily wanted more as he took in the sight.

"Do you want to see, so you don't have to imagine?"

"Oh, um," George stuttered, his pace picking up a little bit. "Yeah."

Dream smirked, angling the camera down so George could see his lap, moving his chair back in order to still keep his face in the frame.

George's eyes were locked on the obvious erection in Dream's pants. He brushed over it lightly, that, combined with George's gaze, made him shiver.

"Why are your pants on?"

Dream chuckled. "Do you want me to take them off?"

George nodded, and Dream complied, slowly sliding them off, leaving him in his underwear. The fabric was straining against the confines. Dream touched himself lightly, slightly embarrassed at how hard he was.

"I wanna see you too, George."

George shakily panned his camera down, showing Dream his dick in his hand, casting his eyes away with his face heated and flustered.

Dream watched captivated as George stroked himself. This was so hot.

It was such a compelling sight. George only had on an oversized hoodie, a sleeve over his face to cover up his embarrassment. And then, the hurried hand over his dick, jerking himself off. Dream tried to burn the image into his memory. Maybe he always had some *slight* fantasy of this exact scenario that he always tried to push out of his mind. But, now...

Dream was interrupted from his thoughts when George let out a choked gasp. "Dream," he murmured, slowing down his motions. "Take it out, I wanna.. wanna see," he murmured, breathless.

Dream swallowed thickly, the words going straight down to his dick. He was painfully hard, every touch amplified with how the other was watching as he took off his underwear. George's eyes were locked onto him, mouth parted slightly as he continued to jerk off.

Dream let out a long breath, stroking himself slowly as he raked his gaze over George. It was insane how horny this was making him.

They both sat there, breathless and panting, eyes transfixed on the other.

"Ugh, so, George," Dream said with a mischievous edge to his voice, "If I just so *happened* to click the screenshot button, on complete accident of course, would you let me keep the picture?"

George let out a strangled noise at that, movements becoming more hurried. "Well, if I can *accidentally* take one of you, then, I'd consider it," he offered hesitantly.

"Yes, a trade, I'm all for it," Dream agreed, snapping a quick photo of George. Oh yeah, he was definitely going to jack off to that again later.

George whimpered slightly, then leaned down to take his own screenshot. "Move your head to the

side a bit," he directed. Dream rolled his eyes, but did so anyway. George was really posing him for something like this. "Yeah, perfect. And then, look up at me."

Dream dragged his eyes upwards, his face pink, mouth opened slightly. His head was bent, exposing his neck suggestively. He had one hand planted on the seat for stability, the other one, of course, gripping his dick.

George grinned, happy with the results, "Alright, now, next let's do the next with your shirt off."

Dream rolled his eyes. "Just one," he tsked.

George pouted, sitting back in his chair. "Always impeding my artistic vision. I wanna take plenty of pictures with you in compromising positions when I get back."

"Oh really? And what are you going to do with them?" Dream smirked.

George hummed. "Hmm. Well, probably the same thing you'll do with that picture of me," he teased back.

Dream coughed at that. Imagining George getting off to lewd pictures of him was getting him dangerously close to the edge.

"Shut up," he muttered weakly, increasing his pace.

Dream was really close. He didn't want this to end, he wanted to keep looking at George how he was right now. Panting and flustered and getting himself off right in front of Dream, *at* Dream. But, it was becoming too much, too hot to handle.

Dream was sent over the edge when he saw George come apart, whimpering as the other stroked himself through his orgasm. He finished, watching as the other regained his composure, coming down from his high.

George quickly angled his camera back up to his face, then got himself back in order.

"Pretty good idea, George, I have to admit," Dream smiled, adjusting his camera as well.

George looked up, a light laugh leaving his lips at how ridiculous this situation really was, but enjoying it anyway. "Yeah, it went better than I expected."

"That's because you like watching me do stuff. But, I will say, it is pretty hot, so I understand why."

George's blush deepened. "You should see how you look doing it. I'll have to take a video and show you because it's like," he shook his head, unable to find the words, "I dunno, *addicting*."

Dream's breath caught in his throat. Hearing stuff like this from George was pretty overwhelming. He did really like praise... Ahem. Anyway.

"Sure, right, film our sex tape," he laughed breathlessly. "You do that."

"Just saying, that's a viral video right there."

Dream rolled his eyes, "Face reveal in our new porn channel, never considered that one."

George laughed, "Wouldn't it be weirder if you wore the Dream mask, though?"

"Yeah," he conceded, "We'll have to keep this as the back up plan."

Maybe that's their reality in some strange alternative universe..

-

George was swamped for the next week, barely able to talk and text Dream. He had already sent the first of the shipments to the other's house, but he still had a whole other load to complete before his flight.

Dream was bored. He should have just convinced George to let him come with him. Then he wouldn't have been as stressed and hurried packing.

But, it probably was too soon for that in their current situation, going to the George family house, being so new in their relationship and all.

So, Dream just spent a lot of his time on calls with the other streamers, making up for all he missed while he was messing around with George. Though, it was a pretty good excuse, and definitely a fun distraction from his usual life and work. But, now, it was back to that grind.

It was also good anyway because he missed everyone. Especially Sapnap. They did a couple of streams together and called quite a few times.

"I heard George is moving in with you now."

"Yeah," Dream replied. "Next week."

Sapnap hummed thoughtfully. "I thought we were all gonna live together as the Dream Team. What happened to that?"

"You're the one who moved to the total opposite side of the country," Dream pointed out. "I'm still for our plan of living together."

"Well, you could have done more begging," Sapnap teased.

Dream rolled his eyes, "There's always a room for you here, you know."

Sapnap's eyebrow quirked up, "Mm, especially since you and George are sharing one."

"Yeah, no," Dream faltered a bit, forgetting that Sapnap doesn't actually know yet, even if the things he said sure sounded like he did. "That wouldn't even make sense, I have more than two rooms."

"Oh, you don't share out of *necessity*."

Dream sighed, "You're so convinced I feel like at this point, we might as well get together."

"Trying to tell me something, Dream?"

He almost wanted to, since Sapnap was right about it anyway, but, Dream thought it best to keep everything on the downlow for now, also sparing himself from the endless jokes at how Dream fell right into the shippers trap. "Only that I'm rescinding my generous offer for you to live here."

Sapnap laughed, "Always so dramatic, Dream."

Though, they both knew he wasn't going to take Dream up on it anyway, since Sapnap would

already be here right now if that's how it all worked out. But, things just didn't line up that way.

Dream would have been more than happy if Sapnap did decide to move in, but he was relieved that he didn't live here with him and George, uh, doing what they were doing.

He was sure they would get caught in literally no time at all if that was the case.

"I finally finished!" George beamed, relieved.

Dream smiled, "I'm so proud of you, George. Do you know when your stuff will get here?"

"I paid for the express shipping and I think it said a week and a half. It should start arriving soon after I get there."

"Sounds good. Ready for your flight tomorrow?"

George sighed, "Definitely. It's very hard without all my stuff. I've been living out of a suitcase for too long, it never ends."

"What? Did you pack all your clothes and essential everyday items first or something?" Dream chuckled.

"Yeah.. I don't know what I was thinking. That was the first thing I shipped and I had like three shirts and my toothbrush for the rest of the time," George complained at his own lack of foresight.

Dream shook his head playfully, "Oh, George. You're lucky you left some clothes here."

"Yeah, I'll just say this was my plan all along. Not because I was making you do my laundry or anything, nothing ridiculous like that."

Dream rolled his eyes, "Of course."

The other just grinned.

George was going to be back with Dream tomorrow night. They made it through this tragic adversity, and everything was just falling right into place.

It was more permanent, which Dream liked. But, it was also more permanent, which in turn made him nervous.

He just wanted everything to go perfectly all the time! Was that too much to ask?

This is an no angst story after all.

## Chapter End Notes

the main reason i had George leave was so they could do the whole video call scene.  
kinda funny.

decided to have Sapnap never move in with Dream in this timeline to make it easier :-p

also, i have a fic where they started a porn channel lmao, im so dumb lol

-  
an outtake i have to post because it always makes me laugh lmao:

/Dream joined the call./

"Hello."

Sapnap immediately spoke up. "Long time no see, Dream. Was your schedule as tight as George?"

## Chapter 12

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

This was like déjà vu. *Another* airport pick-up. Wasn't one enough?

Dream pulled himself out of bed, feeling so restless, not able to focus on anything else except going to retrieve George from his flight, making the rest of the day just feel like an antsy waiting game.

He didn't let himself get overly distracted this time, though, determined not to be late picking up his boyfriend.

So much was different with them now, but, what hadn't changed was the nervous anticipation Dream had to see George again and bring him here.

Nothing really happened while the other was gone. The separation did in fact make Dream's heart grow fonder, of course. But, it was just that moving in together was a big step for usual couples. Marking a milestone that was usually quite far into the relationship.

Dream didn't want to be rushing, even though they weren't, since just because they were dating now didn't mean they had to change the plans they always had to live together. But, still..

It felt like they were uhaul lesbians or something.

-

Dream surveyed his room, finding it entirely unsuitable for two people, deciding to rearrange in order to keep him busy. The bed was pushed into the middle, he even gave George his own side table. So generous of you, Dream.

He cleared out some space in his closet for George. They definitely spent a lot of time in there.

Everything was settled, now his room so blatantly looking like it was one for a couple. This made Dream realize he actually never had to share his space before, always having his own room and not having lived with his previous partners.

So, this would be a first. And, he would have it with George. Dream didn't think they would have a lot of those, but it happened more often than he could have ever hoped.

Though, it didn't matter whether they were each other's first loves or not, as long as they got to be the last.

Dream hummed happily to himself, deciding to whip up a little welcome home treat. Cookies were baked, cooled, and artistically arranged, getting done right on schedule, Dream grinned as it was now time to take his leave. Steal George away forever.

He felt extremely giddy, nearly skipping around the house as he put on his shoes and searched for his keys.

He was getting to see George again! :-D

Oh, Dream. So adorable.

He drove, cheerfully singing along to his songs, his heart beating faster as he pulled into the parking lot.

He checked the time, George's plane was supposed to land five minutes ago. He stared at his phone, waiting impatiently for a text, as maybe there was some delay or change, Dream not knowing what to do except wait for the message that was sure to be sent.

Though, after more time passed, Dream got impatient, leaving his car to go find out for himself. George was unreliable in the most inconvenient of times, he sighed.

Dream walked over to the gate, looking over the international flight board, trying to determine where George should be.

He scanned it, seeing that it landed on time, now almost twenty minutes ago. That's when his phone finally buzzed, Dream checking it immediately and seeing the most cryptic and concerning text he'd ever seen.

The message from George just said, /died. help/

Dream just looked at it for a moment, deciding it probably wasn't an actual declaration of George's untimely demise sent by some person who just happened to be around at the scene of the crime. No, Dream knew George well enough to figure this was his rather ungracious way of telling Dream his *phone* had died.

After spending some time searching blindly around, Dream finally spotted him.

George had just turned a corner, letting out a long, tell-tale sigh that got Dream's attention, looking annoyed as he frustratingly tapped at his unresponsive phone.

Dream smiled, about to bring up his hand and wave and get George's attention when the other's eyes snapped up to look up at him, them standing a couple yards away from each other.

"Dream, you finally found me!" he expressed in relief, hurrying towards the other and dropping his bag, throwing his arms around Dream.

He held George close, letting out a breathy laugh, "Could you send a more worrying text? You made it sound like you died."

George huffed, "You're lucky I could even send that. I was trying to look for an outlet to charge my stupid phone and there were literally *none*. I thought I was going to be lost here forever."

Dream nearly crushed George against his chest. "Poor Georgie. But, it's fine, I found you."

George chuckled softly, burying his face in the other's shirt, sighing. "Yeah, thanks for saving me, Dream."

He smiled fondly at that. "Need me to carry you to the car?" he teased.

George shook his head, "No. That would definitely draw far too much attention."

"No one would care," Dream replied, picking up George's suitcase instead.

"Maybe at home," George offered out, walking with Dream to the car.

Home, Dream thought. They were going to *their* home.

The car ride was short, filled with chatter, catching each other up on anything they left out on what they've been doing the past two weeks.

Dream pulled up to the house, the soft glow of the lights spilling from the windows were warm and welcoming.

He turned to look at George, a small smile on his face. The other stopped what he was saying, locking eyes with Dream.

He leaned in slowly, placing a gentle kiss to George's lips. "We're home."

George felt the blush rise on his face, brain already getting muddled even though they had barely arrived. "Yeah," he said, clearing his throat. "Let's get inside."

Dream got out, quickly opening up the door and placing the other's suitcase inside. Then, before George could get very far, he scooped up the other into his arms, bridal style.

"I should have known you were going to take me up on my offer," George sighed, not doing anything to stop this from happening, though.

"I mean, you said to wait until we got home. I'm just doing as I'm told."

George rolled his eyes as Dream carried him to their room, plopping him down on the bed.

He kissed George again quickly, pulling away as Dream wasn't sure what to do right now, to consummate their new living situation or let George settle in first. He looked up at the other, who's eyes were watching him intently, George's hands planted behind him, bracing him on the bed.

Dream cleared his throat, "Do you want to eat or..?"

George pulled Dream down by his belt loops, placing him on his lap. "Hmm," he murmured, pressing their lips together, "I want something else first."

It felt like so long since the last time they were able to do this. George's hands were gripped in Dream's hair, keeping him firmly connected to the other. Dream's arms were wrapped around George's neck, trying to get them as close as possible.

Dream panted into George's mouth, the other not letting him pull away even to breathe. He didn't expect this, George being so demanding. He thought they would have dinner and *maybe* do something tonight, if George was up for it, after his flight and long day. Not that Dream was complaining, like at all.

Dream tried to pull away, the other allowing the separation just slightly, enough for him to speak, Dream sucking in ragged breaths. "George," he said, voice low and raspy, a slight lilt of a question in his tone, asking the other if this was okay.

George's eyes met his. "It's just been so long, Dream, just, give me more," he murmured, pressing their lips back together. Dream melted again, enjoying how much George wanted him, pushing them into urgency.

He tugged George's hair back roughly, breaking them apart so he could breathe. "I'm not going anywhere, George. I'm all yours for as long as you'll keep me."

George flushed, moving down to his face as he started to kiss at the other's neck. "I want you," he muttered, muffled against Dream's skin.

Dream groaned slightly, bending his neck to give George more access. "Okay," he breathed. "We can do that."

George pulled off Dream's shirt, running his hand over the skin. He lightly slid his finger just barely under the band of Dream's boxers.

Dream shuddered, he was extremely sensitive right there. George continued to tease him, brushing slightly over Dream, watching as he reacted immediately to the soft touches.

Dream was fully hard now, George slowly unzipped his pants, palming over the other. Dream tugged George's shirt off, then pushed them both, pressing himself on top of the other.

Dream kissed him again, his knees planted on either side of George. He haphazardly reached over to get their necessary sex supplies.

"You're right, it's been way too long," Dream breathed, raking his eyes over the other's almost entirely exposed body, both of them left in their underwear. George had to turn his head to the side at the sheer intensity of Dream's gaze. He looked like he wanted to devour him. (Which Dream did.)

Dream connected their lips again, slowly taking off George's boxers. He lightly touched George, making him gasp.

He opened his eyes after Dream pulled away to get the lube.

George chuckled lightly as he flicked his gaze over the space around him, "I just noticed you moved the room around."

Dream finished covering his fingers, reaching down low on George. "How did you just notice that?"

"I was too busy thinking about, uh, *other* things.. But, I like it."

Dream quirked an eyebrow, pushing a finger into George. He was so tight, it almost felt like the first time they had ever done this.

George sucked in a sharp breath, covering his face with both his arms.

Dream didn't like him hiding. "What were you thinking about?" he asked with a teasing grin, increasing his pace slightly.

George gasped. "This, basically."

Dream clicked his tongue, repeating George's words from a while back, "Here for one day and you're already trying to get in my pants."

George peeked out from behind his arms, "Oh, shut up. Didn't I say that?"

"Yeah. Which I wasn't, well not *really*. At least, at the time, not yet."

George rolled his eyes, "Yeah, right. If I offered sex then you would have jumped to accept it."

Dream shook his head, pressing another finger inside of George. "I doubt it. But, didn't you say that

you liked me more beyond friends before we started doing anything?. When did you start liking me that way, George?" he asked, curling his fingers up into the other, making him jolt at the pressure.

"I, um," George choked, embarrassed.

"Was it when you got here?" Dream murmured, spreading him further open slightly.

"You just flirted a lot. And, it, ah, made me.." George trailed off, losing his focus as he panted at Dream's fingers inside of him.

"Made you want to have sex with me?" Dream finished for the other.

George's face burned. "I wasn't thinking just about sex." he defended breathlessly.

"But, you did think about it, yeah?"

George responded after a long minute. "..Yes," he admitted.

Dream smirked, feeling triumphant at George's admission, "When?" he murmured, kissing the other's neck as he put his third finger inside, stretching the other open thoroughly.

"Just like one time. When you tried to, like, kiss me, and I, um, turned away. I thought about us.. doing it."

"Oh," Dream breathed, "If that's the case, then, why didn't you let me kiss you?"

George stammered, his arms still planted over his eyes. "Because, I thought you were joking and, ah, I realized how much I wanted it to be real at that moment." he gasped, bucking his hips up into Dream's touch.

Dream gazed his lips over George's skin. "You should have let me."

George sighed as Dream slowed down his movements, just barely moving his fingers. He pulled his arms off his face, looking down at Dream.

"Okay, but, why did you try to kiss me in the first place?"

Dream stopped, lifting his head up to meet George's eyes, "I, well, I don't know. I just wanted to. And, I tried to convince myself that I was just messing with you but... I simply just wanted to kiss you," he shrugged, pulling his fingers out from George.

"Ah," George whimpered, chest heaving at the loss. "That's kinda gay."

Dream rolled his eyes, pushing his dick into George. "You say that when we're literally having sex right now."

George chuckled lightly, gripping Dream's hips as he bottomed out. "Don't see how that's relevant. Just move, Dream."

Dream gave no arguments to that, snapping his hips into the other.

George gasped out, Dream already hitting right at his prostate roughly. "I, ah, forgot how good this was," He managed to get out between breaths as he was pounded by the other.

"Yeah," Dream grunted in agreement, "Always a pleasure to be back inside you, George."

George choked in embarrassment, he was weak to Dream's dirty talk. He needed to use that against him more.

But, Dream bit his tongue. They could do that later. Right now, all he could feel was his impending orgasm, George's nails against his back, and the slap of skin on skin.

He jerked off George, making him finish after just a few strokes, Dream following soon after. He kissed over the other's face as he gently pulled out.

"Ready to eat?" Dream offered.

"We're doing it backwards, you were supposed to take me out for dinner *first* before sleeping with me."

Dream rolled his eyes, "I couldn't say no when you were begging me to fuck you."

"That definitely didn't happen," George huffed softly in reply.

"Couldn't be interpreted any other way. You're down so bad for me, George. Not able to keep your hands off me for even a moment."

George cast him a look, "Oh really? Why did you specifically carry me in here, then?"

"For sex."

"You're so shameless, you know that?"

Dream grinned, "I have no reason not to be. I mean, my boyfriend always gives me what I want, anyway."

George shook his head as he got off the bed, but he didn't deny that accusation, because, well, it was *true*.

He found himself constantly falling for Dream's little schemes and they both knew that's exactly where George wanted to be.

-  
They actually used the table for once, George taking a quick shower while Dream prepared their food.

It was sizzling when George made his way in, his mouth watering at the smell.

"Mm," he murmured, sitting down as Dream scooped the dish onto his plate. "I like this. You've made it before. Like the first night I was here."

Dream nodded, "Yeah, thought it would be a good throwback."

"Throwback to, like, one month ago?" George chuckled, quickly taking a bite of the food. It was hot, George immediately burning his tongue.

"Weak," Dream snickered, "This is how hot I like the food to be. Just straight off the stove to my mouth," he said, easily popping the literally streaming piece into his mouth.

"How?" George asked, confusion. "Doesn't it burn?"

Dream shook his head, "Only you do that to me, George. Or, maybe it's that you melt me. Mm, we'll just settle on that you do both."

"Hey, no pandering," George scolded.

"Oh, it's not pandering if it's just us. Besides, we both know we stopped doing that a *long* time ago."

-

George was exhausted, barely able to keep his eyes open as they laid in bed together, the only light in the room from Dream's phone.

He yawned, trying to stay awake as he watched whatever Dream was doing.

"Tired, George?" Dream murmured, running his hands through the other's hair.

George sighed, leaning into the touch. He closed his eyes, nodding slowly. Dream turned off his phone, turning to cuddle George fully.

"Okay," Dream said, his lips brushing George's forehead. "I'm glad you're back," he whispered softly.

George hummed, snuggling up into Dream.

Wow, was Dream really this lucky? To have all this? To have George, in his bed, in his arms?

What a score.

Dream fell asleep, a smile lingering on his lips.

-

#### Chapter End Notes

people keep asking how i write them if i haven't watched their videos, which i said in like the first chapter, and i just watched a lot of tiktoks over a few weeks and just pieced it together from there

## Chapter 13

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George was woken by Dream pattered softly back into the room, the bed dipping slightly as he sat down. He didn't even know that he had left.

George squinted over at him, the room illuminated by the sunlight behind the curtains. He could see Dream was holding something, but he wasn't awake enough to try to find out what. George closed his eyes again, his face scrunching up when Dream placed something warm on his cheek.

"What the?" he grumbled, picking it up and looking at the green object in confusion.

It was a cookie.. in the shape of a turtle.

He side-eyed Dream, who was grinning at him.

"I baked these for you, but I forgot about them. Aren't they cute?"

George glanced back at the cookie. Dream was so strange sometimes. He gingerly took a bite, the cookie was soft and sweet.

"Mm. Pretty good. Is this our breakfast?" he said slowly, finishing the cookie in a couple bites.

Dream chuckled, "Yeah, it's clearly very nutritious. Want more?"

George sat up fully next to Dream. "I thought you were supposed to be healthy?" he asked, picking one up despite what he was saying.

Dream waved him off dismissively, popping another cookie in his mouth. "I can't let these go to waste. Had to prove I can bake, too. Aren't you impressed?"

"Hm, but, why turtles?"

"Because," Dream grinned, "They remind me of you."

"Really?" George questioned, suspicious of the other's expression, "How so?"

"Old. Slow."

George glared at the other, snatching the cookie out of Dream's hand in protest against the slander. "Oh, you can go suck my dick."

Dream dropped the plate down in his lap, eagerly turning to face George. "What? Are you offering? If so, I'm down."

"It's concerning how ready you are. Isn't that a bit too desperate?"

Dream wagged his finger, "You're missing out on a great opportunity, tsk tsk, George. Next time you'll have to beg me to do it."

George rolled his eyes, munching on the little turtles with Dream. Even though their banter was so stupid and Dream was just, well, how he was, George was enjoying greatly how his morning could

be like this, and how he is sure to have so many more.

That made his heart feel full.

"I didn't get a chance to show you this yesterday," Dream murmured as he guided them over to the closet door.

"Oh no, what could this be?"

Dream didn't respond, just turned the handle and gestured over to the mostly empty side he had prepared for George.

"Oh," George breathed, brushing over one of the hoodie sleeves that were hanging up, "Are these for me?"

Dream smile, "Yeah, I got a little carried away, but, since you always complained about not getting any special treatment with my merch, I got you the entire collection."

George looked at him in silent awe, not thinking his lamentations would actually get him anywhere. There were so many hoodies, basically every available one on the Dream shop, even the special edition and discontinued ones.

"Dream. This is like the most simp thing I've ever seen," George laughed, teasing, but very much pleased by this. He quickly slipped the hoodie on, beaming at how it engulfed him. Dream even got him the oversized ones he liked.

Dream rolled his eyes, a very slight blush on his face. "I'm pretty sure you can't be a simp for someone you had sex with."

George scoffed, "You simp so hard it defies all definitions."

Dream chuckled, curling his hands around George's waist. "Well, I guess it's okay since it's for you," he murmured, leaning down to kiss the other.

George hummed into the kiss, pushing his fingers through Dream's hair. They broke apart gently. "Okay, I got what I wanted. Don't need you anymore," he pestered.

Dream laughed sarcastically. "Haha, very funny," he muttered, kissing down the other's neck.

George shivered, Dream's hands grasping him firmly, more demanding. He felt breathless as the other's teeth dragged over his sensitive skin.

"Want something, Dream?" he taunted.

"Maybe," Dream murmured, sliding his hands up under George's shirt.

They were promptly interrupted by the door bell ringing. Dream cleared his throat, pulling his hands away from George.

They looked at each other awkwardly, their faces both pink and flushed.

Dream straightened (haha) himself out as he walked to the front door, peeking to see who it was.

He opened it, signed the papers he was given and was told that the shipment was left on the curb.

George looked out from behind the door as the guy left. "Oh, my stuff."

There were several boxes that they took inside. "God, George, did you bring your whole house here?" Dream huffed, bringing in the last load and dropping it in their room.

George rolled his eyes, various boxes opened around him, his stuff strewn haphazardly on the floor. "That's what moving in entails, idiot."

Dream sighed dramatically, joining George on the floor. He laid his head on the other's shoulder, pouting. "We were so rudely interrupted. I was about to do unspeakable things to you," he sulked.

"You're fine. We can do that later, *if* you help me unpack."

Dream groaned, sitting up and looking over all the boxes, "Deal. But, you owe me. I get to do whatever I want to you then."

"You do that anyway," George retorted, throwing a shirt at Dream's face.

Dream grumbled, but he was all talk, dutifully helping his boyfriend get all his stuff where he wanted. It was mostly clothes, which filled the whole other side of the closet.

There was, of course, the boring old kitchen and bathroom stuff as well, which, when placing his things inside the master bath, George found he had a whole sink to himself, how special. He also noticed that Dream also bought him a matching robe.

"Seriously, Dream? You bought so much stuff. Like things that I even looked at or thought about, you got me."

Dream shrugged, "I like buying you stuff."

George rolled his eyes, but the fact that Dream remembered all these little details made his heart feel funny.

"Oh, I also bought an electric mixer," Dream grinned, "Just for you, Georgie."

George shook his head, smiling softly, "I should just start saying I need random stuff so you'll buy it for me. Like, hmm, let's see. Oh, I don't have a car, Dream," he giggled.

"I didn't even think about that, damn it," Dream sighed. "We can always go get one."

George was taken aback, "Dream, I was joking. I don't really need a car."

But Dream was already pulling up dealerships on his phone. "What if you need to go somewhere? Just something simple, to get you around. Actually... what the hell, let's just go for something flashy, we can do that. If you insist," he said, smiling.

George was at a loss for words. He didn't really know how to drive. "Let's.. do that later," he coughed, Dream's enthusiasm and generosity was too much sometimes. "I don't even have a driver's license."

Dream stopped, dropping his hand, "You don't have a driver's license? I thought you said you took lessons? Oh god, I can't believe I let you drive my car, with me *in* it."

George rubbed his head guiltily. "I have a permit, I think. I just never got around to passing the actual test. Besides, it's not like we died or anything."

Dream tsked. "That's another thing we have to do. Get a license," he scolded, typing it on his long list of plans on his notes titled 'stuff with George'.

Most of that page was filled with, uh, you know.

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They got chinese takeaway that night, at Dream's suggestion.

"It's gonna be so much better when I can actually take you places," Dream sighed wistfully, scooping a bite of teriyaki chicken in his mouth.

"Like where?" George chuckled, twirling his fork in the chow mein.

"Oh, George," Dream smiled fondly, "I have so many plans for us. I have probably around twenty restaurants to take you to. Obviously Disneyworld and Universal Studios. This sweet beach resort. Busch Gardens," he listed.

"Bush gardens?" George asked incredulously. "Is that like just a field of bushes and plants?"

Dream rolled his eyes. "No, dummy, it's like a theme park," he scoffed at George's lack of culture.

"Well, when can we go?"

Dream shrugged, "Probably soon. It just feels weird going places still. I feel like I'm the only person in Florida taking covid seriously."

"America," George sighed. "Why did I move here again?"

"I *honestly* don't know about that one."

For you, George thought to himself, blushing at the statement, and keeping it to himself.

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George sat on the bed, slightly nervous. They were going to do it tonight. Okay, to be fair, it wasn't like this was an unusual thing, they've done it several times before. But, it was only the second day George had been back. And, they never really had it planned out, just happening spur of the moment.

But, George was anticipating it. Waiting for Dream to take a shower felt antagonizing. George was antsy, not quite back into their groove, making him more anxious about this kind of thing. And, he knew Dream was also expecting it, so it all just combined into making George feel absolutely flustered.

He was startled when Dream walked into the room suddenly, face heated as he stared at the other in just a towel. He hadn't seen Dream like this before. But, George definitely liked it.

"Should I even put on clothes, George?" Dream murmured teasingly. "Since you're gonna take them off me anyway."

George swallowed thickly as Dream cupped his face, kissing him sweetly. He gripped the duvet harshly, feeling uncertain about what to do. Dream deepened the kiss slightly, turning George's face this way and that to his discretion.

George let him lead, relaxing minutely with every kiss Dream placed on him. He was being silly.

There was no reason to be nervous. This was Dream, his Dream that he liked and did this kind of stuff with.

George wrapped his arms around the other's neck, pulling him in closer. Dream hummed in appreciation, licking slightly into George's mouth.

Dream pulled the other up until he was resting in his lap, his hands immediately going under George's shirt, feeling the smooth, warm skin. Jumping right back to earlier before they were interrupted.

George gasped when Dream bit down on his lip, his eyes flying open to see the other's darkened eyes looking intently at him, his pupils blown wide.

"I've been thinking about this all day," he murmured, sending shivers through George's spine.

George was breathless. "What did you think about us doing?"

Dream smirked, brushing his lips over the other's cheek. "Spoilers, George. Spoilers," he whispered.

George took in a sharp breath, letting Dream undress him until he was left in his underwear.

"I also," Dream started, pulling out a box from under his bed, "bought more stuff."

George's eyes widened as Dream opened the lid. It was filled to the brim with... various sex toys and supplies.

"Oh my god, Dream," George gasped, covering his mouth with his hand, blushing furiously. "What is all this?"

Dream grinned. "I wanted to try everything. Here look," he said, pulling out a couple of items to show George. "There's handcuffs, rope, more vibrators cause you seemed to like those, blindfold..." Dream trailed off, pleased with George's flustered reaction.

If George wasn't hard before, he definitely was now, his dick straining against the fabric. He didn't know Dream was into this kinda stuff. Well, maybe it was more that he didn't know that he *himself* was into it. Definitely awakening something in him..

"We can, um," George coughed, "Do one, just pick something more tame to start off."

Dream grinned, pushing the box back under the bed. "Alright. I already know what I want," he said, presenting George with what he held in his hand. "You have to wear this."

George looked down, choking at what the other had. It was a skirt. A very short, *extremely* revealing skirt.

He shakily took it from Dream. "First the panties, now this. Do you have a feminization kink or something?" he grumbled.

"Hmm," Dream considered for a moment. "That's not really why I like it. It's just kinda hot," he smirked, leaning in close to George. "Besides, it's not like I wouldn't wear these things, too."

George's mouth went dry. Dream would wear this? That thought didn't even cross his mind. But, now that was an option that Dream himself offered. George pulled on the skirt, zoning out slightly as he imagined Dream wearing it.

He was pulled back into reality by Dream letting his towel drop to the floor, grabbing the other's face to roughly press their lips together.

"Hot, George," he muttered, brushing his hands over the fabric of the skirt. "Why is everything you do so hot?"

George melted at the kiss and the words, wanting more of Dream's touch. He grabbed at him more harshly, pressing their bodies together.

Dream already had the lube on his fingers, quickly pressing one into George.

He kissed him as he prepared George, enjoying the gasps and whimpers he elicited from the other.

When he thought it was sufficient, Dream removed his fingers, pulling George back onto his lap.

George was panting, his face flushed, and eyes downcast, looking at Dream's dick.

He grinned, pushing George up to line up his dick to go right inside of him.

George let Dream guide him, letting out a slow breath as the other pushed slowly in, pulling George's hips down a little too fast.

George choked out his breaths as he sat fully on the other's dick. It felt big in this position. He yelped when Dream thrusted up into him.

He panted, dropping his head to the other's shoulder. "It's, ah, so deep," he gasped as Dream pushed George's hips down, his hands on the other's waist.

"You like it," Dream murmured lowly in George's ear, his ghosting breath making him whimper.

"Ah," George cried as Dream thrusted up and pushed him down at the same time. He felt a little delirious, Dream slamming up into his prostate. It was so intense, so deep. But, *way* too slow.

"Dream," George breathed as the other bounced him up and down on his dick.

"Yes?" Dream asked, pressing kisses onto George's neck, his grip on his waist intense and firm.

"Mmf," George groaned, Dream driving up roughly into him. He picked up his head from the other's shoulder. "It goes in, ugh, too deep like this, and," he gasped, "You're going too slow." George felt insanely close to the edge, with Dream's thrusts and his dick brushing the skirt when he moved up and down. But, it wasn't enough to give him release.

"Alright," Dream sighed, pulling George off and quickly spinning him around so they were facing away from each other.

George didn't get a chance to respond as Dream went inside him again from behind, pushing his head down on the bed.

George was bent as far as he could go, his face pressed into the pillows as Dream held his hips up high in the air, slamming into him.

George let out ragged breaths, his head dizzy from the pleasure, his legs shaking as Dream fucked him.

"Hold up your skirt," Dream demanded, sliding his hand down to George's dick.

George complied, pulling it up and out of the way as Dream jerked his dick roughly. George came almost the second the other touched him, his cum spilling onto the bed instead of on the skirt. Which is why Dream told him to move it, George realized as he caught his breath, waiting for Dream to finish.

Dream chuckled. "So obedient," he muttered, his thrusts getting more erratic as he came inside George. He stayed there for a moment, blinking the daze out of his eyes. George started to squirm when Dream took longer than usual to pull out.

Dream raked his eyes over the sight for just a second. George was barely kept decent with the small, tight skirt. His flushed face was pressed deeply into the bed, making it so he was exposed for Dream.

Dream pulled out with a sigh, releasing his hold. George immediately laid on his side, covering himself back up.

George looked away, feeling slightly embarrassed even though he knew he shouldn't be, mostly that he just did as he was told.

Dream kissed him gently. "Aww. No need to be shy, George," he teased.

"You take it from behind in a skirt and then tell me how you feel," George grumbled.

Dream smiled, "Sure, George. I'm down for that anytime."

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#### Chapter End Notes

im getting too invested in this story...

i also like obsessively read the comments like everyday. i really appreciate what you guys say, I've never had a fanfic do this well 😊

## Chapter 14

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The next week was busy. Filled with moving in all of George's stuff, setting up everything and, for once, taking everyone by total surprise, they had a bit of a dry spell.

Dream sighed, stretching on the bed as they finally unpacked and put away the last box. It's been a hell of a week. They haven't really gotten a break as Dream insisted they get everything done so it could just be over with.

"It's so hot," George whined, flopping down beside Dream. It was right at the edge of the summer season, basically boiling with the Florida heat that just refused to settle down for fall quite yet.

Dream rolled his eyes, "You're the one who turned the thermostat up. I like to keep it a fresh 60 degrees (15.5 C) *maximum*. But, you said you were freezing last night and changed it even though I said you're not allowed to touch it."

"I'm not used to this weather," George grumbled. "And, it was way too cold yesterday, I was literally shaking."

Dream turned over to face the other. "I'm supposed to be the one to warm you up, George. I can make you feel hot and bothered easily, anytime."

George huffed. "Well, can you cool me down now? Cause that's what I need."

Dream reached over, lifting up the other's shirt. "Of course, I have a simple fix. Just take off your clothes, George. That'll cool you down."

George rolled his eyes, squinting over at Dream. "That will definitely backfire and make us both overheat."

Dream gasped in feigned offense. "What do you take me for, George? I'm just trying to help you out, no scandalous ulterior motives. I'm offended you would even think that," he pouted dramatically.

George side-eyed him, his tone having an edge of challenge. "Oh, really? So, you can keep your hands to yourself now, all of the sudden?"

Dream nodded firmly, gaze transfixed on the other as George slowly lifted off his shirt and tossed it on the floor. He cleared his throat, thoughts dropping down deep into the gutter.

"No temptation at all?" George asked, unzipping his pants. Dream took a moment to actually hear those words, his eyes flicking up to the other when he finally did, voice having only a slight shake as he replied, "No, not at all. Like I said, I'm perfectly innocent."

"Hmm," George murmured, sliding his pants off as Dream watched. "Maybe I was too quick to judge you then."

"Yeah, I'm not some horndog, George," Dream scoffed, the bite in his words being lost at how he was in awe that George just stripped right in front of him. Dream was straining to not reach out and touch, grab. When was the last time they had sex again? Dream couldn't remember.

George leaned back on his elbows, showing himself off subtly. He leaned his head to the side, exposing his neck seductively. "I guess it's a little less hot now." He looked over at the other, the corners of his mouth lifting up in a smirk. "Hmm, you look a little warm too, Dream. Need to cool down as well?" George teased.

Dream flushed, George easily noticed how he was.. enthusiastically reacting to, for a lack of a better description, GeorgeNotClothed. But, this was a little game and Dream didn't want to break first.

"Nah, I think I'm good. I don't feel hot at all."

George quirked his eyebrow. "Really?" he said lowly, reaching over and picking up Dream's hand. He placed the other's palm on his chest, slowly guiding it over his skin. "How about now?"

Dream swallowed thickly, letting George maneuver his hand over his body. All he wanted was to get out of his clothes and get in George. But, he didn't know if the other was just teasing him and would pull away as soon as Dream tried something.

He rubbed his neck uncertainly, "Well, maybe a little bit. You did turn the thermostat up pretty high."

George grinned, dropping Dream's hand and running his finger across the bottom of the other's shirt. "Here, I'll help you," he said simply, like he didn't know exactly what he was doing, tugging up the clothes. He got it off easily, then moved down to the button of Dream's pants.

There was an obvious tent there, but George ignored it, pulling them off in a quick motion.

"Not really that much cooler," Dream muttered. "Go turn up the A/C."

"Hm," George hummed. "Maybe you should take this off instead." he said, sliding a finger under the band of Dream's underwear. "That might help."

"I- well-" Dream started, but stuttered to a stop when George pulled them off. Dream's face burned, not used to being so exposed and the other still basically fully clothed.

George brushed very lightly over Dream's side, making him shiver at the touch.

"Excited, Dream?" George murmured, leaning in closer, his face and tone a leer.

Dream was very *obviously* excited and hard, George could clearly see that. But, deny till you die was his motto, after all.

"Of course not," Dream scoffed, gaining back some of his composure he lost from George's sheer cockiness. "Why would I be excited?"

George shrugged, "I dunno. Just seemed like you were, nevermind then." He scooted closer, keeping just a small amount of space between them.

"Why? Are you excited, George?"

He smiled, twirling his finger in Dream's hair. "Oh, you wouldn't be able to tell."

Dream glanced down, George had his leg curled up, covering himself from view. He groaned internally as the other slid his hand down Dream's face gently.

"You seem warm still, George. Here, let me take these off," Dream offered, reaching down to

remove the last of the other's clothes.

George stopped his hands. "But, there's no need, I feel fine."

"What's the problem? It'll cool you down more. Unless, there's something you don't want me to see?" Dream asked innocently, playing along with whatever the other was doing, trying to use the game against him.

George faltered for a moment, but released his hold on Dream. "No, I've got nothing to hide."

"Great," Dream breathed, stripping him quickly. He looked down, smirking that George was indeed as excited as he was.

Dream brushed over the other's dick, just barely.

George sucked in a breath. "Dream," he warned.

"I was just moving my hands back up," He defended. George rolled his eyes, looking right back into Dream's gaze, just watching each other for a moment.

They were extremely close, but, excruciatingly still too far apart. They both held their breaths, waiting for the other to do something. Anxiously anticipating.

George placed his hand on the other's hip. "Well, now I feel a little cold.." he trailed off as Dream immediately jumped on top of him.

He grinded them together, pressing George's lips to his, pouring out everything he was holding back. George whimpered underneath him, panting at the sudden intensity.

Dream wasted absolutely no time, quickly prepping the other so he could fuck him. George offered no protest, gasping as Dream pressed three fingers inside him hurriedly.

George was burning up, sweat beading down his forehead. He groaned, it was now extremely too hot in here.

Dream pressed the tip into him. "Ugh," George huffed, stopping him in his tracks. "You have to turn the heat down first."

Dream rolled his eyes, slowly pushing inside. "I'm already in you, George. It's too late for that."

George planted his hands firmly on Dream's chest, trying to push him away. "No, it's actually too hot, Dream. I'm gonna pass out."

Dream sighed, bottoming out. George threw his head back, but his hands were still on Dream's chest, keeping him away. He was panting heavily, his skin flushed more than usual.

"Fine," Dream grumbled, going to pull out of George, then, after a quick consideration, he stopped. "Actually, since this whole thing is your fault, you're gonna come with me."

George snapped his head up, "What?"

Dream didn't give him a chance to protest, scooping up the other into his arms as he stood up. George immediately wrapped his legs and arms around Dream.

"Ah," he cried, sinking deeper onto Dream's dick. His breaths were ragged against the other's neck. "You're so, hng, deep like this."

Dream grinned, starting to walk to the hallway. His steps bounced George up and down, making him let out strangled noises. "Yeah? Sounds to me that you like it, huh?" George buried his face in the other's shoulder, trying to muffle the sounds he made as Dream walked, not giving him the answer he wanted, the one that would have to agree with that statement.

Dream pressed George against the wall to hold him up as he turned the temperature down. The A/C buzzed to life, blowing cool air over them. Dream turned back to the other, brushing the matted hair off his forehead.

He placed his hands on George's waist. "Want me to fuck you right here?" he whispered in the other's ear. "Since, you seem to be enjoying it."

George barely got to nod in response before Dream grinned, thrusting up into him, making George gasp, unable to do anything but be roughly fucked as he was pressed tightly against the wall.

He dug his nails into the other's shoulders, trying to get purchase. Dream's hips were snapping up into him relentlessly. He slammed into George's prostate, making him groan.

"Touch yourself," Dream instructed, voice low and breathless in the other's ear.

George shakily complied, gripping his dick with a whimper. Dream usually did this for him, but, both his hands were busy keeping George from falling. He stroked it a little too roughly, gasping at the overwhelming pleasure.

"Cum, George. I wanna see."

George screwed his eyes shut, the words settling low in his gut. Dream pulled back slightly as George did what he was told, very aware of the other's burning gaze on him.

George choked as he finished, slowly down his motions slightly, his head craned back against the wall. Dream was quiet, the other slowly opened his eyes to look at him.

Dream was staring straight at him, his mouth slightly open, his breaths heavy. His eyes were low and dark, locked onto George's hand on himself.

The intensity of it made George flush deeper. Dream's hips stuttered slightly, his eyes widening as he realized the other saw him looking. He pressed closer, resting his head against George's shoulder to hide the slight embarrassment as he finished, panting as he slowed to a stop.

They just stayed there for a moment, Dream leaning to kiss slowly over George's neck.

"Are you going to let me down?"

Dream laughed breathlessly, "Why? Is it not comfortable being pressed against a wall?"

"I'd definitely say I prefer the bed."

"Ah, of course. Always such a pillow princess, George."

George sunk his nails in Dream as retaliation. "This is *not* true. You already admitted I'm the better top, might I add."

Dream hummed in amusement, "Really? But, I never lie to you. Strange to hear I started doing so now."

George huffed as he was set back onto his feet, which only trembled *slightly*, shooting Dream a

sharp look as a warning not to comment, which the other just chuckled at that.

"You need to be put in your place," George muttered, pointing an accusatory finger at the defiant in question.

Dream raised an eyebrow, grin wide as he leaned in close to the other. "Oh, is that so? If you must, then, I guess you can do it. Punish me, George."

There was no backing down at this point.

"Why do you always talk about punishment, Dream? Are you actually into that?"

Dream shrugged, a playful smile over his face. "You just threaten me in such a tempting way. And, I dunno, maybe, I am. Depends on what exactly you plan to do to me."

George rolled his eyes, making his way to their room, Dream following along after him, "I wouldn't even know what to do. Although... Before, like, a long time ago, you said you had too many kinks. But, you wouldn't tell me what they were," George said, turning around and trapping Dream in between him and the now shut bedroom door, "Tell me now."

Dream swallowed, unprepared for this demand from George. "I mean, well, you already found out about like all of them. Cause, I already did them to you," he explained.

"Hmm," George hummed, squinting intently at Dream, "No way. You have to have more. You're just hiding them."

"What would they even be?"

George thought for a moment, considering. "Not sure. I'll list some off and you tell me if you have it. Or would like to do it. For research purposes, of course."

Dream shifted, looking off to the side, unsure of what he even *did* secretly like, maybe it was even hidden to himself.

Okay, to be fair, he wasn't some degenerate. Everything he wanted them to try would be palatable for the viewers, of course. It was really just for fun, not something he needed to do to get off or anything. Dream just simply liked messing with George sometimes. Or, if he was feeling that particular way, George messing with him.

"Fine. Name some."

George smiled, pleased. He grabbed his phone, presumably looking for a generic list.

He cleared his throat, "Okay, first one. Choking."

Dream shrugged, "Eh. Not particularly, but it's not like I'm not against it."

George quickly typed in something, hiding his phone from Dream when he tried to peek over to see what he was doing.

Dream huffed, pouting as he sat back. It felt like he was being analyzed for a study.

"What about dirty talk?"

"Come on, that one is obvious," Dream sighed. George grinned, adding to his notes.

"Next one. Bondage."

Dream coughed slightly, "I was, um, planning on that. With the stuff I bought."

George nodded like that was a valuable data point. "Degradation?"

"No," Dream shook his head. "I like being told nice things more."

George's smile widened, placing his phone down, finding exactly what he was looking for. "Oh? So then you like praise?"

"Doesn't everybody?" Dream laughed nervously at George now crowding into his space.

"I guess, but, I think you like it *much* more than usual," George teased. "Actually, didn't you make me praise you for like five minutes one time?"

Dream did, in fact, do that. He didn't think it would come back to bite him like this though.

He scratched the back of his head, mumbling, "Well, I did deserve it for the video idea."

George hummed, turning to sit on Dream's lap. He ran his hands down the other's chest. It had been far too long since Dream bottomed..

"So," he whispered in the other's ear, "What would you like me to say? To praise you?"

Dream swallowed nervously, uncertainly. "Uhh, something nice? I guess?"

George dragged his lips over Dream's face, making him shiver. "Yeah," he breathed, "But, do you want something like: 'You're such a good boy, Dream'?" The other sucked in a sharp breath at the words, but, even more at George's tone. It was so low and intentional. There was a slight rasp in his voice, making Dream's head swim.

"Yeah, that's.. that's okay," Dream stuttered as George gently bit his neck, licking at the mark his teeth left in the skin.

"Just okay?" George murmured, attempting to go further, "What about something like: 'So perfect and willing for me, Dream'," George said, placing his hand on the other's dick, making him let out a gasp, "'So pretty, getting all hard. Making me want to fuck you,'" George said, pulling back to look at Dream, to see if this was having any affect.

It clearly was, Dream completely flustered as he stuttered, face flushed, eyes wide. "I- well, um-" he choked as George grinded his palm down on him.

George was pleased at the reaction, "Something like that? Combine the praise with the dirty talk?" Dream nodded, his eyelashes fluttering shut, his breath strained.

Then, George suddenly pulled away and Dream's eyes shot open. "What-" he started, but the other interrupted him, placing a finger on his lips.

He got up and pulled something out of the drawer, tossing it to Dream with a smirk. "It's your turn."

Dream looked down. It was the skirt. He did say that he wouldn't mind wearing it.

He quickly undressed as George walked somewhere else. He grit his teeth when he pulled the skirt up, the fabric brushing against his sensitive, and, by the way, utterly neglected, he sulked internally, dick.

He looked up, watching as George wheeled his desk chair over in front of his hanging wall mirror. He sat down and gestured to Dream to come over to him.

Dream got up, feeling self conscious of how short this skirt was. It was already small on George, but Dream was much taller than him. He had to pull it extremely low on his hips to keep himself at least somewhat decent.

Dream felt nervous at how George was watching him so intently as he walked over. The other grinned, running his hands over the cloth when Dream stood in front of him.

Dream looked away, his face red as George brazenly raked his eyes over him.

Dream whipped his head back when he heard a small click. George giggled at his phone, looking at the picture he took of the other.

"Hey," he protested as Dream snatched the phone from his hand. He was fuming, about to delete the picture forever. But, as he looked over the photo, it was, well.. He coughed, bringing a hand up to cover his embarrassed face.

Dream threw the phone on the bed, climbing onto George's lap.

"You said I could take pictures," George pouted.

Dream pressed his face into the other's neck. "I, um, didn't delete it," he mumbled.

George stroked his hands down Dream's back. "Oh really? Why? Did you like it?"

Dream didn't respond, but George could see the tips of his ears turn red. That was an admission of itself.

He kissed Dream deeply, grasping his waist in a tight hold. He responded enthusiastically, wanting more.

"You look so good like this, Dream. Can't keep my hands off of you," George murmured.

Dream gasped slightly into the kiss, moving closer to the other. Why did that turn him on so much??

George pushed the other's back towards him, slotting them together as tightly as they could. Dream panted, feeling overwhelmed.

George slowed down the heated kiss, then pulled away from Dream. He caught his breath slowly, enjoying watching the other act so desperately like this.

"Get the lube."

Dream stood up immediately, legs slightly shaking as he grabbed the bottle and handed it over. He was stopped from sitting back down by George's hand on his hip.

"Turn around," he instructed, enjoying how the other was listening so well as Dream followed what he was told, facing away from George.

He looked straight ahead at his reflection. The realization of what George wanted to do was making his face burn again.

George grabbed Dream's hips, guiding him back to sit on his lap, this time backwards.

Dream sucked in a breath as he sat down, looking over himself at this position. Sitting naked besides a short skirt on George's lap, whose head was resting on his shoulder, the other opening gazed at the view as well.

George reached a hand around to the other's front, brushing on the edges of the fabric that was barely covering Dream.

He got to see every single movement, which was making Dream feel light-headed, watching as George's hand disappeared under his skirt, reaching deep up inside of him.

Dream's eyes were fixated, unable to look away as George spread him open, placing a second finger into him.

"Do you like it, Dream?" George murmured, increasing his pace, "Now you can see how good you look when you get fucked."

Dream's mouth parted, his breaths becoming ragged. He sucked in a sharp breath when George inserted a third finger, driving them up into Dream's prostate.

He pushed down into them, becoming impatient. He just wanted more. More touching, more talking, more of George.

He whined as the other continued to prep him, going far too slowly. "What do you want, Dream?"

Dream whimpered, seeing his dick strain against the fabric of the skirt. "More," he breathed.

"But, I like seeing you like this. So enthusiastic, just for my fingers," George chuckled lowly.

Dream swallowed thickly. George's eyes were dark and fixed directly on his reflection. Though it was what he asked for and meant they would move on now, he still sighed when George slowly pulled his fingers out.

Dream eagerly pushed back, sitting up slightly to get the other inside of him.

George laughed, "Excited are we? Wait just a second." He spread the lube over himself, teasing and making the other wait, flashing a wicked grin when Dream started to complain again, giving in to the needy demands and placing a hand on the other's thigh, pulling on his hips to guide him.

Dream sank down on George's dick, gasping at the feeling since it's been so long for him to be taking it. He sat all the way down, George's hands a harsh grip on his waist.

George bit hard on the other's neck, pushing him up and down to build a rhythm.

Dream choked out his breaths, driving himself down. He tried to keep his eyes open to watch. George looked so completely lustful, seeing Dream all exposed and desperate for him.

It all felt so overwhelming. Dream arched his back as George slammed into his prostate. His lungs felt pained with how much he was trying to breathe.

"You're so hot, Dream. An absolute wreck, I can't take my eyes off you," George whispered into his ear, making Dream whimper pathetically. He twisted his head back to kiss George, panting into his mouth.

Dream came then, without even being touched, well besides his dick brushing against the skirt. He finished as George watched, still thrusting him up and down.

George pulled them both up, bending the other over the arm of the chair. Dream was fucked so roughly, whining at the overstimulation. George finished quickly, driving in as deep as he could as he came inside of the other.

Dream laid heavily on the chair, bent over extremely far for George. He slowly pulled out of Dream, but still pressed his hands down on his back, keeping him there.

Dream's face was squished against the seat, looking shyly at the mirror. The skirt was ridden way up, the position he was in was exposing him provocatively, feeling like a complete mess.

George grinned as Dream's face grew red, glaring at him to let him get up.

"Well, did you like it, Dream?" George teased.

Dream sighed, nodding as much as he could with his face against the chair.

George smiled sweetly at the response he was given, letting Dream stand up on wobbly legs.

"Aw. You got the skirt dirty," George scolded.

Dream pulled it down to cover himself up, keeping his back to the other.

"I have more," he muttered softly.

George ran his fingers down the side of the fabric. "Hmm. That's good."

Dream slowly turned to face George. "I took it from behind in a skirt. Happy now?" he questioned.

Yes, making him adhere to his promise from before, that was really the goal.

"Mm," George hummed, pleased, "I am *very* satisfied. Such a good boy for me, Dream."

"How is this even a punishment when I like it so much?" Dream murmured, pressing a kiss to the other's lips.

George laughed softly, "What? You still wanna do that? Another round already?"

"It hurts me to turn down that offer, so much, George, you don't even know," Dream sighed with a small smile, "But, I think, now, you're the one trying to kill me."

"Hey, I'm just trying to help you live out your fantasies. You should be grateful, on your knees, *thanking* me."

"Ugh," Dream griped so wistfully, "You're so cruel to taunt me with such hard to deny propositions like this."

"Ah, you're right," George replied, "I think we'll need to take a break for a couple weeks to let you recuperate and all."

Dream rolled his eyes, "And, you'll just have to end up trying to seduce me like last time as I refuse your advances."

"I knew you were doing it on purpose."

"Of course," Dream grinned, "I had to see how far you were going to take it, and my *god*, did I get rewarded."

George huffed, "You're just making it so I'll have to put you in the thong next time."

"You know you need to threaten me with stuff I don't want to do, right?"

"Sometimes I think you're actually just obsessed with yourself, wearing these things and looking at you wearing them turns you on or something," George replied, exasperated.

"That's neither here nor there," Dream said, amused, "Besides, it turns you on even more."

George shrugged, "I always love a little show."

Dream leaned in for another kiss, murmuring, "Mm, that is why you're here, after all."

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#### Chapter End Notes

Dream in a skirt hehe

## Chapter 15

### Chapter Notes

(I just feel like I should warn that this chapter has rimming in it)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George woke up, the first thing he saw was Dream standing over him, his suitcases packed behind the other.

There was an odd silence.

"Uh, are you kicking me out?" George asked uncertainly.

"No? What?" Dream replied, confused, "We're leaving soon, I was waiting for you to finally wake up."

That only made more questions for George, his eyebrows drawn together, bewildered by this all of the sudden. "Where are we going?"

Dream seemed to catch on to what was going on in their conversation now, the reaction making sense. "Oh, yeah. I must have forgotten to actually *tell* you, but, we're going out for your birthday. Guess that makes more sense why you didn't pack your bags, so I had to do it for you."

George perked up, as even if these plans were sudden, it wasn't like they were unappreciated.  
"Really? We actually get to leave the house?"

"Only since it's a special occasion."

The road trip (now that interstate is filled with memories) to Dream's undisclosed destination was fairly uneventful, especially as the drive wasn't very far, I just wanted to reference the song for some reason.

Even still, George fell asleep during the car ride, always having to keep on brand, of course. Dream poked his cheek when they parked. George just sighed in response, not wanting to be awake yet.

Dream would be annoyed more by the other sleeping, but, since George wasn't going to get much sleep tonight he would let it slide. He grinned to himself at that thought.

Dream got out of the car and unlocked the front door, surveying over their little weekend getaway.

He smiled, pleased by the accommodations, going back and opening George's door. Dream carefully unclicked the seat belt, trying to pick up the other to at least get him inside if he was going to stubbornly stay asleep.

This finally woke up George, who blinked in confusion as Dream murmured, "We're here. Come on, get up, I almost had to carry you."

"Damn it, missed an opportunity."

Dream rolled his eyes, pulling on George's hand until he exited the car, the other looking around where they ended up with surprise.

They made their way up the few steps, Dream pressing his face gently in George's hair as they stepped through the threshold.

George looked over at the little beach house they entered, it was basically just one big room with all the provided amenities in a studio style arrangement. The decor was really flowy, with long breezy curtains and smooth wooden furniture.

George looked over Dream's shoulder to see outside the door behind them, the waves on the beach crashing gently just a little ways away from where they were standing.

"Oh," George breathed, locking eyes with the other, who was beaming brightly. "What do you think?" Dream asked softly, pleased with George's awe filled face.

"It's nice, of course, just.. nothing I was expecting," George replied slowly, walking forward slightly, a smile starting to split across his features as he halted in his tracks, whipping around to face the other.

"I think you've outdone me," George breathed, pulling Dream into a warm hug, "This is actually a pretty good present."

Dream chuckled, "Glad you like it."

George looked up at him. "I wanna go in the water," he said, tugging the other with him to the shore. It was the late afternoon, the air slightly cooler and the sand warm against their feet.

George laughed as he stepped into the shallow water. "I've never said anything, but I've really been wanting to go to the beach, like, ever since I got here. I just.. I knew we couldn't."

Dream looked down, knowing that was because of him, kicking the water slightly. "I would have made it happen if you asked. Shit, I should have known that you would want to go," he said, sighing regrettfully.

George pulled on Dream's arm. "Well, you still did. By the way, did you rent out this entire beach or something?" His gaze flicking over the complete seclusion they had around them.

"Only somewhat.. Since it's the end of the usual season, there aren't many people anyway. But, yes, I did pull a few strings for this."

George smiled, his chest feeling ready to burst. This was too good, right? Man, if he knew it was going to be like this, he would have bagged Dream way sooner. It was just better, in every conceivable aspect.

To alleviate this overwhelming emotion, George suddenly crashed into the other, basically tackling him down in a furious embrace. Dream let out a sound of surprise as they splashed into the water, soaking them both.

"George," Dream scolded breathlessly, trapped on his back with the other on top of him. George shushed him with a kiss, lifting Dream's face up out of the water. The water washed over them gently, their clothes sticking to their skin.

George shivered, releasing Dream's face as a chilly breeze made him very aware of how dripping wet he was.

"Let's go inside, George."

"Isn't it convenient that there's a door directly to the bathroom so you don't have to walk through the house?" Dream said enthusiastically as he quickly stripped George from his soaking clothes.

George giggled, feeling a little shaky. "Very cool, Dream. I definitely am very interested in hearing more about these features," he murmured, looking up at the other through his eyelashes. Dream removed his own clothes as well, laying them all on a drying rack.

He turned on the shower, brushing across George's slightly chilled skin, causing him to suck in a breath. Dream grinned. "So sensitive today, George," he scolded playfully, feeling the water temperature.

He looked back at the other who was watching him with darkened eyes, gaze locked low. What happened to eyes up here, George?

He was impatient, pushing Dream in the shower, too distracted to feel the warm water against his body. George grabbed at Dream demandingly, pushing them close together, pressing the other against the wall.

"I can't explain it," George whispered, "I just *want* you." He connected their lips together heatedly, the intensity he demanded made them both pant, kisses quickly growing sloppy.

Dream flipped them around, lifting the other's leg up into the crook of his elbow. His erection bumped against George's, his other hand pressing the other firmly against the shower wall. "I'll give you what you want, George. No problem."

He stuck his fingers in George's mouth, pressing them down on his tongue. The other's breath was ragged, eyes downcast as he wet Dream's fingers.

Dream watched, feeling way too much pleasure at the way George was sucking at him, getting lightheaded as all the blood rushed down low. Dream moved his fingers slightly, poking them against George's cheek.

He pushed them back slightly, George's eyes snapping up at him, letting out a small strangled noise. Dream removed his fingers slowly, dragging them against George's teeth. Okay, he definitely liked that way too much. Noted.

"Oh, wait. There's conveniently a bottle of lube in here, guess I didn't need to use your mouth for prep."

"You did this on purpose," George grumbled, watching Dream pull out the container literally out of thin air.

"I had to see how far you could take me," Dream murmured, making the other cough to hide his reaction to that statement.

George's eyes followed Dream's hand as it went down, dipping underneath him. His face scrunched, head falling back against the tile as Dream pressed the two fingers immediately into George. They weren't wasting any time, and he could definitely take it, but, still. Two felt like a lot

when it was sudden like this.

George's eyes screwed shut, gasping out as Dream shoved his fingers up, twisting them inside of him. The other licked hotly at the other's collarbone, making him shudder.

Dream was getting impatient as well, quickly slamming his fingers in and out of George. He placed a third digit in already, making the other cry out in a strangled whimper when Dream thrust right into his prostate. They wanted it rough today.

It seemed George was ready enough. Dream removed his fingers, slicking his palm and covering his dick in the lube, lining himself up.

Dream pressed urgently into the other, sliding in hard and fast. George whined, feeling the stretch more with their hurry, how he wasn't given a second to adjust. Dream was going to wreck him, and that's exactly what he wanted.

"Hng," George whimpered, not knowing whether to slow Dream's hips down or pull them in. "So, ah, so *much*," he groaned, gasping when the other was fully inside of him.

"Mm, you're just so tempting today, George," Dream murmured, "Is that your way of asking me for more, hm?" George swallowed thickly, unable to move down into the other in this position, straining against Dream who was holding him still, waiting for an answer.

"Please."

At that, Dream's lips curled into a wide grin, he started thrusting, and, as he was in full control of the pace, he made sure to drive as deep as he could inside George, of course.

The roughness only made it that much more intense, George being able to feel every inch of the other at each stroke. He panted as Dream slammed his hips up inside him, hitting George's prostate intently and harshly, making him choke.

"Do you like it, George?" Dream murmured, low and teasing, pushing in at that same spot to make him gasp out again.

"Nng, yeah," George managed as Dream pushed him down onto him. His hand was planted on the wall of the shower, George's leg still slung over his arm, giving him easy access to the other.

George could hardly breathe, Dream absolutely pounding into him with no mercy. He choked as the other wrapped a hand around his dick, jerking him off along with the relentless thrusts. George came quickly after that, his breaths being punched out of him as he finished.

Dream pulled out, spilling out onto George's stomach.

"Aw, why.. why'd you pull out?"

Dream chuckled, "Because, this won't be the last round for today. Don't want to make you too much of a mess quite yet."

George turned red at that, turning away in embarrassment as he muttered a soft, "Oh."

"Why? Do you like it when I cum inside you?" Dream teased.

George's blush spread even further, the answer evident from his reaction, but he denied it nevertheless, "No, I was just asking. No need to project what you secretly like onto me," he

defended weakly, washing off under the stream of water.

Dream smirked, George was such a bad liar.

One thing led to another and, after promising he wouldn't get soap in the other's eyes, Dream was massaging the shampoo into George's hair.

"Don't you think I spoil you too much?" Dream sighed with soft amusement, his nails scratching gently and soothing against the other.

George hummed. "Hm, I think you could always do more."

Dream rolled his eyes, scolding, "So hard to please you, George."

"Well, I guess you're doing pretty well right now."

George leaning his whole body back into the other, utterly relaxed, not wanting this attention on him to end. Dream slid his soapy hands down his shoulders, brushing down his chest and stomach. George let out a content breath, letting Dream's hands wander. He poured more soap on his hands, dragging them down George's back and along his sides.

He turned George around to face him, washing the other thoroughly. Dream bent down, running his palms down George's thighs, looking up at the other when his face just so happened to be right in front of his dick.

George was peering down at him, watching as Dream licked a stripe slowly on his dick, their eyes locked.

George sucked in a sharp breath, his eyes following as Dream stood all the way back up. He gripped George's dick with his soapy hands, rubbing it gently with the premise of getting it 'clean'.

George, of course, hardened immediately against Dream's administrations, his mouth parting as they both watched Dream jerk him off.

Then he stopped, with much grumbling from George, making him rinse off in the water. Dream placed a firm hand on the other's back, making him bend over. George grunted, placing his forearms on the wall for stability.

"Ughh, Dream," George huffed, "I'm clean enough." Okay, maybe he was ready for another round, pushing to get that started.

Dream just pulled his legs apart further as a response, George confused as the other went down on his knees behind him.

George felt as the other spread him apart slightly, blushing furiously at where Dream was looking.

"What should we do about the lube inside you? Should I use my mouth?"

George's eyes shot open wide, unsure what the hell he could even say in reply to *that*.

"Do you.. do you want to?" George whispered, completely thrown off guard.

Dream's face pressed in closer, making the other nearly jump as his breath ghosted over him, "That's why I offered."

George's head was all fuzzy for a moment, his tongue feeling heavy as he tried to answer, utterly

flustered. "I, well, it's not, I mean, that's fine and all, if you're *sure*."

Dream laughed lightly. "Of course," he murmured, sliding his tongue slowly over George.

It was so strange, so sensitive, the feeling of Dream's mouth on him right there, of all places, so undeniably *good*.

He trembled slightly, unable to do anything but take this oddly pleasurable touch, gasping as Dream circled and licked around him.

George choked as he felt the tongue start to press inside him. "Oh my god, holy *shit*," he gaped at being so gently, yet, so hotly opened up this way.

He jerked when Dream hummed a satisfied response against him, pathetic moans falling past his lips in a ceaseless stream, tightening around as the other pushed deeper in.

George slammed his head against the tile, struggling to hold himself up, letting out a high choked out moan as Dream sealed his lips around him and *sucked*.

"Ah, ugh, Dream," George panted, trying so hard but ultimately couldn't stop himself from pushing back into the other's mouth.

Dream placed a firm grip on the other to keep him in place as he licked and sucked, the wet noises obscene, only turning George on even more.

He could feel as the corners of Dream's lips tugged up into a grin, pleased at how George was falling apart.

Dream slowed, having to hold back his laughter as George's legs shook underneath him, disconnecting from the other, which made George whimper at the loss.

"Look at you, so desperate for just my mouth," Dream teased, "If you're that eager, seems like I'll have no choice but to fuck you right here"

George was literally about to fall over at this point, no way he would be able to take it standing up *again*, especially not right after something like that. "Hng, I want to, but I can't."

"You can't? And, why is that?" Dream murmured, getting up from his kneeling position.

"My legs are about to give out."

Dream chuckled, pulling George away from the wall, the other staying true to his word by nearly collapsing onto the floor, but Dream was there to keep him upright.

He whispered into George's ear, "I hope you can handle it, if you're already this far gone."

George definitely tried his best as he was fucked for the better part of that night.

The next morning Dream woke up in confusion, forgetting the context of the unfamiliar surroundings for a moment. He rubbed his eyes, looking at where one of his hands was trapped. George was laying heavily half on top of him, totally blissed out asleep.

Dream brushed George's messy bedhead off his forehead, smiling fondly. Oh yes, the beach house, George's birthday. The hours of sex. What a great little vacation.

After laying there serenely, Dream running his fingers softly through the other's hair, George started to stir, grumbling at how sore he was, blaming all on Dream, which, to be fair, was entirely his fault.

He chuckled as the other wobbled slightly when he stood up, having to hold onto the bed frame for stability. "You good, George? Was it too much for you last night?"

George glared at him, muttering under his breath as he slammed the bathroom door closed.

Dream grinned wide, the many events of yesterday flashing through his mind. Ah, good times.

He made his way out of bed, quickly preparing breakfast from the few groceries he bought for the trip.

George appeared soon, looking curiously at what the other was making.

Dream placed the plate and glass in front of him. The breakfast was warm and suspiciously packed with nutrients.

"Here, George. You probably need this after the workout you had yesterday," Dream snickered.

George shot him a look. "Haha," he laughed humorlessly. But, after he took a few bites, the food was actually really good, he reluctantly had to admit. His mood softened as he satisfied his hunger, looking at Dream fondly, the one who so kindly fed him.

"What's on the agenda today?"

Dream finished his drink, putting all the dishes away. "Well, since the weather is a little on the cold side today, we have access to these heated pools and jacuzzis. So, I thought we could go there if you wanted."

"Will it just be us?" George asked.

Dream nodded. "Yeah, no one will bother us, don't worry. It's pretty close by as well. I think it's supposed to be like a hot spring type of deal," he elaborated.

"That sounds good."

A quick walk later, they arrived to their destination. The pools were all outside, though, you needed a key to get access inside the gated area.

They made their way in, Dream turning on the jets and heater, sliding in the water besides George. Of course, they made sure to try each and every one of the different jacuzzis and hot tubs, even dipping their feet into one of the normal pools for a bit, the water too cool to submerge in fully.

Their time was relaxing, settling into the one they both agreed was the best, being more enclosed with these heavy fabric walls that were set around providing shade and more privacy.

Soon, Dream drifted closer to the other, hands wandering fast and lips pressed with devious intent against George's neck.

He laughed, breathless and nervous. "Dream," George warned. "I really doubt we're allowed to do anything in here."

Dream only drew closer. "What do you mean? I'm not doing anything," he murmured, palming George over his swim shorts.

Even though he tried not to, George was getting excited by the touch. He scolded the other, though, he was still leaning up into the hand on him. "Dream! There's no way we can do this here."

Everything went out of the window when Dream sat down on his lap, George's morals blurring as the other grinded against him.

"But I want to touch you, George," Dream whined, pressing them close together.

George's face burned, letting out a slow breath. "Fine. But, just.. get us off quickly. I don't want to get in trouble."

Dream grinned, pulling George's hard dick out from his shorts. He grabbed both their erections in his hand, rubbing his hand up and down over them.

George panted as he watched Dream's hand glide over them, feeling slightly guilty. But, the pleasure was winning out, so he let himself be taken by Dream.

The water around them was warm, creating a nice atmosphere as Dream got them off. George felt himself getting close, his eyes widening in horror as he realized that would mean he would cum in this public pool.

"Wait!" he gasped, stopping Dream's hand with his own. "We can't, uh, finish in the water."

Dream lulled his head to the side, looking for a solution. He grabbed one of their extra towels by the edge of the pool.

"Okay, do it on this then."

George gritted his teeth. That was a bit better at least. Dream moved them up so the water only reached up to their thighs.

He continued his administrations, movements becoming more desperate as they both got close. George placed the towel over them, unfortunately blocking the view. He groaned as a rough thrust of Dream's hand made him come undone.

George finished on the towel, Dream followed soon after. He cringed, knowing they definitely deserved a sentence of horny jail for this one.

But, Dream was satisfied, not seeming to care at all as he threw the towel to the side, connecting them into a kiss.

-  
They had a nice dinner, and a great time for the rest of the weekend at the beach house. They spent hours on the beach on the more sunny day, seeing who could go the furthest into the water.

On George's birthday, Dream took them out to a nice restaurant, like a gentleman, then spent the entire rest of the day in bed, getting fucked for most of it, since George was in charge after all.

Dream, obviously, showered George with plenty of gifts. One of which was a key to a car Dream bought for him.

-

"You sure you wanna leave, George?"

He sighed, packing the rest of his things into the car, "I will say, I'm sad to leave, but, I absolutely can't stand the sand for a second longer."

Dream had to agree, even after washing up and sweeping and being careful not to track any in, the sand just stuck *everywhere*.

"That is definitely the biggest drawback," Dream conceded.

"Besides, you like to play lifeguard too much," George mused, "One second, I'm 'drowning' in the ocean, the next thing I know, you're inside me. Very unprofessional of you, Dream."

"That's just how I was trained, what can I say?"

George rolled his eyes. "Let's go, we were supposed to be out of here an hour ago. Want me to drive on the way back?"

Dream gave him an unimpressed look. "This may come as a surprise, but I don't have a death wish."

"You're the one who bought *me* a car. Don't I need to start driving more?"

Dream already settled in the driver's seat. "If you pass the permit test, I'll consider it."

"Here," George stated with a grin, reaching over to grab the wheel, "How about I steer and you do the pedals?"

Dream shooed the other's hands away. "Don't make me have to restrain you."

"Oh, Dream, save that for the bedroom, please," George teased, doing as Dream instructed and moving off.

"That's exactly what I've been waiting to hear."

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## Chapter End Notes

when i originally wrote this, i had never been to a beach house. but, now, i have. can't say it makes it any more realistic tho lol

## Chapter 16

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was time to explore more with Dream's purchases, specifically the ones he kept under his bed. It was even more relevant since they had just brought up the subject in their previous conversation.

"I've been waiting to use these for forever," Dream murmured, George not knowing how much he should encourage this, or how many of the toys the other was planning to use at once.

"Are you sure we're absolutely set on me being the bottom today? Been awhile since you have, you know," George had to mention.

Dream gave him an unimpressed look, lifting the box onto the bed. "I bought them, I get to use them first. That's the deal."

George rolled his eyes. "You literally just made that rule up. All you want is to do weird things to me."

"Well, that too," Dream agreed easily with a chuckle, "But, you buy something, I give you *full* permission to use it on me, however you please." That placated George, deciding to let the other have his fun, since the idea of this was getting him excited, anyway.

Dream looked over everything and picked up two items. A very cheeky grin spread over his face, making George second guess his decision to follow along with this, the other definitely far too eager to be in control.

Dream quickly put the stuff behind him to hide it from George's view, placing the box back under the bed.

"Alright, something fairly tame, but, obviously, still insanely hot," Dream smirked, crawling over George with an entirely too evil look on his face.

George swallowed nervously as Dream kissed him, entwining their fingers together. He lifted one of the other's hand up above his head.

George's eyes snapped open when he felt something soft against his wrist. He heard a small click and felt it tighten slightly. George's face became instantly red. Ah, it was the handcuffs.

Dream laughed softly against George's lips, bringing the other hand to be restrained as well. But, to be sure this was comfortable for George, Dream lifted up just slightly from the other, brushing a thumb over his face.

"This... okay?" he murmured. George looked away, blush creeping down his chest, and nodded.

"Yes. Of course."

Dream grinned, capturing his lips again in a heated kiss. He clicked the other restraint onto George's wrist, having both his hands connected together, but not tied down to the bed.

Dream ran his hands down the other's chest, reveling in the shiver it caused from the one underneath him.

"One more thing," Dream whispered, wagging the blindfold in front of George's face.

George's eyes widened slightly, but he didn't really protest. "Aw, I like seeing you," he pouted.

Dream rolled his eyes, even though that kind of made his heart hurt. "Just this once," he soothed as he tied the fabric over George's eyes, the other having no issue to comply. If he did, Dream would absolutely stop everything.

He waved his hand right in front of George's face. "Can you see at all?"

George shook his head, "No." He really couldn't, which felt kinda weird. He could only hear Dream moving around and definitely felt his eyes looking at him.

George squirmed slightly when Dream didn't do anything for a moment. That meant the other was just gawking at him, scanning over his exposed body because he could.

"Dream," George muttered impatiently. He was shushed, the other running a single finger up George's dick. He sucked in a breath at the unexpected touch.

Dream grinned as he watched George react, enjoying the power he had right now. He was only going to abuse it a *little*, just as much as he was allowed to.

George heard the noise of the lube bottle being opened, but Dream didn't start to prep him. Instead the other peppered kisses over George's face, then down his chest. He placed feather light touches on George's sides, brushing his fingers over the other's ribs and hips.

George's breathing was heavy at these administrations, even though they were light and fairly innocent. Everything was just more sensitive since he didn't know where Dream was going to touch.

He gasped when Dream bit his thigh, choking as he felt the other's teeth scrape and mouth suck, definitely leaving a hickey. George's legs were shaking slightly as Dream moved the other side, placing more marks on the sensitive part of his inner thighs.

It was also infuriatingly close to where George wanted to be touched, but Dream was ignoring that, such a tease. George winced when he felt lube being poured on him, jerking slightly at the cool liquid dripping down him.

Dream was quiet and removed from George for a moment. He was startled when the other suddenly whispered in his ear.

"Are you liking it, George? Looks to me like you are."

Dream was teasing, but George could tell this was a subtle way to check-in, to make sure it was okay to proceed.

George let out a slow breath through his gritted teeth when Dream lightly grasped his dick. "Yeah, but, you're taking forever."

Dream chuckled, moving back down between George's legs. "Are you that desperate for me to fuck you?" He shook his head in defiance to that, abruptly stopping his motion when Dream pressed a finger inside him.

Dream opened him up quickly, removing his fingers after a few minutes, spreading the other's legs to make room for him in between.

He grabbed George's hips roughly and thrusted swiftly into him. He choked as Dream bottomed out, the other quickly moving back to slam into George without giving him a second to adjust.

"Ah," George cried, craning his head back and arching up into Dream. It felt so intense, every movement unexpected.

George lifted his arms up to touch Dream, unsuccessful as he was still handcuffed. He placed his connected arms over Dream's head, pressing him closer.

Dream stopped, scolding George. "You weren't supposed to touch me. That was the agreement."

"You never said that," George pointed out.

Dream shook his head, sitting up onto his knees and bringing George up with him. "You're supposed to just know, and, since you broke a rule.." he trailed off, pushing the other up against the headboard.

George hissed as Dream pushed him down on his dick, making him sink down deeply with no way to move. Dream thumbed over George's leaking tip, but didn't move inside of him.

"You know what we haven't done in a while?"

George lifted his head up to face Dream, despite not being able to see him. "What?" he asked cautiously.

Dream grinned, leaning into George's ear. "Edging," he murmured.

George balked at that. "Shouldn't it only be one kink at a time? You already have me tied up."

Dream bit the other's neck. "Oh, we can do as many as we want, don't worry," he chuckled. George struggled against him uselessly. Last time they did that was good, he admitted, but the build up was torturous. Especially since now he was already really sensitive which did not bode well.

Dream started moving his hand over George, excruciatingly slow. He sighed, resigned to his fate, resting his head back on the wall behind him.

Dream kept going, keeping his touches light, but picked up the pace just slightly. George squirmed, trying to move his hips up or down to get more friction from either the other's hand or dick. Dream stopped, placing a hand to still George's hips.

He removed his hand entirely, putting them both on George's waist, lifting him up then slamming his down on his dick, slowly, but making George take him all the way.

Dream did this a few more times, successfully getting George riled up. He kept going at this leisurely pace, pulling the other up and down onto him, placing a few strokes to George's dick every once in a while.

He suddenly jerked George very quickly, making him gasp out. He pressed desperately into Dream, hoping that he would just change his mind and finish him off.

But, that was not on Dream's agenda of course, stopping all his movements as George groaned, catching his breath. Dammit, he was so close.

After almost ten punishing minutes of Dream lazily thrusting into George, randomly giving him a quick jerk, making him whine and squirm, the other voiced his frustration.

"Okay, mmf, Dream," George gasped. "Come on, please."

Dream smirked, "Aw, too much for you already, George?" he teased. The other pouted, "No, that's the problem, it's not enough. Just fuck me normal, I'm sure you can do it, I believe in you."

Dream rolled his eyes at the patronizing words.

"Hmm," He hummed thoughtfully. "You know, I think I might need to go get something from the kitchen."

George snapped his head up, knowing he shouldn't have run his mouth. "Dream-" he started, but ended his sentence abruptly with a gasp when Dream stood up. He wrapped his legs around the other's waist.

"Ugh," George whined. "Why do you like walking around when you're inside me?"

Dream pressed George's back, keeping him close. "Because, fuck yourself down on me. And, it's kinda funny."

George buried his face in the other's shoulder, muttering under his breath.

Dream just chuckled as he walked them into the kitchen. He didn't actually have to get anything in here, so he needed to improvise. As he saw the counter, he knew his next move.

Dream grinned as he stood up against the marbled top, gently setting the whimpering George onto it.

George cringed at the cool countertop against his heated skin. Dream removed the other's hands from around his neck and pushed his chest down until he was laying back fully.

"On the kitchen counter? Dream, this is inappropriate."

Dream pulled George's hips harshly. "As if what we usually do isn't inappropriate."

George was railed, right there on the counter. Dream spent the next twenty minutes afterwards scrubbing it until George was satisfied it was properly sanitized.

-

"Dream," George said nervously, "This seems like a bad idea."

Dream grinned, adamantly disagreeing with that statement.

"No, it's going to be fun. And, a challenge."

George looked at the other, very unimpressed.

"That's one of the dodgiest video ideas I've ever heard!" George exclaimed, exasperated.

Dream stopped for a moment, taken aback by George's words. Then he fell into a fit of laughter, putting his head in his hands as he wheezed. George was unamused.

"You're not going to stream it, oh my god!" Dream replied, out of breath.

George pouted, "Well, that's how you made it sound. How was I supposed to know?"

Dream calmed down, looking back at George with bright, mirthful eyes. "Were you actually considering it, even with you thinking you'd be streaming it?" Dream asked.

George looked down, fidgeting with his hands. "Well, I was mostly against it..." he trailed off.

"I don't even know what to say. Would you just do anything if I convinced you enough? What about jerking off on camera? That'll definitely get views." Dream chuckled.

George gave him a very annoyed look, "Dream."

"I'm just joking, Georgie. Besides, I wouldn't want anyone else to have that exclusive content. I pay good money to keep that all to myself," he grinned.

George rolled his eyes. Dream really tested him sometimes. "I'm definitely not going to do it at all if you keep making fun of me."

"Awww, George. Don't be like that," Dream said, burying his face in the other's neck, "You know it will be fun. Name one good reason why you don't want to do it."

George laughed shortly, his slight irritation easily slipping away. Still, he had a quip back, "Because, I don't like you."

Dream moved up to stare George directly in the eyes, gently grabbing his face. "Oh, now I know that's not true," he whispered lowly.

George's breath caught slightly, then he pushed Dream's face away from him, turning his head to the side.

"Fine," George gave in with a sigh. The other's words were probably far too true, that he would do pretty much anything if Dream asked. "We'll do your dirty Minecraft game."

Dream was smug in his victory.

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George watched as the other set up some things in the living room. Mostly just plugging in the switch and finding the Minecraft game card.

Dream smiled when it was all ready, handing the controller to George. He took it, looking as Dream sat directly behind him on the couch.

"Why couldn't I just have played this on the computer?" George asked, clicking on the menu.

Dream pulled the other back slightly, so he was pressed against his chest. "So, I could do this," he murmured into George's hair.

George shook his head, clearing his thoughts. He wanted to focus on the game, focus on winning. Just because he was doing this didn't mean he wasn't going to try. George was taking this seriously, planning on beating Dream.

He let out a slow breath, choosing all the game options. George clicked Create World, feeling ready and calm as the game loaded.

Dream just watched, his hands just barely on George's waist, basically keeping him in place. The loading bar seemed to go excruciatingly slow, George hyper aware of Dream's breath from right behind him.

Finally, George was spawned into the world. He immediately went to a tree, rolling his eyes when Dream chuckled at the 'Get Wood' achievement.

"Do you want to get wood too, George?" Dream teased, brushing his fingers on the other's sides, keeping it all light, for now.

George shook his head. "I'm speed running this. I'm going to win."

"Oh, is that so?" Dream muttered, pressing kisses all over his neck.

George shivered, his hands getting a little shaky as he got more basic necessities. No, he wasn't going to let Dream distract him, he thought to himself firmly.

Dream moved back up, gently nosing George's hair as the other made a crafting table and some tools. Dream hummed, sliding his finger just slightly under the collar of the other's shirt.

George ignored him, fairly successfully, going into a cave to mine. He hesitated a bit when Dream slid a hand up under the shirt, brushing over the other's skin.

But, George stubbornly pressed on, quickly making a furnace and cooked up some food, heading deeper into the caves.

"You're doing so good, George," Dream said, smiling. That made him do a full stop, a blush creeping over his face at the simple praise.

"This isn't even hard."

Dream placed his face on George's shoulder, his hand dipping lower. "But, I can make it hard."

George sucked in a breath. *Damn it*. He was only provoking Dream, causing more trouble for him. He continued on, trying not to focus on Dream slowly undoing his pants.

George felt a little more dazed, unsure of where he was in the caves. Dream's hand was just barely ghosting over his dick, which was raising at the attention.

But, then, Dream moved his hands away, running them up George's chest and then down his sides.

George didn't know if he should feel relieved that Dream wasn't touching him or annoyed.

Probably relieved so he could play the game with more focus, but George couldn't help but want to indulge on a nice handjob.

He went out of the caves when he found enough iron. After making some tools and armor, George explored the world, quickly finding a village.

"What happens if I win Dream?" George asked, feeling confident as his luck only got better.

Dream considered for a moment. "Didn't think about that, actually. Because, I'm sure you won't."

George scoffed, raiding the village for all it was worth. "I'm definitely going to beat this game. It's not even a challenge."

"Really?" Dream murmured, grasping George's dick over his underwear harshly. He choked, fumbling with the controls.

Dream pressed down with his palm, slowly rubbing. George tried to continue on, movements

uncertain and jerky, nearly dying from a zombie.

Dream moved back when George was at low health, giving him time to catch his breath and raise his hearts in game.

"You think you can win when I'm doing that?" Dream said, low and cocky.

"Shut up," George muttered, health fully regained and confidence in his ability to complete this knocked down a few pegs.

"Here, I'll change the rules a bit because I'm at such a high advantage," Dream offered, which was just so nice of him, "If you can get to the nether before I render you unable to play, then, you win."

"Deal," George agreed easily, reinvigorated as he set out to find lava or, even better, a partial portal. He searched desperately, feeling as Dream dragged his hand down, his finger sliding up the length of George's dick.

George sucked in a breath through gritted teeth. He just needed to get to the nether, he reminded himself, steeling against Dream's touches.

After running around aimlessly, George finally found a pool of lava, hurriedly crafting a few buckets on the way there, ready to build this portal from scratch.

"Ugh," George huffed as Dream took his dick out of his underwear, slowly stroking him. He almost leaned his head back, just wanting to let the pleasure overtake him. But, he stayed fixed, pressing hurriedly at the buttons to get water buckets.

Dream was in no world going to let George win. Not at all. As George sprinted to the lava pool, Dream increased his pace and bit down on his neck.

The screen was all over the pace, George barely keeping control of the joy cons of where he was looking and running.

Dream didn't know how George did it, but he somehow made it to the lava pool. The other was just being too stubborn, there was just no way he would be able to build a portal in this state. You needed concentration, steadiness, and accuracy to make the portal. None of which George had right now.

"Ah—" He cried as Dream thumbed over his tip. He squeezed his eyes shut, brain foggy, thinking only about the hand on his dick. Wait, wasn't he doing something?

George snapped his eyes open, breaths ragged as he struggled to place everything correctly in order to create the obsidian. He stumbled as Dream went fully into jerking him off, causing George's mind to go utterly blank.

"Nng, not fair," George gasped, just randomly pushing buttons at this point, moving his hips up into Dream's hand, essentially abandoning the game.

"Do you want me to stop?" Dream said wickedly, slowing down slightly.

"No!" George begged, already so dangerously close to the edge.

Dream stopped anyway, though, making George slump back onto him.

"What the hell?" he huffed, "You *want* me to get to the nether?"

Dream grabbed a few things he had placed on the table next to the couch. "I mean, you can try, I just decided I wanted to fuck you."

George tensed, not expecting that. He let Dream remove his clothes and push him up on his lap.

George suddenly came back to reality, quickly going back to the game. It was possible that he could still get to the nether, he just needed to do it before Dream got too far.

He hurriedly placed the lava up, successfully making one side of the portal as Dream pushed a lubed up finger inside him.

"Time's running out, George," Dream teased, inserting another digit.

George hissed, stopping for a moment as Dream pressed his fingers at his most sensitive spot. He groaned, shakily making the top of the portal.

Dream increased his pace, trying to prep the other as quickly as possible. He intentionally slammed at George's prostate, the other barely able to keep himself from falling apart.

Dream pulled out his fingers, hurriedly lubing up his dick. Just as he pressed the tip into George, that's when the other finished the portal.

"Yes!" George exclaimed gleefully, "I made the portal! Suck it, Dream!"

Dream smirked, seeing George relax as he pushed all the way inside of him, thinking he had already accomplished his mission, complacent to be fucked as a reward.

"Very good. Now, you just need to light it."

George stopped his celebration, knowing he didn't have flint and steel. There was no way he would be able to mine and craft it in time.

He placed wooden planks around the portal and lava as Dream thrusted up into George.

"Come on, come on, come on," George muttered as he watched the planks light on fire. It was taking too long. George screwed his eyes shut as Dream started jacking him off again.

He was already on the edge, he wouldn't be able to last in these conditions. George groaned, seeing the portal still not being lit. He gave in, placing the remote on the couch, letting himself be lost in Dream's movements.

Dream grinned as George threw his head back onto his shoulder, crying out as the other pushed him down roughly. George came, releasing over Dream's hand.

He sucked in his breaths, sighing as he slowly sat up, Dream still buried deep, but not moving at the moment. George opened his eyes, pouting as he saw that the nether portal was finally lit.

"Dammit. I could have made it," George whined, squirming as he tried to get off of Dream.

Dream chuckled, not letting George get up. "It literally lit up as soon as you put the controller down."

George gripped, his head in his hands. "You're the worst."

"Rude. I won fair and square. And, since I did, you have to let me finish with you however I want."

George sighed. That was fine, since Dream was going to do that anyway. And, well, he *did* win.  
"Alright."

Dream quickly flipped them over, standing up and pressing George's face down into the couch.

"Mmf," George muttered into the cushions. Of course Dream wanted him to take it from behind. He winced at the slight overstimulation as the other snapped his hips into George. But, he finished fairly quickly, seemingly just as affected by all the teasing as George was.

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#### Chapter End Notes

combined more chapters together. lmao i had absolutely no idea how speedrunning worked when i first wrote this. hopefully this makes more sense now

the part where they play the minecraft game is heavily inspired by [\*\*bedrock\*\*](#) by [\*\*towerofthegods\*\*](#)

## Chapter 17

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The next month passed quickly, meaning Christmas was in just a couple of days, and George was nervous. It wasn't like he left Dream's present to the last minute or anything. No, it was the gift itself that was making him anxious.

He didn't want to be presumptuous about their plans or anything, but he thought the gesture would be appreciated. Still, it more so just didn't quite feel like enough. Maybe he should get some additional gifts..

George was interrupted from his thoughts when Dream walked into the room. George straightened himself out, trying to act casual.

"Christmas Eve is tomorrow, George. Anything we should do? Do you have any British traditions?"

George shrugged. "Uhh, not really? It's always just been a fairly average Christmas celebration for me."

Dream sighed dramatically, sitting down next to George. "That's so boring. Then, how about we make our own tradition?"

George narrowed his eyes in suspicion. "Somehow I'm wary of this.. Will this be a, uh, dirty tradition?" He asked cautiously.

Dream grinned, "I didn't know you wanted that, George. I was just thinking of a seasonally appropriate event. But, it seems your mind has been compromised with utter filth."

"Hey," George muttered, jabbing his finger into Dream's cheek, "I was saying that because you're the one usually with that kind of plan. If I have been corrupted, it's definitely your fault."

Dream chuckled, brushing his thumb over the other's pouted lips at being caught in 4K.

"You do this on purpose," George muttered petulantly. Dream placed a gentle kiss on his lips.  
"You're just so fun to tease," He replied.

"Teasing with me was your downfall. Literally. All your flirting made you fall for me."

Dream placed more kisses to George, holding his face in a soft grip. "I'm not going to deny that."

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After a make-out scene that was cut for time, Dream made George look over his most recent online order.

"Dream, this is an intervention. I think you have a shopping addiction. This is the third time this week. And, you've gotten so many packages, I don't even know where you put them all."

Dream brushed off the unnecessary concern. "It's called retail therapy, George. Besides, it's the Christmas season, remember? They're obviously gifts."

George side-eyed him. "Are you getting a present for everyone you've ever talked to in your life?"

Dream chuckled lightly. "No. Just for my friends and family. Besides, most of them are, well, for you," he admitted softly.

George gasped in horror. "Dream! You said we were only getting one thing for each other, I'm going to kill you!"

"It's fineee, George," Dream soothed, waving him off in dismissal, "Technically, it's still one thing. Just wait, you'll see."

George grumbled as they bought all the items Dream wanted. It annoyed him that Dream would literally get him everything, while he had barely gifted the other anything.

Sure, he definitely liked being doted on, but, come on. This was a little ridiculous. He knew that it wasn't a competition, but George was definitely losing.

-

"Alright, we'll do some of these today and the rest tomorrow."

George looked at the various piles laid out on the table. "Wasn't this supposed to be one tradition? Not all of them?"

Dream pulled George into a hug from behind, leaning down to talk softly next to his ear. "I wanted to find the ones we liked best. You of all people should know that you have to try something to decide if it's good."

"Why me of all people?"

Dream chuckled. "Well, you had to try dick," he whispered teasingly.

George coughed, not expecting that from Dream. "What the hell, Dream? And, I could say the same for you."

Dream pressed his face into George's cheek. "True, I do like your dick."

George sputtered, face red while Dream laughed at his flustered state.

-

They spent the rest of the evening baking and decorating cookies, both of them struggling to make their cut out shapes look right, as well as making a gingerbread house they had to literally hot glue together to make stand upright, all while listening to Christmas music.

Dream sighed, only feeling partially successful at their attempts for today, settling back as George placed a few more candies on their frosting covered roof.

His eyes drifted down, curious as he fully noticed what the other was wearing. Dream ran his finger over the edge of the fabric around George's neck. "Your shirt has a collar."

"You told me I had to dress up for the occasion. Saying it was formal. I don't know why, but I thought you were serious."

Dream laughed softly, nudging George's shoulders so the other faced him. The way he was reacting to this out of place attire was, well, probably to be expected from him actually.

He tugged harshly on the two points, making George pull closer, right where he wanted the other to be. Dream felt his breath catch in his throat, a grin starting to form over his face.

They locked eyes, George flushing at Dream intense gaze.

He pulled again, the other following the direction, pressing their lips together into a heated kiss.

"We can still do that dirty Christmas tradition," Dream murmured.

"Hm, good idea," George breathed as Dream lifted him up into his arms, wrapping his legs around the other.

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After collecting themselves from the previous scene implications, they placed their wrapped boxes for each other under the tree, next to every gift they got from their family and friends.

Despite Dream getting all those packages and his constant shopping sprees, there was only one gift to George from him.

It was a small box, George barely able to keep himself from shaking it to guess what was inside. The size of the box made him nervous. It was too soon for that... Right?

Dream grinned, tapping on George to get him to look over at him.

"What?" George said, confused at Dream's cheeky little expression. The other glanced up, George following his gaze up above them.

Dream was holding mistletoe over them.

"Uh oh," Dream said, feigning innocence, "Mistletoe. I guess we have to kiss. No homo, though, of course."

George rolled his eyes, pressing a kiss to Dream's upturned lips. "I'm surprised you didn't put that on your belt or something," George said, exasperated as he pulled away.

"You're right. Lost opportunity. We never did get to sixty-nine like I wanted."

George rolled his eyes. "So naughty, Dream. Santa's watching, you know," he scolded.

Dream pulled the other down onto the couch, making them sit close together. "Oh, I'd much rather have my punishments from being bad, I can assure you," Dream murmured.

"Sometimes I wonder if you even know what our dynamic is."

"It's whatever I want it to be," Dream replied, clicking on the tv as George mulled that statement over, deciding that was actually the most accurate description of them.

Their Christmas Eve ended with watching a festive holiday movie, drinking hot chocolate, and, of course, them falling more into the idiots in love trope.

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Then, just like that, it was Christmas morning. Dream whipped up a quick breakfast, George shuffling into the kitchen with a pout.

"We didn't have any mulled wine."

Dream cut a piece of the food he prepared, fresh off the stove, placing his fork into George's mouth to feed him.

"What's that?" Dream replied, taking a bite for himself.

"That's like a classic Christmas drink," George said, confused.

Dream swatted away George's hand when he tried to get his own plate. "Stop, I'm feeding you. And, I've never had that."

George let Dream give him another bite, chewing thoughtfully at the other's words. He got up and looked through the cupboards.

"We have all the ingredients. I'll make some."

George presented the steaming cup to Dream when he finished preparing the drink.

"Mm. Smells good," Dream said, taking a sip. "Wasn't expecting to be drinking this early in the morning."

George laughed, taking a drink from his cup. "It doesn't have that much alcohol."

Well, it did when they both drank multiple cups of it.

They sipped on their third portion, giggling as they started opening the presents.

Left last was the gifts they got for each other.

"I'll open your present first," Dream said, reaching for the box in George's hand.

"Wait," George interrupted, "I wanna do yours first."

Dream shook his head, wagging his finger at George. "I decided already."

George's face turned red as he handed the box to Dream. "I bought you a second thing last minute."

Dream chuckled, taking off the lid. "After all that yelling at me for getting you more than one thing?"

"I know you went way overboard, no lecturing me," George defended. He watched as Dream picked up the first item, the main gift. It was two tickets to London.

"I thought we could go for, like, a trip. Show you around, let you experience my superior home country. I didn't think we had anything planned for that date so hopefully nothing will clash," George rambled.

Dream was completely stunned, staring at the tickets with disbelief, just short-circuiting for a moment until he finally managed to reply, "You have no idea how perfect this is, oh my god. I don't even know what to say, we're just so in sync."

George beamed, pleased. He swallowed nervously as Dream took off the paper for the second gift, the one he bought spur of the moment, something that they could use now.

Dream couldn't help but laugh as he pulled out the item, still left in its packaging, quirking up an

eyebrow as George hid his face in his hands. "I guess you took my advice to buy something to use on me."

"It just sounded like it was something you actually wanted."

As he opened the box, Dream responded, "I'm not going to say you're wrong, but, oh my, what a bold choice you made."

The sex toy in question was a prostate massager, one that vibrates, as well.

George sighed, facing the other as they looked over the purchase. "If you prefer to use it on me, since it's your gift, after all, I'll let you. Though, I did kinda have an idea of how I wanted it to play out."

Dream grinned, setting down the item and leaning in closer to the other. "Oh? What exactly did you plan for me, George?"

"Basically, that's inside you," He gestured to the dildo held in Dream's hand, then pointed at himself, "And, you're, well, inside me. As I.. ride you."

George coughed as Dream's smile grew even wider. "And, I thought you could never say anything more tempting, but, you always outdo yourself."

"We can enact it anytime you want."

"Now," Dream replied immediately, standing up and tugging at the other's hand to follow suit.

George just blinked at him, slowly rising to his feet, not expecting such an enthusiastic reaction. He really needed to initiate more, I mean, Dream would literally do *anything* if he asked. "Oh, yeah, sure. Of course."

They made it into the bedroom, George halting the other in his tracks when he tried to kiss him. There was more he had envisioned for this scene.

"Wait," George directed, making Dream's eyes snap up at him, "One more thing, before we start."

Then, he sank down on his knees, Dream's mouth falling open as he watched.

"You don't have to-"

George cut him off with a firm shake of his head, gaze locking on Dream's belt in front of him. "I want to.

Dream shut up, just looking down in awe as George undid his pants, taking him out of his underwear in one swift motion, not wasting any time, no hesitation.

He stroked Dream until he was fully hard, eyelids heavy, breath hot as he slowly circled his tongue around the tip.

Dream didn't do anything, didn't put his hands on George, didn't try to move up, just frozen as he took it. Sure, he always wanted this, George giving him a blowjob, but this situation was far from what he imagined in the reality he lived in.

He couldn't tear his eyes away, having to place a hand over his mouth to keep down any more embarrassing noises that were threatening to spill as George licked up a long stripe up his dick.

He had a harsh grip on Dream's hip, his other hand lining up the other's dick as George opened his mouth, pressing it inside, lips stretched as he sucked around it, making Dream feel dizzy.

George pushed in and out, making Dream fuck his mouth slow and shallow.

After a moment, hearing mostly silence above him, George flicked his gaze up, seeing if any of this was producing any results and, *fuck*, it was a sight to behold.

Dream's hand was clamped over his mouth, his face completely red, blush spreading up to the tips of his ears, breathing ragged as he watched George suck his dick, sliding a shaky hand to rest over the other's.

George picked up the hand and placed it on the back of his head, curling the other's fingers insistently to direct him more.

Dream's grip was light at first, barely pushing George forward, wanting too much for him to take more to keep still, cautious as he made the other do so.

George steadied his breath, feeling the tears sting in his eyes as Dream's dick went in deeper, going past his natural limit, but, not pulling back, determined to take every last inch.

Dream trembled, seeing as George didn't falter even as he struggled when the dick in his mouth hit the back of his throat.

George's lips were pressed against the base, making Dream hiss when he started to suck as much as he was able to.

"No, no more," Dream gasped, pushing George off of him, squeezing his eyes shut, trying to keep from finishing right then and there.

George looked confused as he removed Dream from his mouth. "What's wrong?"

His voice was hoarse, face creased with a light hint of worry, Dream groaning at the dirty image, desperately pulling George up and pushing him right down on the bed.

"It's too much," Dream breathed out, fingers uncoordinated as he worked to get George's stupid pants off, needing to give something in return.

Before Dream could lean down and take the other in his own mouth, George placed a hand on his shoulder, holding him back. "If you're gonna do that, then, let's just, you know, do it at the same time."

George got his clothes ripped off at that offer. He was placed on top of Dream, up on his elbows and knees, trying to focus on the dick in his mouth and not how his was in Dream's.

He moaned around it, causing the other to react, bucking up into him, George choking at the sudden thrust.

George snapped his hips down in retaliation, hearing a strangled noise from Dream as he tried to breathe, nails digging in the other's side.

They grew more sloppy, Dream having to sadly end this sixty-nine scene as he was getting too close, not wanting to finish too soon.

George panted as he sat on Dream's lap, both of them a little lost in a horny daze for a moment.

Then, George spurred to action, grabbing the toy and lube, ready for the next part.

"Okay, what do we do since we both need to be prepped?"

"Uh," Dream tried to think through the fog, "Prepare ourselves?"

George nodded, quickly getting to work as Dream grabbed the lube from him.

They could only watch the other, both growing more and more impatient as they saw the one in front of them fall apart.

Then, they were ready enough, George slicking up the dildo and pressing it up harshly into Dream, making him whimper at the roughness.

He didn't turn the toy on yet, climbing up instead on Dream, sinking down on his dick, letting them both adjust for a bit.

"Oh," George suddenly remembered, "I forgot to tell you, you're not allowed to cum until after I do."

Dream didn't even get to respond or protest as that's when George turned on the vibrator.

His head immediately whipped back, eyes flying wide open as he gasped, the intensity pressing so insistently into his prostate.

Dream writhed, his legs trying to find purchase, trying to push up into George's, but was held down. "No moving."

A pathetic whine fell from his lips, struggling against the other, knowing he wasn't going to be able to last long. Everything heightened exponentially as George started to move up and down on top of him.

"I can't- I'm gonna- Ah, *George*," Dream whimpered, trying to stave off his orgasm until he was given permission.

"No, not yet, we barely even started," George replied, building a short, quick rhythm.

Dream arched his back up, not knowing where to put his hands, everything all blurry, squirming and still attempting to drive his hips up, blinded by all the stimulation that he wasn't allowed to give in to.

George increased his pace and Dream just started to ramble. "*Please*, please. Just let me cum. I, ah, need it so bad. I can't, I can't. *George*, please," he begged, the vibrator sending jolts of pleasure throughout him as the other slammed down.

"Hm," George mused, not letting up, "Doesn't look like I've finished yet, has it, Dream?"

Dream just sobbed, falling deep, feeling himself reaching the breaking point embarrassingly fast, trying again to plead, voice weak and strained. "I'm already so close, I can't help it."

"Come on, you can last a little longer. I just put the vibrator inside you, you can't be this pathetic with your self-control."

Dream felt his dick twitch at those words, oddly liking the low tone and scold George was using. Though, that was only making it more difficult to hold himself off from coming. "Need to, *please*, *George*."

He wasn't granted any permission, instead, the other leaned back slightly, pressing his palm to the base of the toy and driving it in deeper.

Dream absolutely could not take it, cursing as he was sent over the edge at that small motion, feeling George tighten around him as he came inside of the other.

But, nothing stopped. The toy was still against him, George still on his dick.

Dream whined, causing George to shake his head in disappointment.

"You didn't do as you were told. Now, sit there and be patient, like you were supposed to."

Dream harshly tugged at his hair, all his nerves on fire as he wasn't given a break, so sensitive after his orgasm, gasping out, "I'm sorry, George, ah, ugh, I wanted to be good, I just, hng, I *couldn't*."

George just tsked, his voice breathless, "But, you weren't. Here's your punishment you always ask for."

Dream was completely lost, not putting up any more argument because, George was right, he requested this, all of this the fate of his own making.

He couldn't just be all talk.

Though Dream's coherent thoughts were quickly dissolving, trying to spread his legs for relief, but, that only made it worse, the vibrations growing stronger against his prostate. He quickly shut them, choking as that somehow *also* made it worse.

There was no escape, just Dream becoming a mess as he uncontrollably bucked up into George, unable to string any more sentences together even to beg for mercy.

Dream was just numb to anything else besides the dildo up his ass and George around his dick. He felt the tears start to spill over his face as he was roughly fucked into oversensitivity, getting no reprieve as every erratic movement only pushed him deeper into the daze of overstimulation.

George started to move faster, jerking himself off as he neared the edge, Dream barely aware of the other finishing all over his chest.

Before George could turn off the toy, trying first to stop Dream's hips from jerking up wildly, whining as the slam hit up into his own sensitive prostate, Dream came again, mind completely blanking out as he sobbed, having the orgasm forced out of him.

He started to claw at George, nearly panicking when the buzzing still didn't stop.

But, then, relief poured in as, finally, the vibrations ceased, Dream slumping down, trying to think and breathe and find any sense of coherence again.

He vaguely felt George get off of him and the dildo slowly being removed from inside him.

When Dream gained his bearings back enough to remember to open his eyes, he was all cleaned up, George peering over him with concern.

The other sighed in great relief, resting his forehead down on Dream's shoulder. "Oh god, you scared me. I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to push you so far. I thought I might have broken you."

Dream soothed the other, feeling how much worry was poured into those words. "No, it's fine. If it was really too much, I would have told you to stop, you know that."

"Yeah, but, then you just laid there, looking like you were going to fall into a sex induced coma or something."

Dream laughed softly, "Being overstimulated is.. much different on the receiving end."

George lifted his head to look up at the other, searching his face to make sure everything was indeed alright, relaxing more when he found Dream to be in an acceptable condition. "Now you finally experienced my pain."

"We'll see how you feel when I test this out on you."

George sighed, leaning closer to Dream. "Can't say I don't deserve it," he murmured, pressing a kiss to the other's lips, nice and sweet.

When they pulled apart, George's mind was now back on what day it was and everything that was happening prior to the sex distraction.

"Wait, I didn't even get to open your present."

Dream shakily pushed himself up in a sitting position, wincing at where he had been used, which was pretty much everywhere. "We'll have to shower first. Build up the suspense and all that, as well."

George agreed absent mindedly, quickly walking away toward the bathroom.

Dream took a moment to get to his feet, only slightly wobbling as he followed in after him.

-

## Chapter End Notes

did i put mulled wine in here because of dan and phil?

yes

also, the whole last part is inspired by [i'd probably still adore you](#), written by [daisydreaming](#)

## Chapter 18

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

They didn't make it very far after the shower, falling asleep from so many festive, and other more strenuous, activities. The morning slipped passed as they spent their first Christmas together, a day long awaited much sweeter than envisioned.

George rubbed his eyes, disoriented as he was pulled out of this unplanned nap. Dream's face was right in front of him, so peaceful and calm, such a rarity from his usual devious demeanor. George ran his hand gently over his cheek, the touch so light, like he was doing something he wasn't supposed to.

He smiled to himself, at how much his life had changed, not just moving in with Dream, but, when he met him that very first time online.

George had the same thought now as he did back then.

Woah, he really liked this guy.

Dream started to stir from George's touch, reaching his hand over the one on his face.

"Mmm," he mumbled, scrunching up his nose at being awoken, George unable to look away from Dream.

"You actually have a pretty nice face," he murmured, the words slipping past his lips before he could think to stop them. The other smiled at that, opening his eyes slightly, moving closer to George.

"Are you trying to sweet talk me, George?" Dream grinned, slowly sliding a hand up the other's side.

Even though George had definitely admitted much more embarrassing things than this, he said it without any prompt, which just made Dream's words ring far too true.

George felt his face start to heat up, internally cursing at the other and himself for becoming so soft, like he was the simp or something. He shouldn't still be this affected by Dream's flirting, yet, here he was.

So, instead of responding, George just placed a kiss on Dream's lips. The other chuckled, obviously not taking the bait as distraction.

"Wait, I want to hear more about me being so attractive," he teased, moving away slightly to look George in the eyes, who didn't at all appreciate being caught lacking.

"I take it back," he huffed.

"Awww, George don't be like that," Dream laughed breathlessly, his hand curling in the other's hair, "Besides, I think you're pretty," he whispered.

George flushed deeper, looking away, always avoiding the compliments, but he couldn't help the smile on his face from forming, wanting to hear more.

Dream grinned at how the other wasn't just brushing him off for once, George basically encouraged this, so he continued, "Though, I always thought you were and I'm sure I've said it before. But, that was all through a screen. Seeing you in person, oh, I can't even begin to tell you how nothing could compare to that."

George let out a small breath, then before Dream knew it, he was flipped over onto his back, the other pinning him down.

"Dream," George breathed, "You can't say that, might give me the wrong idea, you know."

Dream was a little surprised for a moment, his eyes wide as he looked up at George. But, he quickly smoothed out his features, a teasing smile back on his face.

"Why?" Dream asked, tilting his head to the side. "Maybe I want to give you the wrong idea, did you consider that?"

"Really? Is that how it is?" George spoke, low and pressing, leaning in closer, "Do you like me or something?"

"Only as much as you do."

George rolled his eyes. "So, then, not at all. I see," he said, getting off of the other, pulling away as a taunt.

Which immediately worked.

"Georgeee, come back," Dream whined, tugging on the other's shirt. "Just say you like me."

He laughed shortly, shaking his head in exasperation. "This reminds me of before when you would beg me to say that I love you on streams."

Dream's breath caught at that, just slightly. "I did not beg. I was just... *passionately* convincing you."

George chuckled, raising an eyebrow at Dream's statement. "Then why don't you get on your knees and 'passionately convince' me. Maybe I'll consider saying it."

Dream did so without any hesitation, dropping to his knees in front of George who was now sitting on the edge of the bed.

"Oh," George looked down in genuine disbelief, covering his mouth with his hand. "I wasn't actually being serious."

Dream spread the other's legs open wider to make more room for himself. "You're the one who told me to. Besides, we need one last gratuitous blow job to move the story along."

"What?" George asked, confused, but was cut off when Dream unzipped his pants.

He licked the other over the cloth, looking up at him through his lashes.

"So, what is it? Do you like me, George? Or do you just like this?"

He choked, "I, uh," he started, but couldn't continue when Dream pulled him free, placing the other into his mouth and sucking on the tip of his dick.

"Ah—" George gasped, clutching his hand in Dream's hair.

He licked down the length, gripping the base with one hand, the other running under George's shirt.

Dream was impatient, placing the other back in his mouth, going down as far as he could. He found himself liking the noises George was making and the tight grip in his hair a bit too much.

George's panting was getting heavier, trying desperately to keep his eyes open to watch Dream. He couldn't miss seeing this, as last time he was obstructed from view.

Dream was focused, keeping his eyes on what he was doing instead of looking up at George's face.

He was taking this seriously, like this was an actual attempt of getting the other to like him, so, everything was on the line. That realization made George a little light-headed.

He pushed Dream down further onto him, making the other take in more of his dick.

"Mmf," Dream grunted, surprised at the insistent hand that was keeping him down.

It was a little bit too much for Dream to take, especially this quickly, choking slightly, his eyes stinging with tears as he tried to relax, letting George push him down.

Both of Dream's hands were planted on George's thighs, shaking as he tried to steady himself. He struggled to breathe, George's dick nearing the back of his mouth.

Dream squeezed his eyes shut, knowing he was at his limit. George stopped, feeling entirely too turned on just seeing himself engulfed in the other's mouth, him still obediently sucking despite struggling with how far George was inside him.

George relaxed his hand, letting Dream move back slightly, but, still in control of everything.

He moved his hips up, fucking into the other's mouth shallowly, testing the limits, seeing how far he could go. Dream choked, starting to move back a little bit when the other spoke up.

"So hot, Dream," George murmured, causing the other to go completely still, his face turning red, "I like being able to use your mouth."

And, so, being utterly turned on by that and incapable of any other thoughts except letting George do whatever the hell he wished with him, Dream found the will to keep preserving until the other was completely fucking his mouth.

George finished right inside him, with Dream swallowing around the dick pressed deep into him, making sure to not be wasteful here, eager to take whatever he could get. Then, as the other started to shift uncomfortably with too much sensitivity from Dream's sucking, he pulled off, his breathing labored as he wiped his mouth off with his arm.

George just stared as Dream calmly tucked him back into his pants. "Did you just swallow that?" he asked incredulously.

"Why wouldn't I?"

George really had no response to give, he couldn't believe he just fucked into Dream's mouth like that, then came inside him. And, on top of that, Dream just swallowed it without even being told, like it was no question he was going to do that from the beginning.

So, to keep to his word since Dream did do a good job, as well as because George truly did feel this way, he just didn't enjoy expressing that, he moved down, settling himself into the other's lap and

pulled him close.

"Okay, I'll say it. I like you, Dream," George mumbled as he buried his face into the other's shoulder.

Dream laughed softly, rubbing his hand on George's back. "Maybe I should suck you off more often if you're gonna react like this."

George pulled away, looking at the other. "No, not because of that. I just like you, more than friends, and I have for a long time."

Dream smiled, brushing his hand through George's hair. "Well, I'd hope so since we're dating and all."

"Yeah, but, in a way where I want to be with you, for a while."

"Just a while?" Dream teased.

George huffed, but smiled as the other did so as well. "You know what I mean."

"Of course I do. I feel the same, I mean, we are in sync after all."

George hummed, about to lean in again, stopping when he remembered their prior conversation. "Wait, you said that earlier. We got so distracted from the actual objective for today."

"Oh, yes," Dream agreed, "Let's go open my present."

-

"Alright, it might not make sense until I explain more, but, go ahead and open it."

George looked down at the box in his hand, preparing for what could possibly be inside. Dream was wildly unpredictable, the size and shape of the container so suspicious, though they had both decided not to move too fast. Still, George couldn't help that insistent idea being on his mind, making it both nerve-wracking and exhilarating.

Dream just watched as George slowly pulled off the lid, curiosity sliding his fingers over what was inside, pulling out a set of keys.

Okay, well, that wasn't what he was expecting.

"You're right, it doesn't make sense. Explain?"

Dream pulled out the tickets George got him, falling quickly into a ramble, "We need somewhere to stay when we go over there, right? So, I got something for us. Obviously not just for that one trip, like, I bought the house so we would have an actual place that wasn't just a hotel and I thought we could go up there whenever we wanted since that's where a lot of people are and you're from there. Then you also wouldn't have to leave everything just for me as we'll just split our time here and there."

George was silent, looking like he couldn't comprehend a single word Dream just said, his eyes glued to the keys he held in his hand.

House keys.

Dream.. got them a house, in London, for *him*.

Of all things to possibly be told, George never would have guessed this. He thought, after moving here with Dream, this was it. Florida was now his permanent home and anything else would just be an occasional visit.

This wasn't something he even tried to consider.

"I get to go back?" George asked quietly.

Dream rubbed his neck uncertainly. "Well, yeah, but, with me, too. And, we'll still have my place here, as well, since I don't really want to leave America forever. I wanted us to have both."

"Oh."

Dream was unsure of George's reaction, it was different than he thought it would be.

"Is this just a completely terrible idea? Or were you, like, expecting something else? You're not saying much and it's making me nervous."

George's eyes suddenly snapped up to his, fumbling over his words, saying exactly what was on his mind as he was flustered, "I, well, I was thinking, like, because of the size of the box, and you were being so secretive about everything, which, it doesn't even make sense because we already agreed it's not time, but, still, I just somehow thought that it would be a, um..." he trailed off, embarrassed.

"A what?" Dream prompted, confused.

George fiddled with the keys, looking away, not even knowing why he was saying all this. "A.. a ring," he admitted softly.

Dream was even more shocked at being told that than George was by his Christmas present. It took a long few minutes before he was able to reply.

"I didn't realize you wanted that."

George faced him again, red tinged. "I guess I didn't either. Until right now, when it turned out to be something else."

Dream smiled, pulling George closer, pressing a sweet kiss to his lips.

"We'll get there, George, don't worry. And, if you said you needed that for us, I would go out and buy you one this very day. But, even for me, this might be a little too soon. I promise we're on the same page, though, that's always been my plan with you."

"Oh," George replied softly, a reply so lacking in all he wanted to convey, Dream tracing his thumb over the other's heated cheek.

"You could barely say that you liked me today and now you're saying you want me to propose to you. I just can't figure you out," Dream chuckled.

George was slightly dazed, the mixed emotions he just felt were making his head spin. Then he remembered the actual gift Dream just gave him, what it meant, how it changed everything.

"Holy shit," he said, shocked. "You seriously bought me a house?"

Dream nodded, waiting for George to comprehend this. "Yes, and, I've been working on getting it all ready before our first visit. Hence all the various packages, they were to furnish the place."

"When are we gonna go?"

"Uh," Dream looked at the other in slight concerned bewilderment, "You got the tickets for us, that'll be the date."

"Yes, right," George breathed, "Will it be ready by then? Oh, can you show me what it looks like? Did you get a good area? How did you even buy a property from an entirely different country?"

"Okay, wow, a lot of questions. Yes, I'll show you the pictures, it's a really nice place with plenty of nearby amenities, I think you'll like it. And, I dunno, just a lot of phone calls, I guess?"

George nodded his head, trying to take this in, the smile on his face so warm. "I just, I can't believe this. I never thought I would live there again. I agreed to move in with you under the assumption you were taking me away forever."

"I feel like this makes more sense. Even for work and whatever. And, I always really wanted to visit you when we were living apart. I never wanted to make you leave your home."

George was feeling very overwhelmed by everything. They were getting this new house, Dream was going to half live in London for him, he could have everything he wanted really easily, barely even a compromise. It was all crashing in on him at once, at how much Dream wanted him to be happy in any way he could.

He only spent a few minutes sobbing at this, Dream desperately trying to soothe him, eyes wide as George just burst into tears so suddenly.

Pretty good indicator that the gift was a success.

-

"Dream.... I don't really think this will work."

"No, no. It's fine. You're," Dream fumbled around for a minute, feeling around until he found George's chest, "You're right here! See, I know what I'm doing."

George laughed softly, "No, I can't see. I thought only one person was supposed to be blindfolded, why are we both?"

"I dunno. I thought it would be more fun," Dream replied cheerfully, slowly moving up his hand until he found the other's face, pressing their lips together.

George really couldn't argue with that, I mean Dream was excited about this. Being in a blindfold did make everything more intense. Though he felt a little trepidation about how this would work when neither of them could see what was going on.

Dream reached over on the bed, patting it hurriedly. "Dammit, where'd I put the lube?"

"Maybe we should've prepped or even, you know, put it in first instead of just going in blind."

"Lol, cause we're blindfolded, good one, George," Dream chuckled, finally locating the bottle, "And, no. That would be cheating."

"Seems like a dangerous game we're playing."

Dream squeezed some lube on his fingers, getting way too much, spilling it everywhere. "Um, oops. But, anyway, it's not that dangerous. I could practically fuck you in my sleep, that's how good

I am."

George huffed, placing an arm over his already covered eyes. "I think you could always, ah, use more practice," he stumbled slightly when Dream put a finger inside him.

"Mm, I'm taking that as you just desperately need us to have more sex and not a comment on my abilities," Dream replied, preparing George quickly, doing it easily to prove he really knew what he was doing.

George was shifting at the touch, pressing himself up into it already. The sensation was so familiar, but just felt entirely new and sensitive.

Dream held down his hips with one hand to keep the other still. "Excited today, are we?"

George whimpered, slightly embarrassed at his reaction as the other removed his fingers.

"Alright," Dream said, moving up carefully until he was situated between George's legs, "Now this is the difficult part."

George let Dream basically manhandle him, moving him this way and that, placing his legs on Dream's shoulders.

He shivered when the other brushed his fingers across him.

"Okay, so you're here," Dream mumbled to himself, lining up to press inside.

"You missed," George laughed when he felt Dream bump right above where he was supposed to go in.

"Shut up. This is, like, almost impossible. Most intense, difficult challenge I've ever experienced."

George rolled his eyes. "That's a little dramatic. Just go down a bit."

After a bit of trial and error, Dream slid inside George. "Yes, success!" he cheered for his great victory.

George was feeling a little impatient since Dream had barely put the tip in and was already worked up from everything leading up to now.

"Dream," George huffed, tugging at his arm, "Put it in."

Dream grinned, knowing exactly what he was causing, even if he couldn't see the other, "Oh, but, it is in, George. Whatever do you mean?"

One thing that has absolutely never changed as the years went by since they've got together, was Dream being a goddamn tease.

George groaned. "You're *barely* in. We're gonna have to start this process all over again-" He was cut off when Dream suddenly slammed all the way inside of him. He choked, feeling light headed at the sudden pleasure.

Dream felt over George's face, connecting their lips as he let the other adjust. He traveled down George's neck, making him sigh.

"Why, hng, why does it feel like that?"

"Feel like what?" Dream prompted.

George turned his face away slightly. "Like... we've never done this before."

Dream laughed, "Where were you in all the chapters before this, George?"

"I was present, okay, I know we've done it before, I'm not stupid. It's just different, both of us being in the dark, makes everything feel unexpected."

"Mm," Dream agreed, doing a test thrust to see what George meant, "Yeah, you're right. Is that a good thing, though?"

George considered for a moment. "Well, considering since I can't even see you or your face, I would say definitely," he quipped with a grin.

"So mean, George." Dream pouted dramatically. "How dare you say that on our wedding night?"

"Oh, yeah right, like I would marry you," George teased, even though he had already completed said action.

"Really? Why do you have a ring on your finger then, hmm? Checkmate, George."

"No, wait. I can explain that. Dream, I hate to tell you this now, but you're actually my mistress."

Dream gasped in feigned astonishment. "How scandalous. Does your other man know you're getting dicked down by someone else right at this moment?"

"Mmm, he doesn't need to know. No point in worrying about him, he's all the way in Florida, after all," George smiled.

"I'll just have to fuck you so hard you'll forget all about him, even his name," Dream said determinedly.

"I thought I was supposed to forget my own name."

Dream chuckled, "Really referencing that now? But, sure, I can do that, too."

-

"It's so strange, I thought you weren't supposed to marry the side piece."

"Dream," George breathed, letting out a long sigh, "The only reason I called you that was just for the role play, you *specifically* told me to say those words."

Dream grinned, pulling the other in closer to him, "I know. You just sounded a little bit too sincere. Trying to tell me something there, George?"

"Just that you're insufferable."

That only made Dream's smile and heart grow, "Oh, but, even so, you still love me."

George hummed, pressing a kiss against Dream's neck. "Hm, I guess that's true."

"I can't believe how easy you are now," Dream laughed excitedly, "I don't really have to convince you anymore."

"Weird that you're complaining about this, isn't me telling you how I feel always what you wanted?"

Dream ran his hands over the other's back, gently pushing him closer even though they were already pressed tightly together. "I just never thought I would. You definitely play hard to get, you know that?"

George chuckled lightly, tracing over Dream's arm with his fingertips, "Yeah, but, you got me in the end. I think that means you're entitled to these sorts of things."

"As long as I deserve them."

"Of course you do."

-  
end of story  
-

#### Chapter End Notes

i edited this story for selfish reasons and i just wanted it to be better, sorry if you hate any of the changes. thanks to everyone who has ever read this, though, i sincerely do appreciate it.

this was the fic that made me keep writing :)  
even if this is a completely stupid dnf smut lol

there will also be a maid dress extra in the next chapter. there might also be another extra with the glow in the dark condoms but im not sure yet lol

## **bonus: maid dress**

### Chapter Summary

While this doesn't seem like an update, this scene was removed from the original story and made into an extra because I basically rewrote this entire fic

There's quite a lot of changes, though it follows the same storyline, but it will definitely look pretty different

I hope it's better :)

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Can I pick out your outfit for today, George?"

George narrowed his eyes in suspicion, wary of Dream's intentions, no matter how innocent they appeared. He always had something up his sleeve. Sometimes *literally*.

"Oh no. What do you have?"

Dream peeked out of the closet, his face free of any mischief, looking like he had never done a single thing wrong in his entire life.

That meant something was *definitely* up.

"I just happened to pick up a little thing or two for you to wear," Dream replied vaguely, "Just thought you would look nice in it, is all."

George let his guard down slightly, maybe he should give Dream a little more credit. "Alright. Let me see what you got."

Dream grinned wide as he pulled out what he'd been hiding in his hands, George kicking himself for ever giving the other the benefit of the doubt when he saw the article of clothing.

It was literally a maid dress.

"Why didn't I know better than to expect this?"

Dream smiled, "Oh, come on, I did say you were going to be my little maid when you moved in. Now's the time, you better get to work cleaning."

George rolled his eyes, leaning up on the side of the bed, "And, what, exactly, am I going to be cleaning, Dream?"

"My dick."

"Ugh," George replied in distaste, "*Please* word that differently."

"Okay," Dream conceded, knowing it sounded way worse putting it like that, "Let's just say I got

all dirty and it's your job to clean me all up."

George sighed, "I guess that's slightly better. Also, when did you get into this? What have you been reading lately?"

Dream looked to the side, "Oh, you know, just a light online novel."

"Sometimes I see ones that I'm *convinced* you wrote yourself," George breathed out in reply.

"And, you're scolding me for my reading habits. For shame, George, I know for a fact your history is worse than mine."

George dismissed that, quickly changing the subject, "Let's not get off track here, and let's get you into that maid dress."

Dream approached closer, a wicked grin on his face. "Uh uh, no tricking me today, George. This was custom made for *you*."

The dress was thrust into his lap, George picking it up and looking over the item in trepidation. There were so many layers and lace to this thing, he almost didn't know if he could put it on.

As the other was silent for a moment, Dream spoke up. "Only if you want to."

George stood up on slightly shaky legs. "Yeah, it's okay, I'll, uh, go change," he said, quickly grabbing the dress from Dream and heading for the bathroom.

He was in a hurry, not even remembering if he closed the door or not as he tossed his clothes on the floor. He pulled the dress over his head, watching it settle down over him. George smoothed out the skirt, the frills making it puff out pretty widely.

He couldn't help but glance at himself in the mirror, his face going pink at the fact that he was actually wearing a maid dress.

George swallowed, too late to turn back now he decided, turning slowly to their bedroom. He was promptly stopped by Dream standing right there in the doorway, watching him.

George took a surprised step backward, causing Dream to immediately close the distance between them.

Dream ran his hands over the fabric. It was very lacy and tight. The skirt was also extremely short, barely covering George. He grinned, lifting up the dress to look underneath.

George pressed his hands against his lap, wanting to keep his modesty at least.

"It's even better than I thought, George," Dream murmured, leading the other back into the room and pushing him back so he fell onto the bed.

Before George could even respond, Dream was on top of him, slotting them as close as possible, threading one hand into George's hair and one on the small of his back, pushing him up to press them closer.

Dream locked them in a heated kiss, sliding his tongue in George's mouth, the other's arms wrapped around his neck, pulling him down, responding with excitement.

Dream reached his hand up under George's maid dress, quickly pulling off his underwear.

George's breath was heavy and ragged when Dream disconnected their lips, pressing two fingers into the other's mouth.

George wet them quickly as Dream watched. When he was done, he kept the fingers inside. He slowly pushed them back until George made a choked sound.

Before George could bite him in retaliation, Dream removed his fingers, ignoring the other's annoyed look.

He brought his hand back down, pressing them inside George to prep him. "Seems like you're already prepared here, George. Why is that?" Dream murmured with a knowing grin.

"It had just been a *while*, okay?" George defended for the second time, face flushed, "Have you ever heard of knocking, by the way?"

"Look at you, so flustered because you were caught masturbating," Dream teased, "Also, and, I can't emphasize this enough, the door was *open*. Though, I don't know why you didn't just ask me to have sex with you, George. Wouldn't that have been simpler?"

"I don't know, maybe you had just made a pact of celibacy, I didn't want to tempt you into breaking that."

Dream shook his head softly. "Hm, I think you were planning all along for me to walk in on you. So naughty, George."

"I just wanted to get off in peace without you bothering me for once."

Dream pouted, slamming his finger harshly up into George, making him choke. "Oh, no need to be so bitter. But, if that's how you feel, we can stop right here, right now."

"No!" George panted as Dream stopped his movements, desperate to keep going, dick straining against the fabric around him, "Please."

"Please *what*?"

George huffed, whimpering as Dream roughly thrusted into his prostate, crumbling to give what the other wanted. "Please fuck me."

Dream smiled, so pleased, so content. "Whatever you wish, George."

He continued, drawing it out to tease, leaning down to capture the other into a kiss.

George bit Dream's lip, a little harshly because of how the other was toying with him.

Dream could only grin against the whines that George was pouring into his mouth, so eager to move on, just how he wanted the other to be.

When it felt sufficient, Dream took out his fingers and replaced them with his lubed up dick.

He grabbed the other's hips and slid inside of him, George taking it so easily.

When he bottomed out, Dream placed both of the other's legs up over his shoulders, driving in slightly deeper. George gasped, bent as far as he could possibly go.

Dream pulled out slowly, not able to see where he was inside George as it was covered by the dress. He slammed back into the other, making him jerk and grasp the sheets at the rough way he

was being fucked.

Dream started pounding into him, the fabric from the skirt swishing at every thrust. Dream watched transfixed as the dress bounced up and down, exposing George every so often with the movements.

Dream leaned down to kiss the other, making him groan in protest at both how squished his legs were and how deep Dream was pressed inside him with this position.

He resumed his harsh thrusts into George, enjoying all the noises he elicited from the other. He pushed the skirt up, making the other hold it out of the way as he jerked him off.

Dream's gaze was locked on George as he came, watching as he spilled all over his own hand. He slammed in again and again until the other cried with the overstimulation, pressing deep as he finished inside the other.

George pressed his palm against Dream's chest, trying to push him off, his knees now all the way against his chest. Dream got off, letting the other finally be able to breathe again.

"What about my threat about putting you in a maid outfit? What happened to that?"

Dream shrugged as he removed himself from the other. "This was dragging out too long, I dunno. Another lost plot point."

George frowned, "Can I least have it implied?"

"Oh, why, of course, George," Dream murmured, "How about we say you bent me over a table and fucked me from behind."

"Hm, I do like the sound of that. Then, afterwards I make you lick your cum off the table."

Dream's eyebrows shot up at that statement. "Wow, getting real kinky there, George. Unexpected, but, I can't say I'm not into it."

"That was a test," George sighed, sitting up on the bed, "And, you failed."

"Okay," Dream countered, "I was just going along with the theme, since I'm supposed to be cleaning and all."

"Sure, sure. I believe you, Dream," George said, completely sarcastic and not believing in that defense in the slightest.

"You're the one who employs me, I have to do what you say. I don't want to get fired here, now, do I?"

George rolled his eyes. "I hate to say that's a good point, but.. still, you're down *bad*, Dream."

"Oh," Dream breathed, a smile over his lips as he leaned into the other, "We already knew that a long time ago."

This was true. We did.

im literally so nervous to post this oh my god

maybe I'll write the second part with Dream in the dress but i have so many projects rn

also, this is the official maybe i wasn't joking, and, even if i hate the original, i will  
reupload it if that's what people want. though i did lose the first version of chapter 9.  
my bad

please say you like this better i really tried okay  
(it's obviously alright if you don't)

:)) <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!